

Great Pirate Stories



SECOND SERIES



Great Pirate Stories

Edited by

Joseph Lewis French

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GREAT PIRATE STORIES

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Robert Christiansen Jr.
TRUE CRIME

Robert Christensen Jr.
THOSE CRIMES

GREAT PIRATE STORIES

SECOND SERIES

EDITED BY

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH

Editor of "Great Ghost Stories," "Great Sea Stories,"
"Sixty Years of American Humor," etc.

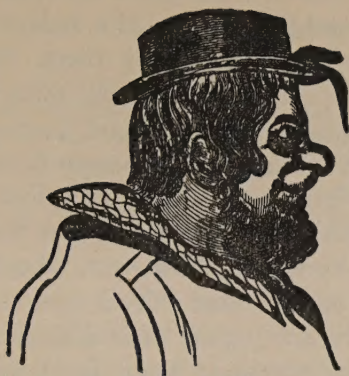


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FOREWORD

[From "The Pirate's Own Book," printed in 1837]

IN the mind of the mariner, there is a superstitious horror connected with the name of Pirate; and there are few subjects that interest and excite the curiosity of mankind generally, more than the desperate exploits, foul doings, and diabolical career of these monsters in human form. A piratical crew is generally formed of the desperadoes and runagates of every clime and nation. The pirate, from the perilous nature of his occupation, when not cruising on the ocean, the great highway of nations, selects the most lonely isles of the sea for his retreat, or secretes himself near the shores of rivers, bays and lagoons of thickly wooded and uninhabited countries, so that if pursued he can escape to the woods and mountain glens of the interior. The islands of the Indian Ocean, and the east and west coasts of Africa, as well

as the West Indies, have been their haunts for centuries; and vessels navigating the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, are often captured by them, the passengers and crew murdered, the money and most valuable part of the cargo plundered, the vessel destroyed, thus obliterating all trace of their unhappy fate, and leaving friends and relatives to mourn their loss from the inclemencies of the elements, when they were butchered in cold blood by their fellow men, who by practically adopting the maxim that "dead men tell no tales," enable themselves to pursue their diabolical career with impunity. The pirate is truly fond of women and wine, and when not engaged in robbing, keeps maddened with intoxicating liquors, and passes his time in debauchery, singing old songs with choruses like

"Drain, drain the bowl, each fearless soul,
Let the world wag as it will;
Let the heavens growl, let the devil howl,
Drain, drain the deep bowl and fill."

Thus his hours of relaxation are passed in wild and extravagant frolics amongst the lofty forests of palms and spicy groves of the Torrid Zone, and amidst the aromatic and beautiful flowering vegetable productions of that region. He has fruits delicious to taste, and as companions, the unsophisticated daughters of Africa and the Indies. It would be supposed that his wild career would be one of delight.

But the apprehension and foreboding of the mind, when under the influence of remorse, are powerful, and every man, whether civilized or savage, has interwoven in his constitution a moral sense, which secretly condemns him when he has committed an atrocious

action, even when he is placed in situations which raise him above the fear of human punishment, for .

“Conscience, the torturer of the soul, unseen,
Does fiercely brandish a sharp scourge within;
Severe decrees may keep our tongues in awe,
But to our minds what edicts can give law?
Even you yourself to your own breast shall tell
Your crimes, and your own conscience be your hell.”

With the name of pirate is also associated ideas of rich plunder, caskets of buried jewels, chests of gold ingots, bags of outlandish coins, secreted in lonely, out of the way places, or buried about the wild shores of rivers, and unexplored sea coasts, near rocks and trees bearing mysterious marks, indicating where the treasure was hid. And as it is his invariable practice to secrete and bury his booty, and from the perilous life he leads, being often killed or captured, he can never re-visit the spot again; immense sums remain buried in those places, and are irrecoverably lost. Search is often made by persons who labor in anticipation of throwing up with their spade and pickaxe, gold bars, diamond crosses sparkling amongst the dirt, bags of golden doubloons, and chests, wedged close with moidores, ducats and pearls; but although great treasures lie hid in this way, it seldom happens that any is so recovered.



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ON THE SPANISH MAIN

[From "The History of the Pirates."]

AN ACCOUNT

Of the piracies and cruelties of John Augur, William Cunningham, Dennis Mackarthy, William Dowling, William Lewis, Thomas Morris, George Bendall, and William Ling, who were tried, condemned, and executed at Nassau, (N. P.) on Friday, the 10th of December, 1718. Also, some account of the pirates, Vane, Rackham, and others.

ABOUT the 20th of July, 1718, Mr. Woodes Rogers, Governor and Vice-Admiral of the Bahama Islands, being sent from England with the king's proclamation and pardon for all pirates who had surrendered by a time specified in the said proclamation, arrived at Providence. It was evening when the fleet came off the town of Nassau in the said island, when Richard Turnley, the pilot, did not judge it safe to venture over the bar that night, wherefore it was resolved to lay by till morning.

In the mean time, there came some men on board the fleet from off a little island, called Harbour-Island, adjacent to Providence. The advice they brought was, that there were near a thousand pirates on shore upon the island of Providence, waiting for

the king's pardon, which had been long expected. The principal part of their commanders were Benjamin Hornygold, Arthur Davis, Joseph Burgess, Thomas Carter, and they were all in or about the town of Nassau; that the fort was extremely out of repair, there being only one gun mounted, a nine pounder, and no accommodation for men, but one little hut or house, which was inhabited by an old fellow, whom the pirates, in derision, called Governor Sawney.

The fleet was seen from the harbour, as well as the town, so that Capt. Charles Vane, who had no design of surrendering, but, on the contrary, had fitted out his ship with a resolution of attempting new adventures, took the advantage of the night to contrive his escape; and though the harbour was blocked up, and his ship drew too much water to get out by the east passage, he shifted his hands, and things of most value, into a lighter vessel, and charging all the guns of the ship he quitted, with double, round and partridge, he set her on fire, imagining that some of the ships, or their boats, might be sent near him, and he might do some mischief when it should burn down to them.

Those in the fleet saw the light, and heard the guns, and fancied the pirates on shore were making bonfires, and firing guns for joy that the king's free pardon had arrived; and Capt. Whitney, commander of the *Rose* man of war, sent his boat with a lieutenant on shore, which was intercepted by Vane, who carried the crew on board and stripped them of some stores they had in the boat. He kept them till he got under

sail, which was till day-break, when there was light enough for him to see how to steer his way through the east passage; which was no sooner done but he hoisted a black flag, and fired a gun, and then let the lieutenant and boat's crew depart and join the fleet.

The fleet got safe into the harbour, and as soon as the lieutenant arrived on board, and related what had passed, the *Buck* sloop was ordered to chase Vane. She made what sail she could through the east passage after him, having a recruit of men well armed sent to her from the other ships; but being heavily laden with rich goods, Vane had the heels of her, which the commodore observing, made a signal for her to give up the chase and return, which she did accordingly.

They immediately fell to mooring and securing their ships, which took up the time till night. Next morning the governor went on shore, being received at his landing by the principal people in the government of the place, viz, Thomas Walker, Esq. Chief Justice, and Thomas Taylor, Esq, President of the Council. The pirate captains, Hornygold, Davis, Carter, Burgess, Currant, and Clark, with some others, drew up their crew in two lines, reaching from the water side to the fort, the governor and other officers marching between them. In the mean time, being under arms, they made a running fire over his head.

Having arrived at the fort, his commission was opened and read, and he was sworn in governor of the island, according to form.

The next day the governor made out a commission to Richard Turnley, the chief pilot, to Mr. Salter, a

factor, and some others, to go on board and examine all suspected ships and vessels in the harbour, to take an inventory of their several ladings, and to secure both ships and cargoes for the use of the king and company, till such time as a Court of Admiralty could be called, that they might be lawfully cleared or condemned by proving which belonged to pirates, and which to fair traders.

The day following a court-martial was held, in which a military discipline was settled, in order to prevent surprises, both from Spaniards and pirates, till such time as the fort could be repaired, and put into a condition of defence. For this purpose the governor was obliged to make use of some of the pardoned pirates, such as Hornygold, Davis, and Burgess, to whom he gave some commands: and George Fetherston, James Bonney, and Dennis Mackarthy, with some other pirates of a lower rank, acted under them as inferior officers.

Soon after, the civil government was also settled, some of the principal officers being appointed justices of the peace; others of inferior degree, constables and overseers of the ways and roads, which were overgrown with bushes and underwood, all about the town of Nassau; so that if an enemy had landed in the night, they might lie in ambuscade in those covers, and surprise the town; wherefore, several of the common pirates were employed in clearing them away.

The governor, with some soldiers, guarded the fort, and the inhabitants, who were formed into trained bands, took care of the town; but as there was no sort of accommodation to lodge such a number of

people, they were forced to unbend the sails, and bring them on shore, in order to make tents, till they had time to build houses, which was done with all possible expedition, by a kind of architecture altogether new.

Those that were built in the fort were done by making six little holes in the rock, at convenient distances, in each of which was stuck a forked pole; on these, from one to the other, were placed cross poles or rafters, which being lathed at top, and on the sides, with small sticks, were afterwards covered with *Palmata* leaves, and then the house was finished; for they did not much trouble themselves about the ornaments of doors and windows.

In the mean time the repairs of the fort were carried on, and the streets were ordered to be kept clean, both for health and convenience, so that it began to have the appearance of a civilized place. A proclamation was published for the encouragement of all such persons as should be willing to settle upon the island of Providence, by which every person was to have a lot of ground of a hundred and twenty feet square, any where in or about the town of Nassau, that was not before in the possession of others, provided they should clear said ground, and build a house tenantable, by a certain time therein limited, which might be easily done, as they might have timber for nothing. This had the effect proposed, and a great many immediately fell to work, to comply with the conditions, in order to settle themselves there.

Many of the pirates were employed in the woods in cutting down sticks to make palisadoes; and all the

people belonging to the ships, officers excepted, were obliged to work four days in the week on the fortifications, so that in a short time a weak entrenchment was rendered tolerably strong.

But it did not much suit the inclinations of the pirates to be set to work; and though they had provision sufficient, and had also a good allowance of wine and brandy to each man, yet they began to have such a hankering after their old trade, that many of them took opportunities of seizing periaguas, and other boats, in the night, and making their escape, so that in a few months, there was not many of them left.

However, when the Spanish war was proclaimed, several of them returned back again of their own accord, tempted with the hopes of being employed upon the privateering account, for that place lying near the coast of Spanish America, and also not far from the Gulf of Florida, seemed to be a good station for intercepting the Spanish vessels going to old Spain.

They were not mistaken in this supposition; for the governor according to the power vested in him, did grant commissions for privateering, and made choice of some of the principal pirates who had continued upon the island, in obedience to the pardon, for commanders, as being persons well qualified for such employments, who made up their crews chiefly of their scattered companions, who were newly returned upon the hopes of preferment.

About this time a fishing vessel, belonging to the island of Providence, brought in the master of a ship and a few sailors, whom she had picked up at sea

in a canoe. The said master was called Captain King, who sailed in a ship called the *Neptune*, belonging to South-Carolina, laden with rice, pitch, tar, and other merchandise, bound for London.

The account he gave of himself was, that he was met with by Charles Vane, the pirate, who carried him into Green Turtle Bay, one of the Bahama islands, by whom he was plundered of a great part of his cargo, which, consisting chiefly of stores, was of great use to them; that afterwards they cut away part of one of the masts of the ship, and fired a gun down her hold, with intent to sink her; that they took some of his men into their service, and when they were sailing off, gave him and the rest a canoe to save themselves; that with this canoe they made shift to sail from one little island to another, till they had the good luck to meet the fishing boat which took them up; and that he believed Charles Vane might still be cruising thereabouts.

Upon this intelligence, the governor fitted out a ship which was named the *Willing Mind*, manned with 50 stout hands, well armed, and also a sloop with 30 hands, which he sent to cruise among those islands, in search of Vane, the pirate, giving them orders also to endeavour to recover the ship *Neptune*, which Capt. King told them had still goods of considerable value left in her.

They went out accordingly, but never saw Vane. However, they found the *Neptune*, which was not sunk as the pirates intended; for the ball they fired into her stuck in the ballast, without passing through. They returned with her about the 10th of November;

but an unlucky accident happened to the *Willing Mind*, occasioned either by the ignorance or carelessness of the pilot, which bilged in going over the bar.

In the mean time Vane made towards the coast of Hispaniola, living riotously on board, having an abundance of liquor, and plenty of fresh provisions, such as hogs, goats, sheep, and fowl, which he got upon easy terms; for touching at a place called Isleathera, he plundered the inhabitants of as much of their provision as they could carry away. Here they cruised to about February, when, near the windward passage of Cape Mase, they met with a large ship of London, called the *Kingston*, laden with bale goods, and other rich merchandise, and having several passengers on board, some English, and some Jews, besides two women.

Towards the north end of Jamaica, they also met with a turtle sloop, bound in for that island, on board of which (after having first plundered her) they put the captain of the *Kingston*, some of his men, and all the passengers except the two women, whom they detained, contrary to their usual practice.

The *Kingston* they kept for their own use; for now their company being strengthened by a great many recruits, some volunteers and some forced men out of the *Neptune* and *Kingston*, they thought they had hands enough for two ships. Accordingly they shifted several of their hands on board the *Kingston*, and John Rackham, alias Calico Jack, (so called, because his jackets and drawers were always made of calico) quarter-master to Vane, was unanimously chosen captain of the *Kingston*.

The empire of these pirates had not been long thus divided before they had like to have fallen into a civil war among themselves, which must have ended in the destruction of one of them. The fatal occasion of the difference between these two brother adventurers, was this. It happened that Vane's liquor was all out, who sending to his brother captain for a supply, Rackham accordingly spared him what he thought fit; but it falling short of Vane's expectation, as to quantity, he went on board of Rackham's ship to expostulate with him, so that words arising, Rackham threatened to shoot him through the head, if he did not immediately return to his own ship; and told him likewise, that if he did not sheer off, and part company, he would sink him. Vane thought it best to take his advice, for he thought the other was bold enough to be as good as his word, for he had it in his power to be so, his ship being the largest and strongest of the two. Accordingly they parted, and Rackham made for the island of Princes, and having great quantities of rich goods on board, taken in the late prizes, they were divided into lots, and he and his crew shared them by throwing dice, the highest cast being to choose first. When they had done, they packed up their goods in casks, and buried them on shore in the island of Princes, that they might have room for fresh booty. In the mean time it happening that a turtle sloop, belonging to Jamaica, came in there, Rackham sent his boat and brought the master on board of him, and asking him several questions, the master informed him that war with Spain had been proclaimed in Jamaica; and that the time appointed

by the general pardon for pirates to surrender, in order to receive the benefit thereof, had not expired.

Upon this intelligence Rackham and his crew suddenly changed their minds, and were resolved to take the benefit of the pardon by a speedy surrender; wherefore, instead of using the master ill, as the poor man expected, they made him several presents, desiring him to sail back to Jamaica, and acquaint the governor they were willing to surrender, provided he would give his word and honour they should have the benefit of the pardon; which, extensive as it was, they apprehended they were not entitled to, because they had run away in defiance of it at Providence. They desired the master also to return with the governor's answer, assuring him he should be no loser by the voyage.

The master very willingly undertook the commission, and arriving at Jamaica, delivered his message to the governor, according to his instructions; but it happened that the master of the *Kingston*, with his passengers, having arrived at Jamaica, had acquainted the governor with the piracies of Vane and Rackham, before the turtler got thither, who was actually fitting out two sloops, which were now just ready, in pursuit of them, so that the governor was very glad to discover by the turtler's message where Rackham was to be found.

The two sloops, well manned, accordingly sailed out, and found Rackham in the station where the turtler had described him, altogether in disorder, and quite unprepared, either for sailing or fighting, most of his sails being on shore, erected into tents, and

his decks lumbered with goods. He happened to be on board himself, though most of his men were ashore, and seeing the two sloops at a distance, bearing towards him, he observed them with his glass, and fancied he saw on board something like preparations for fighting. This was what he did not expect, for he looked for no enemy, and while he was in doubt and suspense about them, they came so near that they began to fire.

He had neither time nor means to prepare for defence, so that there was nothing to be done but to run into his boat, and escape to the shore, which he did accordingly with the few hands he had with him, leaving the two women on board to be taken by the enemy.

The sloops seized the *Kingston*, manned her, and brought her into Jamaica, having still a great part of her cargo left. When she arrived, the master of her fell to examining what part of the cargo was lost and what left; he searched also for his bills of lading and cockets, but they were all destroyed by Rackham; so that the ship being freighted by several owners, the master could not tell whose property was saved, and whose lost, till he had fresh bills of parcels of each owner from England. There was one remarkable piece of good luck which happened in this affair; there were, amongst other goods, sixty gold watches on board, and thirty of silver; the pirates divided the silver watches, but the gold being packed up amongst some bale goods, were never discovered by them, and the master, in searching, found them all safe.

In the mean time, Rackham and his crew lived in the woods, in very great suspense what to do with themselves. They had with them ammunition and small arms, and also some of the goods, such as bales of silk stockings, and laced hats, with which it is supposed, they intended to make themselves fine. They had also two boats and a canoe.

Being divided in their resolutions, Rackham, with six more, determined to take one of the boats, and make the best of their way for the island of Providence, and there claim the benefit of the king's pardon, which they fancied they might be entitled to, by representing, that they were carried away by Vane, against their wills. Accordingly they put some arms, ammunition, and provision, into the best boat, and also some of the goods, and set sail. They first made the Island of Pines, from thence got over to the north side of Cuba, where they destroyed several Spanish boats and launches; one they took, which being a stout sea boat, they shifted themselves and their cargo into her, sunk their own, and then stretched over to the island of Providence, where they landed safely about the middle of May, 1719, where demanding the king's pardon, the governor thought fit to allow it them, and certificates were granted to them accordingly.

Here they sold their goods, and spent the money merrily. When all was gone, some engaged themselves in privateers, and others in trading vessels. But Rackham, as captain, having a much larger share than any of the rest, his money held out a little longer; but happening about this time to form a criminal

acquaintance with one Ann Bonny, a married woman, he became very extravagant, and found it necessary, to avoid detection and punishment, to abscond with his mistress.

For this purpose they plotted together to seize a sloop which then lay in the harbour, and Rackham drew some brisk young fellows into the conspiracy. They were of the number of the pirates lately pardoned, and who, he knew, were weary of working on shore, and longed to be again at their old trade.

The sloop they made choice of was between 30 and 40 tons, and one of the swiftest sailers that ever was built of that kind. She belonged to one John Haman, who lived upon a little island not far from Providence, which was inhabited by no human creature except himself and his family. His livelihood and constant employment was to plunder and pillage the Spaniards, whose sloops and launches he had often surprised about Cuba and Hispaniola, and sometimes brought off a considerable booty, always escaping by a good pair of heels, insomuch that it became a byeword to say, *there goes John Haman, catch him if you can*. His business to Providence now, was to bring his family there, in order to live and settle, being weary, perhaps, of living in that solitude, or else, apprehensive, if any of the Spaniards should discover his habitation, they might land, and be revenged on him for all his pranks.

Ann Bonny was observed to go several times on board this sloop. She pretended to have some business with John Haman, but always went when he was on shore, for her true errand was to discover

how many hands were on board, and what kind of watch they kept, and to know the passages and ways of the vessel.

She discovered as much as was necessary. She found there were but two hands on board, and that John Haman slept on shore every night. She inquired of them whether they watched; where they lay; and many other questions; to all which they readily answered her, as thinking she had no design but common curiosity.

She acquainted Rackham with every particular who resolved to lose no time, and therefore, acquainting his associates, who were eight in number, they appointed an hour for meeting at night, which was 12 o'clock. They were all true to the roguery, and Ann Bonny was as punctual as the most resolute, and being all well armed, they took a boat and rowed to the sloop, which was very near the shore.

The night seemed to favour the attempt, for it was both dark and rainy. As soon as they got on board, Ann Bonny, having a drawn sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other, attended by one of the men, went straight to the cabin where the two fellows lay who belonged to the sloop. The noise awaked them, which she observing, declared that if they pretended to resist, or make a noise, she would blow their brains out.

In the mean time, Rackham and the rest were busy heaving in the cables, one of which they soon got up, and for expedition sake, they slipped the other, and so drove down the harbour. They passed pretty near the fort, which hailed them, as did also the guard-ship,

asking them where they were going? They answered, their cable had parted, and that they had nothing but a grappling on board, which would not hold them; immediately after which they set a small sail just to give them steerage way. When they came to the harbour's mouth, and thought they could not be seen by any of the ships, on account of the darkness of the night, they hoisted all the sail they had, and stood to sea; then calling up the two men, they asked them if they would be of their party; but finding them not inclined, they gave them a boat to row themselves ashore, ordering them to give their service to Haman, and tell him they would send him his sloop again when they had done with her.

Rackham and his paramour both bore a great spleen to Richard Turnley, who was gone from Providence, turtling, before they made their escape, and they knowing what island he was upon, made to the place. They saw the sloop about a league from the shore, and went on board with six hands; but Turnley, with his boy, by good luck, happened to be ashore salting some wild hogs they had killed the day before. They inquired for him, and hearing where he was, rowed ashore in search of him.

Turnley, from the land, saw the sloop boarded, and observed the men afterwards making for the shore, and being apprehensive of pirates, which were very common in those parts, he, with his boy, fled into a neighbouring wood. The surf being very great, so that they could not bring their boat to shore, they waded up to the arm-pits, and Turnley, peeping through the trees, saw them bring arms on shore. Upon the

whole, not liking their appearance, he, with his boy, lay snug in the bushes.

When they had looked about and could not see him, they called him aloud by name; but he not appearing, they thought it time lost to look for him in such a wilderness, and therefore returned to their boat, but rowed again back to the sloop, and took away the sails, and several other things. They also carried away with them three of the hands, viz. Richard Connor, the mate, John Davis, and John Howel, but rejected David Soward, the fourth hand, though he had been an old and experienced pirate, because he was lame, and disabled by a wound he had formerly received.

When they had done thus much, they cut away the mast, and towing the vessel into deep water, sunk her, having first put David Soward into a boat to shift for himself. He, however, got ashore, and after some time, found Turnley.

From thence, Rackham stretched over to the Bury Islands, plundering all the sloops he met, and strengthening his company with several additional hands, and so went on till he was finally taken and executed at Port Royal, Jamaica.

About this time, the governor, in conjunction with some factors then residing at Providence, thought fit to freight some vessels for a trading voyage. Accordingly the *Bachelor's Adventure*, a schooner, Capt. Henry White, commander; the *Lancaster*, sloop, Capt. William Greenway, commander; the *May*, sloop, Capt. John Augur, commander, of which last David Soward was owner, (she having been given him by

some pirates his former associates) in which he also sailed this voyage, were fitted out with a cargo of goods and merchandise, bound for Port Prince, on the island of Cuba.

The governor thought it advisable, for the benefit of the inhabitants of Providence, to settle a correspondence with some merchants of Port Prince, first, in order to procure fresh provisions, there being scarce any upon the island at the governor's first arrival; and there being at Port Prince great plenty of cows and hogs, he proposed to get a sufficient number of each, to stock the island for breed, that the people for the future might have fresh provision of their own.

They set sail on Sunday, the 5th of October, 1718. The next day they arrived at an island known by the name of Green Key, lying S. S. E. from Providence, in lat. 28 deg. 40 m. being distant about 25 leagues. Here they cast anchor, in order to wait for morning to carry them through some rocks and shoals which lay in their way, and some hands went ashore to try to kill something for supper before it should be dark. They expected to meet some wild hogs, for some time before, one Joseph Bay and one Sims, put two sows and a boar on said island; for they living at that time at Providence, and being continually visited by pirates, were always plundered of their fresh provisions, wherefore they thought of settling a breed upon Green Key, that they might have recourse to in time of necessity.

This island is about nine miles in circumference, and about three miles broad in the widest place. It

is overgrown with wild cabbage and *Palmata* trees, and has a great variety of other herbs and fruits, so that there is plenty of food for the nourishment of such animals; but the trees growing so close together, makes it bad hunting, and they killed but one hog, which, however, was of a monstrous size.

The hunters returned on board their ships again before seven, having first divided the hog, and sent part on board each vessel for supper that night. After supper, Capt. Greenway and Capt. White came on board of Capt. Augur's sloop, in order to consult together what time to sail, and being all of opinion that if they weighed anchor between the hours of 10 and 11, it would be day before they would come up with the shoals, they agreed upon that hour for setting sail, and so returned to their own vessels.

Soon after, Phinehas Bunch, and Dennis Mackarthy, with a great many others, came from White's sloop, on board of Augur's. Their pretence was, that they came to see Richard Turnley and Mr. James Carr, who had formerly been a midshipman in the *Rose* man of war, under Capt. Whitney, and being a great favourite of Governor Rogers, he had appointed him supercargo of this voyage. They desired to be treated with a bottle of beer, for they knew Mr. Carr had some that was very good in his care, which had been put on board, in order to make presents of, and to treat the Spanish merchants with.

As it was not suspected they had any thing else in view, Mr. Carr readily went down, and brought up a couple of bottles of beer. They sat upon the

poop with Capt. Augur in their company, and were drinking their beer; before the second bottle was out, Bunch and Mackarthy began to rattle, talk with great pleasure, and much boasting of their former exploits when they had been pirates, crying up a pirate's life to be the only life for a man of any spirit. While they were running on in this manner, Bunch on a sudden started up, and swore he would be captain of that vessel. Augur answered him the vessel did not want a captain, for he was able to command her himself, which seemed to put an end to the discourse for that time.

Soon after Bunch began to tell what bright arms they had on board their sloop; upon which, one of Augur's men handed up some of their cutlasses which had been cleaned that day. Among them was Mr. Carr's silver-hilted sword. Bunch seemed to admire the sword, and asked whose it was? Mr. Carr made answer, it belonged to him. Bunch replied it was a very handsome one, and drawing it out, marched about the poop, flourishing it over his head, and telling Mr. Carr he would return it to him when he had done with it. At the same time he began to vapour again, and to boast of his former piracies, and coming near Mr. Carr, struck him with the sword. Turnley bid him take care what he did, for Mr. Carr would not take such usage. As they were disputing upon this matter, Dennis Mackarthy stole off, and, with some of his associates, seized upon the great cabin, where all the arms lay. At the same time several of the men began to sing a song with these words. *Did you not promise me, that you would marry me—*

which it seems was the signal agreed upon among the conspirators for seizing the ship. Bunch no sooner heard them, but he cried out aloud, *that I will, for I am parson*, and struck Mr. Carr again several blows with his own sword. Mr. Carr and Turnley both seized him, and they began to struggle, when Dennis Mackarthy, with several others, returned from the cabin with each a cutlass in one hand, and a loaded pistol in the other, and running up to them, said, *What! do the governor's dogs offer to resist?* And beating Turnley and Carr with their cutlasses, threatened to shoot them, at the same time firing their pistols close to their cheeks, upon which Turnley and Carr begged their lives.

When they were thus in possession of the vessel, they hailed Capt. Greenway, and desired him to come on board about urgent business. He, knowing nothing of what had passed, jumped into his boat, and with two hands only, rowed on board. Dennis Mackarthy led him into the cabin, and, as soon as he was there, laid hold of him, telling him he was now a prisoner, and must submit. He offered to make some resistance; upon which, they told him all resistance would be vain, for his own men were in the plot; and, indeed, seeing the two hands who rowed him aboard, now armed, and joining with the conspirators, he thought it was time to submit.

As soon as this was done, they sent some hands on board to seize the sloop, or rather to acquaint his men with what had been done, for they expected to meet with no resistance, many of them being in the plot, and the rest, they supposed, not very averse

to it; after which, they decoyed Captain White on board, by the same stratagem they used with Greenway, and likewise sent on board his sloop, and found his men, one and all, well disposed for the design; and what was most remarkable was, that Captain Augur, seeing how things were going, joined with them, showing himself as well inclined for pirating as the worst of them.

Thus they made themselves masters of the three vessels with very little trouble. The next thing to be done was to resolve how to dispose of those who were not of their party. Some were for killing Richard Turnley, but the majority carried it for marooning, that he might be starved, and die like a dog, as they called it. Their great spleen to him was, because he was the person who had piloted the governor into Providence.

Accordingly, Turnley, with John Carr, Thomas Rich, and some others, were stripped naked, and tumbled over the vessel's side into a boat which lay along side. The oars were all taken out, and they left them nothing to work themselves ashore with but an old paddle, which, at other times, served to steer the boat, and so they commanded them to be gone. However, they made shift to get safe ashore on the island, which, as we observed before, was quite uninhabited.

The next morning Dennis Mackarthy, with several others, went on shore, and told them they must come on board again, and they would give them some clothes to put on. They fancied the pirates began to repent of the hard usage they had given them, and

were willing to return upon such an errand; but when they got on board again, they found their opinion of the pirates' good nature was very ill grounded, for they began with beating them, and did it as if it were sport, one having a boatswain's pipe, the rest beating them till he piped *belay*.

The true design of bringing them on board again, was to make them discover where some things lay, which they could not readily find, particularly Mr. Carr's watch and silver snuff-box; but he was soon obliged to inform them in what corner of the cabin they were, and there they were found, with some journals and other books, which they knew how to make no other use of than turning them into cartridges. Then they began to question Thomas Rich about a gold watch which had once been seen in his possession on shore at Providence; but he protested that it belonged to Capt. Gale, who was commander of the guard-ship called the *Delicia*, to which he then belonged; but his protestations would have availed him little, had it not been that some on board, who belonged also to the *Delicia*, knew it to be true, which put an end to his beating; and so they were all discharged from their punishment for the present.

Some time after, fancying the pirates to be in better humour, they begged for something to eat, for they had none of them had any nourishment that day or the night before; but all the answer they received was, that such dogs should not ask such questions. In the mean time, some of the pirates were very busy endeavouring to persuade Captain Greenway to engage with them, for they knew him to be an excellent artist;

but he was obstinate and would not. Then it was proposed to maroon him, which was opposed by some, because he was a Bermudian, meaning, that he might perhaps swim away, or swim on board his vessel again, for the Bermudians are all excellent swimmers; but as he represented, that he could not hurt them by his swimming, he obtained the favour for himself and the other officers, to be set ashore with Turnley, Carr, and Rich. Accordingly, they were put into the same boat without oars, to the number of eight, and were ordered to make the best of their way on shore.

The pirates, the next day, having examined all their vessels, and finding that Greenway's sloop was not fit for their purpose, shifted everything out of her. Those that were sent on shore could see from thence what they were doing, and when they saw them row off, Greenway swam on board the sloop, it is likely, to see whether they had left anything behind them. They perceived him, and fancied he repented refusing to join with them, and had come to do it now; wherefore some of them returned back to the sloop, to speak to him, but they found him of the same opinion he was in before. However, he wheedled them into so much good humour that they told him he might have his sloop again, in which, indeed, they had left nothing except an old main-sail, an old fore-sail, four small pieces of Irish beef, in an old beef barrel, and about twenty biscuits, with a broken bucket which was used to draw water in, telling him that he and the rest must not go on board till they had sailed.

Greenway swam ashore again to give notice to his

brothers in distress, of what had passed. The same afternoon Bunch with several others went on shore, carrying with them six bottles of wine and some biscuits. Whether this was done to tempt Greenway again, or no, is hard to say; for though they talked to him a great deal, they drank all the wine themselves to the last bottle, and then gave each of the poor creatures a glass a-piece, with a bit of biscuit, and immediately after fell to beating them, and so went on board.

While they were on shore, there came in a turtler which belonged to one Thomas Bennet, of Providence, wherof one Benjamin Hutchins was master. They soon laid hold of her, for she sailed excellently well. Hutchins was reputed an extraordinary good pilot among those islands; wherefore they tempted him to engage with them; at first he refused, but rather than be marooned, he afterwards consented.

It was now the 9th of October, and they were just preparing to sail, when they sent on shore, ordering the *condemned malefactors* to come on board Greenway's sloop, the *Lancaster*. They did so in the little boat they went on shore in, by the help of the same paddle. They found several of the pirates there, who told them that they gave them that sloop to return to Providence, though they let them have no more stores, than what were named before. They bade them take the foresail, and bend it for a jib, and furl it close down to the bowsprit, and to furl the main-sail close up to the boom. They did as they were ordered, for they knew there was no disputing whether it was right or wrong.

Soon after, another detachment came on board, among whom were Bunch and Dennis Mackarthy, who being either mad or drunk, fell upon them, beating them, and cutting the rigging and sails to pieces with their cutlasses, and commanding them not to sail, till they should hear from them again, threatening if they did, they would put them all to death, if ever they met them again; and so they went off, carrying with them the boat, which they sent them first ashore in, and sailed away.

They left them in this miserable condition, without tackle to go their voyage, and without a boat to get on shore, and having nothing in view but to perish for want; but as self preservation put them upon exerting themselves, in order to get out of this deplorable state, they began to rummage and search the vessel through every hole and corner, to see if nothing was left which might be of use to them; and it happened by chance that they found an old hatchet, with which they cut some sticks sharp to serve for marling-spikes. They also cut out several other things, to serve instead of such tools as are absolutely necessary on board a ship.

When they had proceeded thus far, every man began to work as hard as he could; they cut a piece of cable, which they strung into rope yarns, and fell to mending their sails with all possible expedition; they also made a kind of fishing lines of rope yarns, and bent some nails crooked to serve for hooks; but as they were destitute of a boat, as well for the use of fishing as for going on shore, they resolved to make a bark log, that is, to lay two or three logs

together, and lash them close, upon which two or three men may sit very safely in smooth water.

As soon as this was done, some hands went on shore, upon one of the logs (for they made two of them) who employed themselves in cutting wild cabbage, gathering berries, and a fruit which the seamen call prickly pears, for food, while some others went a fishing upon another. Those who went ashore also carried the old bucket with them, so that whilst some were busy in gathering things to serve for provision, one hand was constantly employed in bringing fresh water aboard in the bucket, which was tedious work, considering how little could be brought at a time, and that the sloop lay near a mile from the shore.

When they had employed themselves thus, for about four or five days, they brought their sails and tackle into such order, having also a little water, cabbage and other things on board, that they thought it was time to venture to sail. Accordingly they weighed their anchor, and setting all the sail they had, got out to the harbour's mouth, when to their great terror and surprise, they saw the pirates coming in again.

They were much frightened at this unexpected return, because of the threatenings they had used to them at parting, not to sail without further orders; wherefore, they tacked about, and ran as close in to the shore as they could, then throwing out their bark logs, they all put themselves upon them, and made to land, as fast as they could; but before they quite reached it, the pirates got so near that they fired at them, but were too far to do execution. However,

they pursued them ashore; the unhappy exiles immediately took to the woods, and for greater security climbed up some trees, whose branches were very thick, and by that means concealed themselves. The pirates not finding them, soon returned to their boat, and rowed on board the deserted sloop, whose mast and bowsprit they cut away, and towing into deep water, sunk her; after which, they made again for shore, thinking that the fugitives would have been out of their lurking holes, and that they should surprise them; but they continued still on the tops of the trees and saw all that passed, and therefore thought it safest to keep their posts.

The pirates not finding them, returned to their vessels, and weighing their anchors, set sail, steering eastward. In the mean time, the poor fellows were in despair, for seeing their vessel sunk, they had scarce any hopes left of escaping the danger of perishing upon that uninhabited island, where they lived eight days, feeding upon berries, and shell-fish, such as cockles and perriwinkles, sometimes catching a stingrey, a fish resembling mead or thornback, which coming into shoal water, they could wade near them, and by the help of a stick sharpened at the end, which they did by rubbing it against the rocks, (for they had not a knife left among them) they stuck them as if it had been with a spear.

It must be observed, that they had no means of striking a fire, and therefore their way of dressing this fish was, by dipping it in salt water, then laying it in the sun, till it became both hard and dry, and then they ate it.

After passing eight days in this manner, the pirates returned, and saw the poor fugitives ashore, who according to custom made to the woods; but their hearts began to relent towards them, and sending ashore, they ordered a man to go into the woods single, to call out to them, and promise them upon their honour, if they would appear, that they would give them victuals and drink, and not use them ill any more.

These promises, and the hunger which pinched them, tempted them to come forth, and accordingly they went on board, and they were as good as their word, for they gave them as much beef and biscuit as they could eat, during two or three days they were on board, but would not give them a bit to carry on shore.

There was on board one George Redding, an inhabitant of Providence, who was taken out of the turtle sloop, and who was a forced man. Being an acquaintance of Richard Turnley, and knowing that he was resolved to go ashore again, rather than engage with the pirates, and hearing him say, that they could find food to keep them alive, if they had but fire to dress it, privately gave him a tinder box, with materials in it for striking fire, which, in his circumstances, was a greater present than gold or jewels. Soon after, the pirates put the question to them, whether they would engage, or be put ashore? And they all agreed upon the latter: upon which a debate arose among the pirates, whether they should comply with their request or not; and at length it was agreed, that Greenway and the other two masters should be kept whether they would or no; and the rest, being

five in number, should, as the pirates expressed it, have a second refreshment on the varieties of the island.

Accordingly Richard Turnley, James Carr, Thomas Rich, John Cox, and John Taylor, were a second time marooned, and the pirates, as soon as they landed them, sailed off, steering eastward, till they came to an island called Pudden Point, near Long-Island, in lat. 24 degrees, where they cleaned their vessels.

In the mean time, Turnley and his companions made a much better shift than they had done before, his friend Redding's present being of infinite use to them, for they constantly kept a good fire, with which they broiled their fish. There were plenty of land crabs and snakes on the island, which they could eat when they were dressed. Thus they passed fourteen days; at the end of which the pirates made them another visit, and they according to custom made for the woods, thinking that the reason of their return must be, in order to force them to serve amongst them. But here they were mistaken, for the anger of these fellows being over, they began to pity them; but going ashore, and not finding them, they knew they were hid for fear. Nevertheless, they left upon the shore, where they knew they would come, some stores which they intended in this fit of good humour to present them with.

The poor islanders had got to their retreat, the tops of the trees, and saw the pirates go off; upon which they ventured down, and going to the water side, were agreeably surprised to find a small cask of flour, of between twenty and thirty pounds, about a bushel of salt, two bottles of gun powder, several bullets, besides

a quantity of small shot, with a couple of muskets, a very good axe, and also a pot and a pan, and three dogs, which they took in the turtle sloop; which dogs are bred to hunting, and generally the sloops which go turtling, carry some of them, as they are very useful in tracing out the wild hogs. Besides all these, there were a dozen horn handled knives, of the sort which are usually carried to Guinea.

They carried all things into the woods, to that part where they had their fresh water, and where they usually kept, and immediately went to work with their axe; some cutting down bows, and making poles, so that four of them were employed in building a hut, while Richard Turnley taking the dogs and a gun, went a hunting, he understanding that sport very well. He had not been gone long before he killed a large boar, which he brought home to his companions, who fell to cutting it up, and some they dressed for their dinner, and the rest they salted, for another time.

Thus they lived, as they thought, very happy in respect to their former condition; but after a few days, the pirates made them another visit, for they wanted to fill some casks with water. It happened when they came in that Turnley was gone a hunting, and the rest all busy at work, so that they did not see them, till they came into the wood up on them. Seeing the hut, one of them in wantonness set it on fire, and it was burnt to the ground; and they appeared inclined to do mischief, when Richard Turnley, knowing nothing of the matter, happened to return from hunting, with a fine hog upon his back, as much as he could carry. He was immediately surrounded by the pirates,

who seized upon the fresh meat, which seemed to put them into better humour. They made Richard Cox carry it down to their boat, and when he had done, they gave him a bottle of rum to carry back to his companions to drink their healths, telling him, that they might get home if they could, or if they stayed there, they would never trouble them any more.

They were, indeed as good as their word, for sailing away immediately, they made for Long-Island, and coming up toward the salt ponds there, they saw at a distance in the harbour, three vessels at an anchor, and supposing them to be either Bermuda or New-York sloops, lying there to take in salt, they bore down upon them with all the sail they could make, expecting a good booty. The turtle sloop taken from Benjamin Hutchins, was by much the best sailer; however, it was almost dark before she came up with them, and then coming close along side of one of them, she gave a broadside, with a design to board the next minute, but received such a volley of small shot in return, as killed and wounded a great many of the pirates, and the rest, in great surprise and fright, jumped overboard, to save themselves by swimming ashore.

The truth is, these sloops proved to be Spanish privateers, who observing the pirates to bear down upon them, prepared themselves for action. The commander in chief of these three privateers was one who was called by the name of Turn Joe, because he had once privateered on the English side. He had also been a pirate, and now acted by virtue of a commission from a Spanish governor. He was by birth,

an Irishman, a bold enterprising fellow, and was afterwards killed in an engagement with one John Bonnavée, captain of a privateer belonging to Jamaica.

But to return to our story. The sloop was taken, and on board her was found, desperately wounded, Phineas Bunch, who was the captain. By and by a second of the pirate sloops came up; she heard the volley, and supposed it to be fired by Bunch, when he boarded one of the sloops; she came also along side of one of the Spaniards, and received the welcome that was given to Bunch, and submitted as soon. A little after, came up the third, which was taken with the same ease, and in the same manner, as many of the pirates as could swim, jumping overboard to save themselves on shore, there not being a man lost on the side of the Spaniards.

The next day Turn Joe asked them many questions, and finding out that several amongst them had been forced men, he with the consent of the other Spanish officers, ordered all the goods to be taken out of a Spanish launch, and putting some of the wounded pirates into the said launch, with some provision, water, and other liquors, gave it to the forced men, to carry them to Providence.

Accordingly George Redding, Thomas Betty, Matthew Betty, and Benjamin Hutchins, with some others, set sail, and in eight-and-forty hours arrived in the harbour of Providence. They went on shore immediately, and acquainted the governor with every thing that had passed, from the time of their setting out; informing him, that Phineas Bunch, who was one of the chief authors of all the mischief, was on board

the launch. The governor, with some others, went and examined him, and he confessed all, wherefore there was no occasion for a trial; and as he had been pardoned before, and it was necessary to make some speedy example, it was resolved that he should be executed the next day, but it was prevented by his dying that night of his wounds.

They also informed the governor of the condition of Turnley, Carr, and the rest, who were marooned by the pirates upon Green Key Island; upon which the governor sent for one John Sims, a mulatto man, who had a two-mast boat in the harbour of Providence, very fit for sailing; and putting some provisions into her, ordered him to get five or six hands, and to sail for Green Key, in order to bring off the five men there marooned.

Sims accordingly made the best of his way, and sailing out in the morning, arrived at Green Key the next day towards evening. The poor people on shore saw them, and supposing them to be some of the pirates returned, thought it best to take to the woods and hide, not knowing what humour they might be in now. Sims and his ship-mates carried some provision on shore, not knowing but they might want, and searched about, calling out to them by their names. After wandering about some time, they came to the place where the fire was constantly kept; on perceiving which, they fancied they must be thereabouts, and that it would be best to wait for them there, and accordingly they sat down, laying the provisions near them. Turnley, who had climbed to the top of a tree just by, saw them, and observed their motions, and

fancied they were no enemies who were bringing them provisions, and looking more earnestly, he knew Sims, the mulatto, whom he was very well acquainted with at Providence; upon which he called him, who desired him to come down, telling him the comfortable news, that he was come to the relief of him and his companions. Turnley made what haste he could to the bottom, and as soon as he was down, summoned his comrades, who had climbed to the top of some neighbouring trees, being in haste to communicate the glad tidings to them. Being all together, the mulatto related to them the history of what had happened to the pirates.

That night they supped comfortably together upon the provision brought ashore; but so strange an effect has joy, that scarce one of them slept a wink that night, as they declared. The next day they agreed to go a hunting, in order to get something fresh to carry off with them, and were so successful, that they killed three fine hogs. When they returned, they made the best of their way on board, carrying with them all their utensils, and set sail for Providence, whither they arrived in three days; it being now just seven weeks from the time of their being first set on shore by the pirates.

The governor, in the mean time, was fitting out a sloop to send to Long-Island, in order to take those pirates who had saved themselves near the salt ponds there, which sloop was now ready to sail, and put under the command of Benjamin Hornygold. Turnley and his companions embarked on board of her, and

care was taken to get as many men as they could, who were entire strangers to the pirates.

When they arrived at the said island, they ran in pretty near the shore, keeping but few hands on deck, that it might look like a trading vessel, and those men that were quite unknown to the pirates.

The pirates seeing them, came only two or three of them near the shore, the rest lying in ambush, not without hopes of finding an opportunity to seize the sloop, which sent her boat out towards the shore, with orders to lay off at a little distance, as if she was afraid. Those in ambush seeing the boat so near, had not patience to stay any longer, but flocked to the water side, calling out to them to come on shore, and help them, for they were poor shipwrecked men, perishing for want. Upon which the boat rowed back again to the sloop.

Upon second thoughts they sent her off again with two bottles of wine, a bottle of rum, and some biscuit, and sent another man, who was a stranger to those ashore, with orders to pass for master of the vessel. As soon as they approached them, the pirates called to them as before, begging them, for God's sake to come on shore; they did so, and gave them the biscuit, wine, and rum, which he said he brought ashore on purpose to comfort them, because his men told him they were cast away. They were very inquisitive to know where he was bound. He told them, to New-York, and that he came in there to take in salt. They earnestly entreated him to take them on board, and carry them as passengers to New-York; they being about sixteen in

number, he answered, he was afraid he had not provision sufficient for so great a number; but that he would go on board and overhaul his provision, and if they pleased, some of them might go with him, and see how his stock stood; that at least he would carry some of them, and leave some refreshment for the rest, till they could be succoured another way, but that he hoped they would make him some recompense when they should arrive at New-York.

They seemed wonderfully pleased with his proposal, and promised to make him ample satisfaction for all the charges he should be at, pretending to have good friends and considerable effects in different parts of America. Accordingly he took several of them with him in the boat, and as soon as they got on board he invited them into the cabin, where, to their surprise, they saw Benjamin Horneygold, formerly a brother pirate; but what astonished them more, was to see Richard Turnley, whom they had lately marooned upon Green Key. They were immediately surrounded by several with pistols in their hands, and clapped in irons.

As soon as this was over, the boat went on shore again, and those in the boat told the pirates, that the captain would venture to carry them with what provision he had; at which they appeared much rejoiced, and so the rest were brought on board, and without much trouble clapped in irons, as well as their companions.

The sloop had nothing more to do, and therefore set sail, and reaching Providence, delivered the pi-

rates all prisoners into the fort. A Court of Admiralty was immediately called, and they were all tried, and nine received sentence of death, viz. John Augur, William Cunningham, Dennis Mackarthy, William Dowling, William Lewis, Thomas Morris, George Bendall, William Ling, and George Rounsivel, which last was finally reprieved and pardoned. The other seven were acquitted, it appearing that they were forced.

The following is the sentence pronounced upon the prisoners:—

THE COURT having duly considered of the evidence which hath been given both for and against you the said John Augur, William Cunningham, Dennis Mackarthy, William Dowling, William Lewis, Thomas Morris, George Bendall, William Ling, and George Rounsivel; and having also debated the several circumstances of the cases, it is adjudged, that you the said John Augur, William Cunningham, Dennis Mackarthy, William Dowling, William Lewis, Thomas Morris, George Bendall, William Ling, and George Rounsivel, are guilty of the mutiny, felony, and piracy, wherewith you and every one of you stand accused. And the Court doth accordingly pass sentence, that you the said John Augur, William Cunningham, Dennis Mackarthy, William Dowling, William Lewis, Thomas Morris, George Bendall, William Ling, and George Rounsivel, be carried to prison from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck till you shall be *dead, dead, dead*; and God have mercy

on your souls. Given under our hands this 10th day of December, A. D. 1718. (Signed)

Woodes Rogers,

Wingate Gale,

William Fairfax,

Nathaniel Taylor,

Robert Beauchamp,

Josias Burgiss,

Thomas Walker,

Peter Courant.

After sentence was passed upon the prisoners, the governor, as president of the court, appointed their execution to be on Friday next, the 12th inst. at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Whereupon the prisoners prayed for longer time to repent and prepare for death; but the governor told them, that from the time of their being apprehended, they ought to have accounted themselves as condemned by the laws of all nations, which was only sealed now, and that the securing them hither-to, and the favour that the Court had allowed them in making as long a defence as they could, wholly took up that time which the affairs of the settlement required in working at the fortifications; besides the fatigue thereby occasioned to the whole garrison in the necessary guards, set over them by the want of a gaol, and the garrison having been very much reduced by sickness and death since his arrival; also, that he was obliged to employ all his people to assist in mounting the great guns, and in finishing the present works, with all possible despatch, on account of the expected war with Spain; and there being many more pirates amongst these islands, and this place left destitute of all relief from any man of war or station ship, joined to other reasons, too long to enumerate in court, he thought himself indispen-

sably obliged, for the welfare of the settlement, to give them no longer time.

The prisoners were then ordered to the place of their imprisonment in the fort, where leave was given them to send for any persons to read and pray with them.

On Friday morning each of the prisoners was called in private, to know if they had any load upon their spirits, for actions committed as yet unknown to the world, the declaring of which was absolutely required to prepare themselves for a fit repentance; but they each refused to declare any thing, as well as making known to the governor, if they knew of any conspiracy against the government.

Wherefore, about 10 o'clock, the prisoners were released from their irons, and committed to the charge and care of Thomas Robinson, Esq. commissioned Provost Marshal for the day, who, according to custom in such cases, pinioned them, &c. and ordered the guards appointed to assist him, to lead them to the top of the rampart, fronting the sea, which was well guarded by the governor's soldiers and people, to the number of about 100. At the prisoners' request, several select prayers and psalms were read, in which all present joined. When the service was ended, orders were given to the Marshal, and he conducted the prisoners down a ladder, provided on purpose, to the foot of the wall, where a gallows was erected, and a black flag hoisted thereon, and under it a stage, supported by three butts, on which they ascended by another ladder, where the hangman fastened the cords. They had three-quarters of an hour allowed under the gal-

lows, which was spent by them in singing psalms, and some exhortations to their old consorts, and the other spectators, who got as near to the foot of the gallows as the marshal's guard would suffer them. When the marshal was ordered to make ready, and all the prisoners expected the launch, the governor thought fit to order George Rounsivel to be untied, and when brought off the stage, the butts having ropes about them, were hauled away; upon which, the stage fell, and the prisoners were suspended.

A Short Account of the Prisoners Executed.

First, John Augur, being about 40 years of age, had been a noted shipmaster at Jamaica, and since among the pirates; but on his accepting of His Majesty's act of grace, and recommendations to the governor, he was, notwithstanding, entrusted with a good vessel and cargo, in which, betraying his trust, and knowing himself guilty of the indictment, he all along appeared very penitent, and neither washed, shaved, or shifted his old clothes, when carried to be executed; and when he had a small glass of wine given him on the rampart, drank it with wishes for the good success of the Bahama Islands, and the governor.

The second, William Cunningham, aged 45, had been gunner with Thatch, the pirate, who, being also conscious of his own guilt, was seemingly penitent, and behaved himself as such.

The third, Dennis Mackarthy, aged 28, had also been formerly a pirate, but accepted of the king's act of grace; and the governor had made him an ensign of the militia, being recommended as a sober, dis-

creet person, which commission he had at the time of his joining the pirates, which very much aggravated his other crimes. During his imprisonment, he behaved himself tolerably well; but when he thought he was to die, and the morning came, without his expected reprieve, he shifted his clothes, and wore long blue ribands at his neck, wrists, knees, and cap; and when on the rampart, looked cheerfully round him, saying, *He knew the time when there were many brave fellows on the island, who would not have suffered him to die like a dog*; and at the same time pulled off his shoes, kicking them over the parapet of the fort, saying, *He had promised not to die with his shoes on*; so descended the fort wall, and ascended the stage, with the agility and address of a prize-fighter. When mounted, he exhorted the people, who were at the foot of the walls, to have compassion on him; but, however willing, they saw too much power over their heads to attempt any thing in his favour.

The fourth, William Dowling, about 24 years of age, had been a considerable time among the pirates, of a wicked life, which His Majesty's act of grace did not reform. His behaviour was very loose on the stage, and after his death, some of his acquaintance declared, he had confessed to them, that he had murdered his mother before he left Ireland.

The fifth, William Lewis, aged about 34 years, as he had been a hardy pirate and prize-fighter, affected an unconcern at death; but heartily desired liquors to drink with his fellow-sufferers on the stage, and with the standers by.

The sixth, Thomas Morris, aged about 22, had

been a very incorrigible youth and pirate, and seemed to have very little anxiety of mind by his frequent smiles when at the bar. Being dressed with red ribands, as Mackarthy was with blue, he said, going over the ramparts, *We have a new governor, but a harsh one*; and a little before he was turned off, said aloud, *he might have been a greater plague to these islands, and now he wished he had been so.*

The seventh, George Bendall, aged 18, though he said, *he had never been a pirate before, yet he had all the villanous inclinations the most profligate youth could be infected with.* His behaviour was sullen.

The eighth, William Ling, aged about 30, not taken notice of before the last attempt, behaved himself as became a true penitent, and was not heard to say any thing besides replying to Lewis, when he demanded wine to drink, *that water was more suitable to them at that time.*

It was observed that there were but few (besides the governor's adherents) among the spectators, who had not deserved the same fate, but pardoned by His Majesty's act of grace.



ADAM PENFEATHER'S NARRATIVE ¹

[From "Black Bartlemy's Treasure," by JEFFERY
FARNOL]

"**M**INE is a strange, wild story, Martin, but needs must I tell it and in few words as may be. Fifteen years ago (or thereabouts) I became one of that league known as the Brotherhood of the Coast and swore comradeship with one Nicholas Frant, a Kent man, even as I. Now though I was full young and a cautious man, yet, having a natural hatred of Spaniards and their ways, I wrought right well against them and was mighty diligent in many desperate affrays against their ships and along the Coast. 'Twas I (and my good comrade, Nick Frant) with sixteen lusty lads took sea in an open pinnace and captured the great treasure galleon *Dolores del Principe* off Carthagená, and what with all this, Martin, and my being blessed with some education and a gift of adding two and two together, I got me rapid advancement in the Brotherhood until—well, shipmate, I that am poor and solitary was once rich and with nigh a thousand bully fellows at command. And then it was that I fell in with that arch-devil, that master rogue whose deeds had long been

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a terror throughout the Main, a fellow more bloody than any Spaniard, more treacherous than any Portugal, and more cruel than any Indian-Inca, Mosquito, Maya or Aztec, and this man an Englishman, and one of birth and breeding, who hid his identity under the name of Bartlemy. I met him first in Tortuga where we o' the Brotherhood lay, six stout ships and nigh four hundred men convened for an expedition against Santa Catalina and this for two reasons; first, because 'twas a notable rich city, and second, to rescue certain of the Brotherhood that lay there waiting to be burnt at the next auto-da-fé. Well, Martin, 'tis upon a certain evening that this Bartlemy comes aboard my ship and with him his mate, by name Tressady. And never was greater difference than 'twixt these two, Tressady being a great, wild fellow with a steel hook in place of his left hand, d'ye see, and Bartlemy a slender, dainty-seeming, friendly-smiling gentleman, very nice as to speech and deportment and clad in the latest mode, from curling periwig to jewelled shoe buckles.

“ ‘Captain Penfeather,’ says he, ‘your most dutiful, humble—ha, let me perish but here is curst reek o’ tar!’ with which, Martin, he claps a jewelled pomander to the delicate nose of him. ‘You’ve heard of me, I think, Captain,’ says he, ‘and of my ship, yonder, *The Ladies’ Delight*?’ I told him I had, Martin, bluntly and to the point, whereat he laughs and bows and forthwith proffers to aid us against Santa Catalina, the which I refused forthwith. But my council of captains, seeing his ship was larger than any we possessed and exceeding well armed and manned, overruled me,

and the end of it was we sailed, six ships of the Brotherhood and this accursed pirate.

"Well, Martin, Santa Catalina fell according to my plans and, the Governor and Council agreeing to pay ransom, I drew off my companies and camped outside the walls of the town till they should collect the money. Now the women of this place were exceeding comely, Martin, in especial the Governor's lady, and upon the second night was sudden outcry and uproar within the city. Whereupon I marched into the place forthwith and found this curst Bartlemy and his rogues, grown impatient, were at their devil's work. Hasting to the Governor's house, I found it gutted and him dragged from his bed and with the life gashed out of him—aye, Martin, torn body and throat, d'ye see, as by the fangs of some great beast! That was the first time I saw what a steel hook may do! As for this poor gentleman's lady, she was gone. Hereupon, we o' the Brotherhood fell upon these pirate rogues and fought them by light o' the blazing houses (for they had fired the city) and I, thus espying the devil Bartlemy, met him point to point. He was very full o' rapier tricks, but so was I, Martin (also I was younger) and winged him sore and had surely ended him, but that Tressady and divers others got him away and what with the dark night and the woods that lie shorewards he, together with some few of his crew, got them back aboard his ship, *The Ladies' Delight* and so away, but twelve of his rogues we took (beyond divers we slew in fight) and those twelve I saw hanged that same hour. A week later we sailed for Tortuga with no less than ninety and one thou-

sand pieces of eight for our labour, but I and those with me never had the spending of a single piece, Martin, for we ran into a storm such as I never saw the like of even in those seas. Well, we ran afore it for three days, and its fury nothing abating all this time, I never quit the deck; but I had been wounded and on the third night, being fevered and outworn, turned in below. I was awakened by Nick Frant roaring in my ear, for the tempest was very loud and fierce:

“ ‘Adam,’ cried he, ‘we’re lost, every soul and the good money! We’ve struck a reef, Adam, and ’tis the end, and a’ of the good money!’ ” Hereupon I climbed ’bove deck, the vessel on her beam ends and in desperate plight, and nought to be seen i’ the dark save the white spume as the seas broke over us. None the less I set the crew to cutting away her masts and heaving the ordnance overboard (to lighten her thereby), but while this was doing comes a great wave roaring out of the dark and, dashing aboard us, whirled me up and away and I, borne aloft on that mighty, hissing sea, strove no more, doubting not my course was run. So, blinded, choking, I was borne aloft and then, Martin, found myself adrift in water calm as any mill pond—a small lagoon—and, spying through the dark a grove of palmetto trees, presently managed to climb ashore, more dead than alive. Lying there, I prayed—a thing I had not done for many a year. As the dawn came I saw the great wave had hurled me over the barrier reef into this small lagoon, and beyond the reef lay all that remained of my good ship.

"I was yet viewing this dolorous sight (and much cast down for the loss of my companions, in especial my sworn friend Nicholas Frant) when I heard a sound behind me and, turning about, espied a woman, and in this woman's face (fair though it was) I read horror and sadness beyond tears, and yet I knew her, for the same had been wife to the murdered governor of Santa Catalina.

"'Go back!' says she in Spanish, pointing to the surf that thundered beyond the reef. 'Go back! Here is the devil—the sea hath more mercy—go back whiles ye may!' And now she checked all at once and falls a-shivering, for a voice reached us, a man's voice a-singing fair to hear and the song he sang was this,

'Hey cheerly O and cheerly O
And cheerly come sing O
While at the mainyard to and fro—'

and knowing this voice (to my cost) I looked around for some weapon, since I had none and was all but naked, and whipping up a jagged and serviceable stone, stood awaiting him with this in my fist. And down the beach he comes, jocund and debonair in his finery, albeit something pale by reason of excess and my rapier work. And now I come to look at you, Martin, he was just such another as you as to face and feature, though lacking your beef and bone. Now he, beholding me where I stood, flourishes off his be-laced hat and, making me a bow, comes on smiling.

"'Ah,' says he gaily, ''tis Captain Penfeather of

the Brotherhood, a-colloguing with my latest wife! Is she not a pearl o' dainty woman-ware, Captain, a sweet and luscious piece, a passionate, proud beauty worth the taming—ha, Captain? And she is tamed, see you. To your dainty knees, wench—down!

“Now though he smiled yet and spake her gentle, she, bowing proud head, sank to her knees, crouching on the ground before him, while he looked down on her, the devil in his eyes and his jewelled fingers toying with the dagger in his girdle, a strange dagger with a hilt wrought very artificially in the shape of a naked woman—”

“How,” asked I, “a woman, Penfeather?”

“Aye, shipmate! So I stood mighty alert, my eyes on this dagger, being minded to whip it into his rogue's heart as chance might offer. ‘I wonder,’ says he to this poor lady, ‘I wonder how long I shall keep thee, madonna, a week—a month—a year? Venus knoweth, for you amuse me, sweet—Rise, rise, dear my lady, my Dolores of Joy, rise and aid me with thy counsel, for here hath this misfortunate clumsy Captain fool blundered into our amorous paradise, this tender Cyprian isle sacred to our passion. Yet here is he profaning our joys with his base material presence. How then shall we rid ourselves of this offence? The knife—this lover o' men of mine? The bullet? Yet 'tis a poor small naked rogue, and in two days cometh my *Ladies' Delight* and Tressady with his hook—see, my Dolores, for two days he shall be our slave and thereafter, for thy joy, shall show thee how to die, my sweet—torn 'twixt pimento trees or Tressady's hook—thou shalt choose the manner

of 't. And now, unveil, unveil, my goddess of the isle—so shall—' Ha, Martin! My stone took him 'neath the ear, and as he swayed reeling to the blow, lithe and swift as any panther this tortured woman sprang, and I saw the flash of steel ere it was buried in his breast. Even then he didn't fall, but, staggering to a pimento tree, leans him there and falls a-laughing, a strange, high-pitched, gasping laugh, and as he laughed thus, I saw the silver haft of the dagger that was a woman leap and quiver in his breast. Then, laughing yet, he, never heeding me, plucked and levelled sudden pistol, and when the smoke cleared the brave Spanish lady lay dead upon the sands.

"'A noble piece, Captain,' says he, gasping for breath, and then to her. 'Art gone, my goddess—I—follow thee!' And now he sinks to his knees and begins to crawl where she lay, but getting no further than her feet (by reason of faintness) he clasps her feet and kisses them, and laying his head upon them—closes his eyes. 'Penfeather!' he groans, 'my treasure—hidden—dagger—'

"Then I came very hastily and raised his head (for I had oft heard talk o' this treasure) and in that moment he died. So I left them lying and coming to the seaboard sat there a great while, watching the break o' the seas on what was left o' the wreck, yet seeing it not. I sat there till noon, Martin, until, driven by thirst and hunger and heat of sun, I set off to seek their habitation, for by their looks I judged them well-fed and housed. But, and here was the marvel, Martin, seek how I might I found no sign of any hut or shelter save that afforded by nature (as caves and

trees) and was forced to satisfy my cravings with such fruits as flourished in profusion, for this island, Martin, is a very earthly paradise.

"That night, the moon being high and bright, I came to that stretch of silver sand beside the lagoon where they lay together rigid and pale and, though I had no other tool but his dagger and a piece o' driftwood, made shift to bury them 'neath the great pimento tree that stood beside the rock, and both in the same grave. Which done, I betook me to a dry cave hard by a notable fall of water that plungeth into a lake and there passed the night. Next day, having explored the island very thoroughly and dined as best I might on shell fish that do abound, I sat me down where I might behold the sea and fell to viewing of this silver-hilted dagger—"

"The which was shaped like a woman?" asked I.

"Aye, Martin. And now, bethinking me of Bartlemy's dying words anent this same dagger, and of the tales I had heard full oft along the Main regarding this same Bartlemy and his hidden treasure, I fell to handling this dagger, turning and twisting it this way and that. And suddenly, shipmate, I felt the head turn upon the shoulders 'twixt the clasping hands; turn and turn until it came away and showed a cavity, and in this cavity a roll of parchment and that parchment none other than this map with the cryptogram the which I could make nought of.

"Now as I sat thus, studying this meaningless jumble of words, I of a sudden espied a man below me on the reef, a wild, storm-tossed figure, his scanty clothing all shreds and tatters, and as he went seeking

of shellfish that were plenteous enough, I knew him for my sworn comrade Nick Frant. And then, Martin, I did a strange thing, for, blood-brothers though we were, I made haste (and all of a tremble) to slip back this map into its hiding place, which done I arose, hailing my comrade, and went to meet him joyously enough. And no two men in the world more rejoiced than we, as we clasped hands and embraced each other as only comrades may. It seemed the hugeous sea that had caught me had caught him likewise and hurled him, sore bruised, some miles to the south of the reef. So now I told him of the deaths of Bartlemy and the poor lady, yet Martin (and this was strange) I spoke nothing of knife or treasure; I told him of the expectation I had of the pirate ship's return, and yet I never once spake o' the map and chart. And methinks the secret cast a shadow betwixt us that grew ever deeper, for as the days passed and no sail appeared, there came a strangeness, an unlove betwixt us that grew until one day we fell to open quarrel, disputation and deadly strife, and the matter no more than a dead man's shirt (and that ragged) that had come ashore.

"And we (being in rags and the sun scorching) each claimed this shirt, and from words came blows. He had his seaman's knife and I Bartlemy's accursed dagger, and so we fought after the manner of the buccaneers, his leg bound fast to mine and, Martin, though he was a great fellow and strong and wounded me sore, in the end I got in a thrust under the armpit, and he fell a-dying and I with him. Then I (seeing death in his eyes, Martin) clasped him in my arms

and kissed him and besought him not to die, whereat he smiled. 'Adam!' says he, 'why, Adam, lad—' and so died.

"Then I took that accursed dagger, wet with my comrade's life blood, and hurled it from me, and so with many tears and lamentations I presently buried poor Nick Frant in the sands and lay there face down upon his grave, wetting it with my tears and groaning there till nightfall. But all next day, Martin (though my heart yearned to my slain friend), all next day I spent seeking and searching for the dagger that had killed him. And as the sun set, I found it. Thereafter I passed my days (since the pirate ship came not, doubtless owing to the late tempest) studying the writing on the chart here, yet came no nearer a solution, though my imagination was inflamed by mention of diamonds, rubies and pearls as ye may see written here for yourself. So the time passed till one day at dawn I beheld a great ship, her mizzen and fore-topmasts gone, standing in for my island, and as she drew nearer, I knew her at last for that accursed pirate ship called *Ladies' Delight*. Being come to anchor within some half mile or so, I saw a boat put off for the reef and, lying well hid, I watched this boat, steered by a knowing hand, pass through the reef by a narrow channel and so enter the lagoon. Now in this boat were six men and at the rudder sat Tressady, and I saw his hook flash in the sun as he sprang ashore. Having beached their boat, they fell to letting off their calivers and pistols and hallooing:

" 'Oho, Captain!' they roared. 'Bartlemy, ahoy!' And this outcry maintained they for some while. But

none appearing to answer, they seemed to take counsel together and thereafter set off three and three, shouting as they went. And now it seemed they knew no more of Bartlemy's hiding place than I, whereat I rejoiced greatly. So lay I all that forenoon watching their motions and hearing their outcries now here, now there, until, marvelling at the absence of Bartlemy, they sat down all six upon the spit of sand whereby I lay hid and fell to eating and drinking, talking the while, though too low for me to hear what passed. But all at once they seemed to fall to disputation, Tressady and a small, dark fellow against the four, and thereafter to brawl and fight, though this was more butchery than fight, Martin, for Tressady shoots down two ere they can rise and, leaping up, falls on other two with his hook—! So with aid from the small, dark fellow they soon have made an end o' their four companions and, leaving them lying, come up the beach and sitting below the ledge of rock whereon I lay snug hidden, fell to talk.

“‘So Ben, *comarado mio*, we be committed to it now! Since these four be dead and all men well-loved by Bartlemy, needs must Bartlemy follow 'em!’

“‘Aye!’ says the man Ben, ‘when we have found him. Though Bartlemy's a fighting man!’

“‘And being a man can die, Ben. And he once dead, we stand his heirs—you and I, Ben, I and you!’

“‘Well and good!’ says Ben. ‘But for this treasure, where lieth it and for that matter, Roger, where is Bartlemy?’

“‘Both to find, Ben, so let us set about it forthwith.’ The which they did, Martin; for three days they

sought the island over and I watching 'em. On the third day, as they are sitting 'neath the great pimento tree I have mentioned (and I watching close by), Tressady sits up all at once.

" 'Ben!' says he, 'what be yon?' and he pointed to a mound of sand hard by.

" 'Lord knoweth!' says Ben.

" 'Yon's been digging,' says Tressady, 'and none so long since!'

" 'Aye,' said Ben, 'and now what?'

" 'Now,' says Tressady, 'let us dig likewise.'

" 'Aye, but what with?' says Ben.

" 'Our fingers!' says Tressady. So there and then they fell to digging, casting up the loose sand with their two hands, dog-fashion and I, watching, turned my head that I might not see.

" 'Ha!' says Tressady, in a while, 'here is foul reek, Ben, foul reek.'

" 'Right curst!' says Ben and then uttered a great, hoarse cry. And I, knowing what they had come upon, kept my face turned away. ' 'Tis she!' whispers Ben.

" 'Aye, and him!' says Tressady. 'Faugh! Man, 'tis ill thing, but needs must—his dagger, Ben, his dagger.'

" 'Here's no dagger,' says Ben. 'Here's empty sheath but no steel in't!'

" ' 'Tis fallen out!' says Tressady in strangled voice. 'Seek, Ben, seek!' So despite the horror of the thing, they sought, Martin; violating death and careless of corruption they sought, and all the time the thing they sought was quivering in this right hand.

" 'Ben,' says Tressady when they were done, 'Ben—how came he dead—how?'

" 'Who shall say, Roger? Mayhap they did each other's business.'

" 'Why then—where's the dagger o' the woman—the silver goddess—where? And how came they buried?'

" 'Aye, there's the rub, Roger!'

" 'Why,' says Tressady, 'look'ee, Ben, 'tis in my mind we're not alone on this island—'

" 'And who should be here, Roger?'

" 'The man that slew our Captain!' Here there was silence awhile; then the man Ben rose and spat.

" 'Faugh!' says he. 'Come away, Roger, ere I stifle—come, i' the devil's name!' So they went and I lying hid secure watched them out of sight.

"Now when they were gone I took counsel with myself, for here were two desperate, bloody rogues very well armed, and here was I a solitary man with nought to my defence save for Nick's knife and the silver-hilted dagger which was heavy odds, Martin, as you'll agree. Now I have ever accounted myself a something timid man, wherefore in cases of desperate need and danger I have been wont to rely on my wit rather than weapons, on head rather than hands. So now as I looked upon this cursed dagger wherewith I had slain my poor friend, beholding this evil silver woman whose smile seemed verily to allure men to strife and bloodshed, the end of it was I stole from my lurking place and set the dagger amid the gnarled roots of the great pimento tree where it might have slipped from dying fingers, and so got me back into

hiding. And sure enough in a while comes the big man Tressady, a-stealing furtive-fashion, and falls to hunting both in the open grave and round about but, finding nothing, steals him off again. Scarce was he out of eye-shot, Martin, than cometh the little dark fellow Ben, who likewise fell to stealthy search, grubbing here and there on hands and knees yet with none better fortune than his comrade. But of a sudden he gives a spring and, stooping, stands erect with Bartlemy's dagger in his hand. Now scarce had he found it than comes Tressady creeping from where he had lain watching.

" 'Ha, Ben!' says he jovially. 'How then, lad, how then? Hast found what we sought? Here's luck, Ben, here's luck! Aye, by cock, 'tis your fortune to find it, and your fortune's my fortune, eh, Ben—us being comrades, Ben?'

" 'Aye,' says Ben, turning the dagger this way and that.

" 'Ha' ye come on the chart, Ben; ha' ye found the luck in't, Ben?'

" 'Stay, Roger, I've but just picked it up!—'

" 'And was coming to your comrade with it, eh, Ben—share and share—eh, Benno—Bennie?'

" 'Aye,' says Ben, staring down at the thing, 'but 'twas me as found it, Roger!'

" 'And what then, lad, what then?'

" 'Why, then, Roger, since I found it, 'tis mine,' says he, gripping the dagger in quivering fist and glancing up sideways.

" 'Hilt and blade, Ben!'

" 'And the chart, Roger!'

" 'Aye, and the chart, Ben!' says Tressady, coming a pace nearer, and I saw his hook glitter.

" 'And the treasure, Roger?' says Ben, making little passes in the air to see the blue gleam of the steel.

" 'All yours, Ben, all yours, and what's yours is mine, according to oath, Ben, to oath! But come, Ben, you hold the secret o' the treasure in your fist—the silver goddess. Come, the chart, lad, out wi' the chart, and Bartlemy's jewels are ours—pearls, Ben—diamonds, rubies—aha, come, find the chart—let your comrade aid ye, lad—'

" 'Stand back!' says Ben and whips a pistol from his belt. 'Look'ee, Roger,' says he, 'I found the dagger without ye, and I'll find the chart—stand back!'

" 'Why, here's ill manners to a comrade, Ben, ill manners, sink me—but as ye will. Only out wi' the chart, and let's go seek the treasure, Ben.'

" 'D'ye know the secret o' this thing, Roger?'

" 'Not I, Ben!'

" 'Why, then must I break it asunder. Hand me yon piece o' rock,' says Ben, pointing to a heavy stone that chanced to be near.

" 'Stay, Ben lad, 'twere pity to crush the silver woman, but if you will, you will, Ben—take a hold!' So saying, Tressady picked up the stone, but, as his comrade reached to take it, let it fall, whereon Ben stooped for it, and in that moment Tressady was on him. And then—ha, Martin, I heard the man Ben scream and as he writhed, saw Tressady's hook at work . . . the man screamed but once . . . and then, wiping the hook on his dead comrade's coat, he took up the dagger and began to unscrew the head.

But now, Martin, methought 'twas time for me to act, if I meant to save my life, for I had nought but Nick Frant's knife, while within Tressady's reach lay the dead man's pistols and divers musketoons and fusees on the beach behind him, which put me to no small panic lest he shoot me ere I could come at him with my knife. Thus, as I lay watching, I took counsel with myself how I might lure him away from these firearms wherewith he might hunt me down and destroy me at his ease; and the end of it was I started up all at once and, leaning down towards him, shook the parchment in his face. 'Ha, Tressady!' says I. 'Is this the thing you've murdered your comrades for?' Now at this Tressady sprang back, to stare from me to the thing in my hand, Martin, and then—ha, then with a wild-beast roar he sprang straight at me with his hook—even as I had judged he would. As for me, I turned and ran, making for a rocky ledge I knew, with Tressady panting behind me, his hook ringing on the rocks as he scrambled in pursuit. So at last we reached the place I sought—a shelf of rock, the cliff on one side, Martin, and on the other a void with the sea thundering far below—a narrow ledge where his great bulk hampered him and his strength availed little. And there we fought, his dagger and hook against my dead comrade's knife, and thus as he sprang, I, falling on my knee, smote up beneath raised arm, heard him roar and saw him go whirling over and down and splash into the sea—"

"And had the dagger with him, Adam!" said I in eager question.

"Aye, Martin, which was the end of an ill rogue and an evil thing—"

THE CAPTURE OF JULIUS CÆSAR

[From "The Book of Pirates" by HENRY GILBERT]

IT was a brilliant day in summer, and the blue of the Mediterranean was answered by the fleckless blue of the sky, out of which the sun shone with all the fierceness of noon. In a rocky creek of the island of Pharmacusa, which lay a few miles off the coast of Caria, in Asia Minor, lay a long black galley, its nose of burnished copper just showing outside the entrance of the creek. With its benches of rowers who sat quietly chatting, their black oars not placed inboard, but ready to their hands, the raking mast and the huge half-furled sail, the galley had all the appearance of a vicious scorpion waiting in a cleft of the rocks for some unwary prey. Every man had a keen knife at his girdle, and in the box under his seat were stores of javelins, bows and arrows, slings and stones. These rowers were not slaves: each took part and lot in the enterprise on which they were engaged; each was a seaman and a fighter, as apt at the oar or the sail as at the set-to with knife or short throwing-spear. Indeed, this was the galley *Milvus*, "The Kite," one of the scouting vessels of the pirate chief Spartaco, leader of a band of sea-rovers whose name was a name of terror up and down the coasts of Asia Minor, from the Hellespont to Tyre, in Syria.

Three men sat in the little cabin on the high-curving poop, from which they had a wide view over the deck of the vessel and away to where the shores of Caria

shimmered in the heat haze. They were waiting for any merchant-vessels beating up in the south-west wind from Greece or Italy, and making for Miletus or Ephesus. To pass the time away they were throwing dice, but the day was hot and the game dragged.

"Zeus!" said one, named Micio, yawning. "As well be lizards baking on a stone as wait here for ships that never come! The sea is as empty as the treasury at Samos!"

This referred to one of the most daring recent exploits of Spartaco, in violating a temple to Venus in the island of Samos, which lay some thirty miles to the north of where they were seated. The beautiful building had been ruined by fire, after the pirates had put the priests and priestesses to the sword and had rifled the treasury and temple of all the wealth given to it by generations of devout worshippers. The speaker had suggested this exploit to his chief, who sat beside him, and he rather prided himself upon his initiative.

"*Me Hercule!*" sneered the third man, a truculent, black-browed rascal named Syrus. "You talk as if you had scaled the walls of Olympus and robbed Jove of his thunderbolts! There is a greater prize than any you would have the courage for, if Spartaco here will let us do it."

"And what is that?" asked Spartaco, a little fierce-faced man with gold rings in his ears, gold chains round his neck, and flashing jewels on his dirty fingers.

"The Temple of Diana at Ephesus!" replied Syrus.

"There is booty enough there, 'tis true," said Spartaco; "but the town is a strong one and Archelaus, the

governor there, is a hard man, who would not be bought over to our side except for a very large sum. And even if he agreed to take his soldiers away while we plundered, the Ephesians would fight like wild cats for their Diana."

"I like it not," said Micio. "The goddess has been good to me. I sacrificed to her when I sacked Agrigentum, and she saved me from death and capture that day, for the Sicilians fought too well."

"Pshaw!" returned Spartaco. "These gods and goddesses cannot help themselves. Until my old chief Storax of Cyprus took it into his head to sack Apollo's temple at Claros, because the god refused him the ship of the rich merchant Crassus at Chios, no captain of the sea had dared to think of trying the strength of a god. Did any ill befall Storax by reason of that? Did he not afterward sack the temple of Ceres at Hermione, and that of the healing-god, Æsculapius, at Epidaurus? What he could do others have done. Sannio the Negro took much treasure from the temple of Neptune in the Isthmus, and because the god sank two of his best galleys at Tænarus he sacked his temple there too, and at Calauria."

"But, mark you, captain," said Micio, "I think these things pass not without note, though the old gods be fallen now on careless days since the Bull-God Mithras is so widely worshipped. What happened to Storax? you ask. Was he not slain by an unseen hand as he feasted in his mountain-hold at Aspera, in the midst of his faithful men? It was an arrow of the god that slew him, of a surety, for all such deaths are

from the hand of Apollo. And Sannio—what befell him at Messina? As he rode in the midst of his galleys in a calm sea, waiting for his men to bring off the senators Sextus and Glabrio, to hold for ransom, a great wave rolled in from the Narrow Strait and swamped and drowned five galleys and some four hundred men—Sannio among them.”

“Old women’s tales, all such!” returned Spartaco; but his words did not ring with sincerity. As a matter of fact, superstition moved him as much as it moved the wisest and basest of men in those times, when the old gods were dying and new and untried gods were taking their places. Men’s minds were still affected more strongly by the old beliefs than by the new, and Spartaco could not keep down the feeling that there might be some truth in the words of his lieutenant Micio.

Syrus was quick to see the doubt in the mind of his captain and therefore laughed.

“We must look, then, for some act of vengeance upon us from the dainty hand of the goddess Venus!” he said. “Doubtless the next serving-maid from whom we would snatch a kiss will thump us heartily!”

Spartaco laughed harshly, but Micio looked gloomy. He had himself suggested the sacking of the temple of Venus at Samos, but it had been to make favour for himself with Spartaco, and he had no thought then of the possible wrath and vengeance of the goddess. Syrus sneered at him.

“Croaker!” he said. “I believe you’ve frightened yourself now. As for me, I fear none of the old gods while the young Mithras protects me.”

He made the sign of the swastika in the air, invoking the protection of Mithras.

At that moment there came a faint, broken halloo from the look-out on the topmost rock on the shore. A quick movement ran through the men on the benches of the galley; they clutched at the handles of their long oars and looked up at their leaders for orders. Spartaco and his lieutenants gazed shoreward, and saw a man gesticulating toward the sea to the north, as if pointing to an advancing vessel.

"Jump ashore, Micio," said the captain of the galley, "and run to the northern point and see what you make of the stranger."

Micio did as he was ordered, and in the course of a few minutes returned to say that there were two merchant-galleys whose course showed that they were making for Miletus. They were heavily laden, and were therefore a likely prize.

"Give the call for the other galleys!" said Spartaco; and soon a trumpet-call, clear and high, rang out along the rocks and creeks of the island.

A few orders, and the *Milvus* had been pushed out of the creek, and, followed by two other galleys which had been hiding in neighbouring inlets, was on her way toward the merchant-ships. With their long oars rising and falling in regular beats, the pirate galleys looked like great sinister sea-monsters skimming over the bright blue waves. The oars as they struck the waters churned them into foam; the sun shone brightly and turned the tossing water into jewels which flashed as they fell; the wind sang, carrying on it the salt smell of the sea. The pirates, however, saw little

of the beauty of sea and sky, sun and wind; like birds of prey, they had eyes only for their victims, and, urged by the sinewy arms of the rascals on the oar-banks, the three galleys quickly approached the merchantmen.

At the first sight of the black craft racing toward them the traders had increased their speed, had stretched another sail, and incited their rowers to greater efforts. But the vessels were too heavily laden, and the chief merchant, a fat, pursy man, rung his hands as he saw how swiftly the pirates were lessening the interval between the boats.

On the poop with the chief merchant was a spare young man, a Roman by his dress, with aristocratic features and bold, confident bearing. He was dressed in a white woollen tunic, with sleeves which reached to the wrists, where they were cut into a deep fringe. The garment was slackly girdled. The fringed tunic and the loose girdle were thought to be signs of effeminacy in those days. On his feet were shoes of scarlet leather. As the young man saw the pirate galleys coming nearer and nearer he laughed at the merchant's woeful cries.

"It is no use your lamenting," he said with a sneer. "If you had waited for the other merchants you might have been able to beat these rascals off. As it is, they outnumber you by three to two."

"But I wished to get the market before the others," whined the greedy old merchant. "What a loss it is! These rogues will make me pay heavily for my ransom. Oh that I had waited!"

The foppish young man turned away with a yawn.

Two servants stood near, and he ordered one to ask his physician to come to him; the other he told to bring his toga, and to bid the rest of his servants to come upon the poop. Then he leaned idly against the side of the vessel and looked at the rushing onset of the first galley.

The merchant, seeing escape was hopeless, had ordered his slaves to cease rowing, and his sailors were reefing the sails. Soon the merchant-galleys lost their way and sat motionless upon the water. Spartaco raced his galley to within a hundred yards; then, at a word, his men ceased rowing and the galley glided just within speaking distance.

"What ship is that?" came the question.

"The *Golden Fleece*, of Rhodes," was the reply, "owned by Vinus the Lydian."

"If Vinus the Lydian is there, let him come aboard," came back the order. "If he is not there, let the shipmaster come to me!"

Vinus, the old merchant, thereupon got into a small boat with two of his men, and, taking his money and jewels with him, was rowed to the pirate galley. Meanwhile the young aristocrat, surrounded by his servants, sat with Cinna, his friend and physician, and, taking out a scroll from the breast-fold of his toga, began discussing its contents, as if the visit of some three hundred pirates, who thought nothing of sinking galleys and the people aboard them, was an everyday occurrence.

In a little while a boat put off from each of the pirate ships, crammed with men. They boarded the big merchant-ship, and then, after quickly going

through the cargo to note its value, turned their attention to the passengers on the poop.

It was Spartaco's quick eye who singled out the young Roman gentleman in the centre of his retinue. As he went along the gangway to the poop he growled to Micio behind him:

"Here's some sprig from Athens or Rome who will pay for keeping for a while."

Gaining the poop, the pirates went toward the group. The servants closed about their master, at which movement Spartaco laughed.

"Out of the way, spaniels!" he said. "I want your lord's money, not his life."

"What is it, Phormio?" came the drawling voice of the young Roman.

The slaves made way for the pirates, who walked up to the young exquisite. The latter, wrapped in his toga with its deep purple band, looked up with a slight air of annoyance at being disturbed.

"Who are you?" asked Spartaco harshly, disliking the haughty air of the aristocrat.

The other looked at his questioner with a patronizing smile for an instant. Then, with a gesture, he turned to his friend with the words:

"Tell the fellow, Cinna."

The physician, an elderly man, looked haughtily at the pirate and said:

"This gentleman is Caius Julius Cæsar, of Rome."

"What will he pay for the lives of himself and his people?" came the harsh question.

Cinna shrugged his shoulders and looked at his master, who, however, had returned to his book.

Spartaco waited for a reply, but as neither Cæsar nor Cinna appeared to think the question concerned him, and did not attempt to break the chilly silence, Spartaco, with an angry malediction, turned to Micio and said: "What are they worth, think you? From the pride of them the treasure of Midas wouldn't be enough."

Micio looked at the crowd of slaves and freedmen as if estimating their market value, and then muttered advice to his captain.

"I'll double it—twenty talents is what I want," said Spartaco.

Cæsar raised his head, and a look of real anger was in his eyes.

"Twenty talents!" he said icily. "My good fellow, I am afraid neither of you knows your business. Anyone who knows me will tell you that I am well worth fifty talents!"

For some moments Spartaco was speechless with surprise. As a rule people were anxious to get off with as low a ransom as their captors would accept, and for a prisoner to put up the price placed upon him was something unheard of. Moreover, Cæsar's valuation (equal to about £12,000 of our money) was a staggering amount. Spartaco hastened to get over his surprise and to accept the offer.

"Have it as you will," he said, with a harsh laugh. "Fifty talents you'll pay ere you see Rome again."

"I will send my people with letters to Rome," replied Cæsar. "You will ship them there at once, and the money shall be in your hands by the kalends of August."

Spartaco scowled; somehow this aristocrat seemed to be giving orders, and his captor had to obey them. The pirate growled assent and departed. In a little while the merchant-galleys were turned and rowed toward the island, where in a small bay they were anchored, and the rich gear and goods were landed to add to the stores of the pirates. Cæsar and the merchant and his people were housed in huts, which formed the village of the pirates, placed in a wide green field just below the high rock which formed the look-out of Spartaco and his band. There they would await the time when their ransoms were received. In a few hours Cæsar had written his letters to friends and kinsmen at Rome, and next morning the smaller merchant-vessel was manned by pirates, the freedmen and slaves of Cæsar, who were to take the letters, went on board, and, the wind being favourable, a course was set for Italy. The same day the pirates in one of their own galleys carried some of the merchant's slaves to Miletus, which was but a few miles away on the mainland. Cæsar also sent letters by these to friends of his in Asia Minor, particularly to Nicomedes, the wealthy King of Bithynia.

Cæsar remained with the pirates, accompanied only by Cinna, his friend and physician, and two body-servants, Milo, his barber, and Cotta, his cook. A hut was reserved for himself and Cinna, and every morning he bathed in a pool on the seashore, and on his return Milo shaved him and trimmed his nails, and then crimped and curled his hair with tongs. Then he partook of his spare breakfast of pulse and bread, which had been prepared by Cotta, after which

he would walk with Cinna, discussing some point of law, or the subject for a speech or poem. At the time of his capture Cæsar had been travelling to Rhodes to study oratory under Molo, a famous orator who lived there. Cæsar was at this time only twenty-three years of age, and had the ambition of becoming a senator. He had no inkling yet of the genius which he possessed for military leadership.

About midday he would take another spare meal—for Cæsar, even as a young man, had the habit, so rare in his days, of eating and drinking little; after which, in the hottest time of the day, he would take his siesta, sleeping in his hut. At two o'clock he would take exercise by running, leaping, and throwing big stones, and at three he would bathe again, after which he rested and Cinna would read to him. His last meal would be taken at four o'clock, after which he would sit conversing or reading with Cinna, or declaiming a speech which he had thought out and noted down during the day. Soon after dark he would retire to his couch.

The pirates, observing his manner of life, used to laugh and jest among themselves about him, calling him "the dandy," "the man-woman," or "the lady." They kept strict watch upon him, but this was because of his value, not that they feared he might try to escape. As the days went on they began to have a feeling of contempt for one whose amusements, interests, and manner of life were wholly different from theirs. They found pleasure in rough and brutal sports, or games of chance, at which they quarrelled and fought, sometimes to the death, while this stranger passed

his day in bathing, talking, reading, and exercising his limbs. So fearful was he of his precious health, indeed, that he kept a physician continually about him. Such a creature as this Caius Julius Cæsar, this aristocrat, was only half a man!

When, therefore, one night, into their midst, as they sat roaring out songs over their cups, the physician entered, and, going boldly up to Spartaco, said that Cæsar had sent him to tell them to keep silent, as he was about to sleep, looks of stupefied wonder gave way quickly to great guffaws of laughter at the insolence of the 'man-woman.'

"And why should we keep quiet?" growled Spartaco. "That little white man of yours would do well with a little hardship, and a night's sleeplessness will do him good. Tell him I shall make all the noise I wish."

"You are foolish, my friend," replied Cinna. "You wish to get the ransom for my friend and master, I suppose?" The pirate assented. "My friend is a man of delicate health; sleep and a quiet life are necessary to him. If he were to die here you would get no ransom, for the money is to be lodged with the Roman governor at Miletus, and will only be given to you when Cæsar goes there in person."

Spartaco scowled; the logic of this stranger was unanswerable. "Tell your man-woman that I will keep my boys quiet," he said.

Afterward, whenever the pirates forgot their promise and were noisy at night, Cæsar sent and ordered them to keep silent, and they instantly subsided, though with muttered curses. After the first few

days Cæsar spoke to several of them, getting them to talk of their exploits and leading them to reveal their true natures, in which craftiness, greed, and savagery mingled. Spartaco and Micio he particularly chose to talk to, and while he showed his contempt for their trade and their manners, and never let them forget the social gulf which lay between them, he entered into many of their games and diversions, got them to run and jump and throw balls with him, and to walk with him about the island.

The pirates could not understand him. He was frank in his manner, he laughed and jested with them, and when he chose to be so was excellent company. But they felt vaguely that he was not so soft a person as they had deemed him to be. He gave them orders as if he were their prince and they were merely his body-guard. They resented this manner, but he was so fearless and his bearing was so lordly that they had to obey, willy-nilly. They felt that under his suavity and condescension of manner there was a determination that nothing could break.

Once Spartaco and Micio and others with them were speaking of the cities they had taken, of the slaves they held in their strongholds in Cilicia, and of the many tributes they received from maritime cities and rich merchants as blackmail, so that they should not attack those cities or capture the vessels of the merchants.

"If there was any wit in your muddy minds," said Cæsar, "one or other of you would use your powers to still greater ends."

"As how?" asked Spartaco.

"You would make yourself master of all the pirate bands within the waters of the Middle Sea, you would confederate many maritime States under your power, and—who knows?—if you had brains enough to bend the quarrels of Rome and Italy to your own ends, you could take the place of Rome herself, who hates the sea, and be master over all the lands and oceans of the world."

He was half laughing as he spoke, in spite of the strange glow in his eyes, and they knew not whether he was speaking in jest or in earnest.

"But I fear you are men of too barbarous a taste to aim so high," he went on. "Tell me, is it true, as men say, that you reverence not even the temples of the gods?"

"We care a straw for nothing," said Spartaco savagely, incensed at the open contempt which this lord expressed for his captors, who usually experienced deference and fear in their prisoners. "And I think I would as soon slit your throat as have your money, my fine gentleman."

Cæsar laughed easily and ignored the other's anger. "If you did that, doubt not that you would rue it in a little while. What would my poor corpse benefit you? Think how you would curse yourself for a fool when you were told that fifty talents—three hundred thousand denarii—were waiting for you at Miletus, and all that you could offer for them was my poor clay! I thought you were men of business!"

"Aye, aye!" said some of the others, laughing at his mockery of their chief. "Spartaco will spare you for your money's sake, but your tongue is too free."

"Free, my friends!" said Cæsar, his eyes flashing and scorn curling his lips. "I am used to speaking my mind freely even in the Forum at Rome, before men whose shoe-latchets you are not fit to touch. Think you I should bridle my tongue for any one of your dirty knives?"

Most of the men laughed awkwardly; to take a man's life was nothing to these rough sea-robbers, but against their wills they were cowed by the utter fearlessness and pride of this Roman lord. Some found a zest in his insolence, and at any rate none of them would permit his life to be taken, unless, of course, his rich ransom never came to their hands.

Cæsar rose from the log on which he sat and, folding his toga about him, prepared to go to his own hut.

"What insolence!" he said jestingly. "Barbarians as you are, not to appreciate a gentleman's jests! Do you not know that a lord's slaves laugh or cry with him to save their backs from the whip? Not only do you threaten me with death, but you resent my jokes. For such insolence not one of you deserves less than the death of a common rogue, and, mark me, when I am free I will see to it that you all get your deserts on the cross!"

This sally excited the men to much laughter. The daring of the thought tickled their sense of the humorous. To think that this man, so much in their power, should threaten to crucify them like any other poor robber whom Roman justice thrust upon a cross along a roadside! After all, the lord could make a good jest.

Cæsar's fearlessness among these cut-throats was a

matter of wonder even to Cinna, his physician, who tried to dissuade him from trusting himself among them.

"My friend," Cæsar replied, "have no fear for me. These men value me too much to injure me. They are sorry rogues, indeed, but at least they enjoy the edge of my tongue."

One day Cæsar went to a party of the pirates as they sat after their evening meal and told them he would recite an oration which he had composed. It was a revised version of the final portion of the speech which he had given in the Forum when he had impeached Antonius Hybrida for corrupt government in Macedonia. With all solemnity, while the men gaped at him in wonder, he told them that this speech had always dissatisfied him, and, more than any of his other orations, had convinced him that a few sessions with the great orator Molo at Rhodes—whither he had been proceeding when their rascalities had seized his person—were necessary to perfect him in the art of rhetoric.

Then for some time he exerted all his gifts of eloquence upon the group of wretches before him. With every addition of fine phrasing, noble gesture, and telling intonation, he strove to make them realize the force of the arguments by which he sought to prove how utterly evil and injurious to the State had been the actions of the governor in taking bribes from suitors and from merchants and in robbing travellers of their goods. But all his efforts were in vain: the pirates were not impressed in the least, and even laughed at him, and half-way through his oration

many turned aside and began to play dice, or a game with small bones, called *mora*.

When he ended Cæsar looked sourly at them as they lolled in their places. Some joked about the gestures he had made; Spartaco said it seemed a lot to say about a man who had taken a few goods and trifling sums of gold; while another ruffian, supposed to be a very comic fellow, began to create roars of laughter in one corner by imitating Cæsar's motions and looks while he talked.

"Dolts and barbarians!" cried Cæsar. "It is like throwing pearls to swine or giving gold to asses to lay before you the riches of oratory such as I possess!"

"You learned men seem to do little else but talk," growled Syrus. "As for us seamen, we may be rough men, but we do much more than we talk about. Give me a man who does things, not one who mouths about what other men have done!"

"Dunce!" said Cæsar, with a scornful smile. "I suppose you will never learn that words can sway men much more than your brutal deeds with knife and javelin. Oh, I shall take the greatest pleasure in hanging you all when I am free again!"

Saying which, he walked away with great dignity, flinging his toga about him with a lordly gesture.

The pirates laughed as he left them.

"What a fool the man is!" said Spartaco scoffingly. "He is all words. Never hath he told us of anything he himself hath done."

"I told him as much," said Syrus. "I doubt not he would turn sick to see a man killed. To talk of crucifying us!"

On other occasions Cæsar delivered orations to the pirates, and even recited some of his poems to them. He saw, indeed, that they had no appreciation for anything so strange to their way of life as oratory and poetry; but his masterful and imperious character, which knew no fear of their brutal natures, caused him to impress himself upon them in this way. And so great a mixture of pleasantry and mastery was in his bearing to these men that some began to feel the charm which in later years he exercised so powerfully over his rough soldiers in Spain and Gaul. Micio in particular felt a kind of devotion for this fearless and wonderful stranger, and often went aside to speak to Cæsar, who treated him with the haughty familiarity which a great man might show for a freedman or favourite slave.

Once Micio put to him the question which had been exercising his mind ever since the day on which the pirate leaders had talked about the sacking of temples.

"Do you think, Cæsar," he said, "that the old gods still have power to avenge themselves upon those who insult or injure them? As for me," Micio went on truculently, "I fear them not. Mithras the Bull-God is strong enough for me."

"Why do you ask, then, my friend?" asked Cæsar, with a little smile.

"Oh," was the answer, "some have said that men who have sacked temples have been slain by the gods whose fanes they had destroyed.

"Have you sacked a temple?"

"I have," replied Micio, assuming a look of ferocity designed to impress his listener with a sense of his

utter fearlessness of things both human and divine.

Cæsar glanced at the man as he sat in his soiled and ragged tunic, with bare legs and feet thrust into rough leather boots. Micio had a heavy gold chain about his red, hairy neck and bosom, and thick rings in his ears. A kerchief was tied round his unkempt locks, and his face, tanned a deep red by wind and sun, wore the look of mingled craft and brutality which was common to all the pirates.

"Whose temple have you polluted, barbarian?" asked the patrician.

"We sacked the temple of Venus at Samos," was the reply, "slit the throats of the priests and priestesses, and emptied the treasury. Then we sent up the temple in fire and smoke—all that would burn!"

"You destroyed the temple of Venus at Samos!" repeated Cæsar, and his tone had something of the mercilessness of a judge giving sentence, so that Micio was stirred in spite of his air of bravado. "Of a surety the goddess will avenge herself—rest assured that you shall not escape!"

Cæsar rose from his seat and withdrew without another word. For a little while Micio sat silent, his superstitious mind chilled by the pronouncement of doom as from the lips of an oracle. He recovered himself in a little while and laughed awkwardly.

A few days later, in the early morning, a galley was sighted coming from Miletus. The first man who jumped into the surf when the ship was pulled up the shore was Cæsar's chief freedman, Gallo, who, running up to his master, bowed to him and said:

"*Domine*, the tale of fifty talents is complete. It is in the hands of the lord Valerius Torquatus, the legate at Miletus. Shall I prepare my lord for his immediate departure from here?"

"Tell the pirate, Spartaco, that my ransom waits for him," replied Cæsar in an undisturbed manner, "and then come to me."

Within an hour the three galleys were under way to Miletus, crammed with men. The first contained Cæsar and his friend Cinna, together with the freed-man Gallo and the two slaves, Cotta and Milo. All except Cæsar himself showed great joy in at length finding themselves on their way to liberty again. They had been thirty-eight days with the pirates, so hard a task had it been for Gallo and the other slaves of Cæsar to collect the sum of fifty talents. The property both of Cæsar and his wife Cornelia had been confiscated by Sulla, who was then tyrant at Rome; but Cæsar had many rich kinsmen and friends.

Throughout the preparation for departure Cæsar had sat silent on the poop of the galley, gazing upon the line of shore, from which they were now receding, as if trying to fix the appearance of the creeks and the cliffs upon his memory.

Spartaco and his two lieutenants came upon the poop. They were in high glee at the prospect of receiving so large a sum for their captive, but though Spartaco did not anticipate any trick, it had ever been his habit in these cases to make every assurance. He had known of pirates who had been lured to a place at which a ransom was to be paid, only to be fallen upon and overwhelmed by forces in hiding. For this

reason he had brought with him all his men, well armed; and the money was to be handed to him on the governor's galley, at a point on the open sea outside the harbour of Miletus.

"You cannot say I have not treated you well, Cæsar, said Spartaco, with a rough laugh. "Fifty talents in a lump do not often come the way of a poor corsair, but I think I and my fellows have treated you like a king."

"I will see that your kind treatment of me does not benefit you if ever you come before the judge at Pergamum," was the smiling reply. "No word from me shall keep you from the cross."

"You will have your jest," said Spartaco, with a laugh. "Look you, if you ever happen to fall into my hands again I promise you I'll raise your ransom—'twill be seventy-five talents next time, for the sharp tongue you give us!"

Syrus and Micio laughed heartily: this was paying the Roman lord back in his own coin.

"There's the legate's galley!" said Spartaco, and cast keen eyes about the sea and away to the white bar of the harbour, against which the sea tossed up its jewelled waters, flashing in the sunlight. But there were only a few fishing-vessels here and there, and no armed galley threw back the sun's rays from its gleaming beak of bronze.

The formality was soon over: Spartaco, with a body-guard, went aboard the galley of the legate, or governor, and the gold coins were counted out and taken in bags to the little boat bobbing at the side. The governor, a stout old Roman with a rubicund

face, stood waiting impatiently while the money was being counted, and when this was finished Spartaco yelled through his hands to Micio on the first pirate galley to put Cæsar and his people in a boat and row them across. This was done with alacrity, and in a little while Cæsar stepped on board the governor's vessel.

Exiled from Rome in this outlandish province as he had been for some years, Valerius, the governor, knew little of affairs in the great city. He had never heard of Cæsar, but had supposed he was one of the old rich senators who had more wealth than wide renown. His surprise was great, therefore, when a young man of about twenty-three came toward him, dressed in a foppish fashion. Valerius welcomed him heartily, however, for his respect was according to the enormous amount of ransom which had been paid. As Cæsar stepped aboard Spartaco leaped into his own boat, and without further delay the beak of the governor's galley was turned shoreward, and the vessel was soon racing toward the meal for which the old governor had been impatiently waiting.

Valerius invited his guest to dine with him when they should reach his villa at Miletus in an hour.

"I thank you," replied Cæsar, "but I shall not dine to-day. I will ask you to lend me four galleys and all the good fighting men you can command."

Valerius hesitated. "What do you want them for?"

"I will pay you three talents for the loan of them," replied Cæsar, "and you shall have both galleys, and men back without much loss."

"If you think to take those pirates—" began Valerius.

"I do not think about it," replied Cæsar in a polite but firm tone. "I am going to take those rascals, every one of them, and string them up like crows along the coast to scare other dirty rascals away."

Valerius had long passed his fighting days: he was all for well-cooked meals and Greek wines now; but he knew a masterful man when he saw one, and without another word he submitted. Who was he to resist the will of this young patrician, with, so far as Valerius knew, powerful friends at Rome, and who, at any rate, was one for whom fifty talents had been paid? He agreed, therefore, to place under Cæsar the command of four galleys and five hundred soldiers, two hundred of whom were tried fighting men of his own guard, the others being native auxiliaries.

"And suppose you succeed in taking those desperate rascals," said Valerius, "—but I don't promise that you will find it an easy task—what do you propose to do with them?"

"I will bring them here and ask you to put every one to death," was the reply.

"And do you think that will do me any good?" asked Valerius angrily. "I shall have all my merchants railing at me. As it is, they pay their tribute to this Spartaco and their galleys go free. If you crucify him as big a rogue will come and take his place, and my merchants will have to pay more blackmail."

"I am sorry to threaten these pleasing commercial arrangements," said Cæsar, with a cynical smile. "Then I will save you the trouble of punishing these

friends of your merchants, and I will take them to Pergamum."

"Do that, and I shall be well pleased," replied Valerius, his good-humour returning. "Let Junius the prætor have the bother. Besides, he alone has rightly the power of life and death."

After a few more words Cæsar parted from the governor, the latter being glad to see the back of this young man who wished to disturb the comfortable relations existing between the merchants of Miletus and the pirates who patrolled that part of the coast.

Meanwhile the pirates, having returned to the island, were deep in a great carouse to celebrate the rich haul which they had so easily made. Much heady wine was drunk, boastful speeches were made, and song and jest sped the pleasant time. Even the look-out men on the highest point of the rocks had joined in the festivity and no watch was kept upon the sea. When, therefore, with the suddenness of a tempest out of the summer sky men rushed upon them from behind the rocks the half-drunken pirates were able to make but little resistance against what were found to be overwhelming numbers. Those who attempted to fight were cut down; the others were surrounded and ordered to throw down their arms.

"Who commands you?" yelled Spartaco, rocking as he stood, impotent rage in his voice.

From behind a group of soldiers came the tall, slender figure of Cæsar, smiling, but with a cold glitter in his eyes.

Spartaco started; then he cursed vehemently for a while, and after that was silent. Micio looked

gloomily at Cæsar, and then with drunken gravity he turned to Spartaco and shook his head sagely.

"He said he'd crucify us, and—and so he will!" he ejaculated.

Surrounded by the soldiers, who stood with drawn swords ready to cut down any pirate who ventured to break away or to resist, the rascals were pinioned and then were thrust into the bottom of the galleys. Only a few had escaped by flight into the inner part of the island when the surprise had come, and the number taken amounted to about three hundred and fifty. Cæsar also recovered the whole of the fifty talents which had formed his ransom.

When all were aboard Cæsar ordered the pirate galleys to be stove in and sunk in deep water; after which, setting sail before a favourable wind, he speedily made his way to Pergamum, where dwelled the prætor, or governor-general, of the province of Asia Minor.

Arrived there, he found that the prætor was away on circuit with his principal officers, judging causes in various towns. Cæsar saw his captives safely lodged in the prison in the city, though its capacity was strained to accommodate them all, and then, placing over them a guard from among the soldiers of Valerius for additional security, he set out to find Junius, who was somewhere in the east of the province.

After a little search he succeeded in finding the prætor, and having presented himself before him, he related all that had occurred. Junius, an austere, crafty-looking person, said little while the tale was being told, but on learning that Cæsar had recovered

the fifty talents besides other booty which had been seized and stored by the pirates, his eyes gleamed greedily. When his narrative was ended Cæsar said:

"Now, Junius, I have promised these rogues that they shall be crucified. Will you give me your letters directing your legate at Pergamum to execute them?"

Junius looked sourly at Cæsar, and his shifty eyes glanced up and down this masterful young man who wished to direct the prætor of a province as to what he should do. He knew that the young patrician was a scion of the Julian clan, and that he had powerful and rich friends, though at present he was hiding from possible death at the hands of the dictator, Sulla. All this, however, weighed but little with Junius; the most important thing to his greedy prætorial soul was how to obtain for himself most of the fifty talents and the spoil captured with the pirates. Like most other prætors, he had come to his province resolved to take from it all the riches he could lay his hands upon, and his fingers itched to touch the pirates' treasure.

"The matter must take its proper course," replied Junius. "Such a case must be decided with all due formalities. It must await my return to Pergamum. Meanwhile I will send a messenger with orders to my legate, Minicius, to guard the pirates and their booty with all care."

Cæsar had quickly perceived what had been passing in the mind of Junius, whose face, for all his craftiness, easily betrayed his thoughts to an observant eye. He pretended to fall in with the prætor's opinion and passed the matter off carelessly. He stayed chatting a little while on indifferent topics, so as to make it

appear that the business had no real interest for him. When, however, he had taken his leave he instantly ordered his freedman to bring the horses, and without waiting for food he left the place and took the road back to Pergamum.

His decision was already taken. The man who in later years in Gaul was to slaughter thousands of barbarians without mercy took little account of the execution of two or three hundred robbers. He reached Pergamum in the middle of the next day, and after a hurried meal he gave instructions to the soldiers on guard as to what was to be done. That same afternoon most of the robbers were slain in prison: one by one they were ordered to come out into a small enclosure, and as each man turned a certain sharp corner soldiers stabbed him.

Some thirty of the chief pirates were reserved for a more formal death. These included Spartaco, Micio, and Syrus, together with others whom Cæsar had noticed to be men of more forceful character. He had these brought out and told them what he purposed doing.

"You are malefactors," he said sternly; "your lives are forfeit to the State for many crimes of murder, robbery, and violence, and you shall now meet with your due reward. You deserve, indeed, to be crucified and to hang upon the wood until you shall miserably die from hunger and your wounds. But as I have known you and dwelled with you I will grant you this grace: you shall be crucified, but you will not be hung upon the cross alive."

The men glared at him sullenly. Death was so

near to every violent man in those hard days that it had little terror for him. Some cursed him and looked about them as if they would dearly like to make one last fight for life, but the ranks of stern soldiery with wet swords in their hands gave them no hope.

"I little reckoned you were so strong a man of your word," said Micio at length. "You seemed too much the dandy, you were too clean and choice in your manners. Ah, would that I had known! I would have strangled you as you sat smiling at us. But, now, see here, Cæsar," he went on, with a mocking laugh, "I prove your words to be lying words. You said that of a surety Venus would punish me with death for having violated her temple. How now can she punish me?"

"You have not escaped the vengeance of the goddess," said Cæsar sternly. "I am of the Julian clan—of the race that has sprung from the goddess. Through me, then, she works her vengeance upon you!"

When the sun, dipping his golden face in the hyacinthine sea, shone that evening with level beams along the waves and the shore his rays threw thirty long shadows across the fields beyond the strand. The dead bodies of Spartaco and twenty-nine of his comrades hung upon the gaunt, high crosses, their sightless eyes looking at the sinking sun.

Next morning Cæsar took galley, and, resuming his interrupted journey, he went on his way to Rhodes, where, placing himself under the instruction of Apollonius Molo, the great orator, he perfected himself day by day in the arts of public speaking.

LIMAHON THE ROVER

[From "Purchas His Pilgrimes," by SAMUEL PURCHAS]

THE Spaniards did enjoy their neere habitation of Manilla in great quietnesse & in obedience unto the Christian King Don Philip, and in continuall Traffick with the Chinois. But being in this securitie and quietnesse, unlooked for, they were beset with a mightie and great Armada or Fleet of ships, by the Rover Limahon, of whose vocation they are continually on the Coast, the one by reason that the Countrey is full of people, whereas of necessitie must be many idle persons: and the other and principall occasion, by reason of the great tyrannie that the Governours doe use unto the Subjects. This Limahon came upon them with intent to doe them harme as you shall understand. This Rover was borne in the Citie of Trucheo, in the Province of Cuytan, which the Portugals doe call Catim. He was of meane Parentage, and brought up in his youth in libertie and vice, he was by nature Warlike and evill inclined. He would learne no Occupation, but was given to rob in the high-ways, and became so expert that many came unto him and followed that Trade. Hee made himselfe Captaine over them which were more than two thousand, and were so strong that they were feared in all that Province where as they were. This being knowne unto the King and to his Councell, they did straight way command the Vice-roy of the Province whereas the Rover was, that with all the haste pos-

sible he should gather together all the Garrisons of his Frontiers, to apprehend and take him, and if it were possible to carry him alive unto the Citie of Taybin, if not his head. The Vice-roy incontinent did gather together people necessary, and in great haste to follow him.

The which being knowne unto Limahon the Rover, who saw, that with the people hee had, he was not able to make resistance against so great a number as they were, and the eminent danger that was therein, hee called together his Companies, and went from thence unto a Port of the Sea, that was a few leagues from that place: and did it so quickly and in such secret, that before the people that dwelt therein, could make any defence (for that they were not accustomed to any such assaults, but lived in great quietnesse) they were Lords of the Port, and of all such ships as were there: into the which they embarked themselves straight-wayes, weighed Anchor and departed to the Sea, whereas they thought to be in more securitie then on the Land (as it was true). Then he seeing himselfe Lord of all those Seas, beganne to rob and spoyle all ships that hee could take, as well strangers as of the naturall people: by which means in a small time he was provided of Mariners, and other things which before hee lacked, requisite for that new Occupation. He sacked, robbed and spoyled all the Townes that were upon the Coast, and did very much harme. So hee finding himselfe very strong with fortie ships well armed, of those he had out of the Port, and other that hee had taken at the Sea, with much people such as were without shame, their hands imbrued with Rob-

beries and killing of men, he imagined with himselfe to attempt greater matters, and did put it in execution: he assaulted great Townes, and did a thousand cruelties. So he following this trade and exercise, he chanced to meete with another Rover as himselfe, called Vintoquian, likewise naturally borne in China, who was in a Port void of any care or mistrust, whereas Limahon finding opportunitie, with greater courage did fight with the ships of the other: that although they were threescore ships great and small, and good Souldiers therein, he did overcome them, and tooke five and fiftie of their ships, so that Vintoquian escaped with five ships. Then Limahon seeing himselfe with a fleet of ninetie five ships well armed. and with many stout people in them, knowing that if they were taken, they should be all executed to death; setting all feare apart, gave themselves to attempt new inventions of evill, not onely in robbing of great Cities, but also in destroying of them.

For the which, commandement was given straightwayes unto the Vice-roy of that Province (whereas he used to execute his evill) that with great expedition he might be taken, who in few dayes did set forth to Sea, one hundred and thirtie great ships well appointed, with fortie thousand men in them, and one made Generall over them all, a Gentleman called Omoncon, for to goe seeke and follow this Rover with expresse commandement to apprehend or kill him. Of all this provision, Limahon had advertisement by some secret friends, who seeing that his Enemies were many, and he not able to countervaile them, neither in shippes nor men, determined not to abide their com-

ming, but to retyre and depart from that Coast: so in flying he came unto an Iland in secret, called Tonzna-caotican, which was fortie leagues from the firme Land, and is in the right way of Navigation to the Ilands Philippinas.

From this Iland they did goe forth with some of their ships robbing and spoyling all such as they met with Merchandize, and other things that they carried from one Iland to another, and from the Iland unto the firme,¹ and comming from thence amongst them all, they caused to take two ships of China which came from Manilla, and were bound to their owne Countrey. And having them in their power, they searched them under hatches, and found that they had rich things of Gold, and Spanish Rials, which they had in trucke of their Merchandize, the which they carried to the Ilands. They informed themselves in all points of the State, and fertilitie of that Countrey, but in particular of the Spaniards, and how many there were of them in the Citie of Manilla, who were not at that present above seventie persons, for that the rest were separated in the discovering and populing of other Ilands newly found, and understanding that these few did live without any suspition of Enemies, and had never a Fort nor Bulwarke, and the Ordnance which they had (although it was very good) yet was it not in order to defend them nor offend their Enemies, hee determind to goe thither with all his fleete and people, for to destroy and kill them, and to make himselfe Lord of the said Iland of Manilla, and other adjacent there nigh the same. So with this determina-

¹ Mainland.

tion hee departed from those Ilands whereas hee was retyred, and went to Sea, and sayling towards the Ilands Philippinas, they passed in sight of the Ilands of the Illocos, which had a Towne called Fernandina, which was new founded by the Captayne John de Salzedo, who at that instant was in the same for Lieutenant to the Governour: Foure leagues from the same they met with a small Galley, which the said John de Salzedo had sent for victuals. He cast about towards her, and with great ease did take her, and did burne and kill all that was in her, and pardoned one of them. This being done, hee did prosecute his Voyage according unto his determination, and passed alongst, but not in such secret but that he was discovered by the Dwellers of the Towne of Fernandina, who gave notice thereof unto the Lieutenant of the Governour aforesaid, as a wonder to see so many ships together, and a thing never seene before at those Ilands. Likewise it caused admiration unto him, and made him to thinke and to imagine with great care what it might be, he saw that they did beare with the Citie of Manilla, and thought with himself, that so great a fleet as that was, could not goe to the place which they bare in with, for any goodnesse towards the dwellers therein, who were voide of all care, and a small number of people, as aforesaid: Wherewith he determined with himselfe with so great speed as it was possible, to joyne together such Spaniards as were there, which were to the number of fiftie foure, and to depart and procure to get the fore-hand of them, to advertise them of Manilla, and to aide and helpe them to put their Artillerie in order,

and all other things necessarie for their defence.

This Limahon was well provided of provision, and all other things necessarie, and having the wind faire, hee was alwaies in the fore-front, and came in the sight of Manilla upon Saint Andrewes Eve, in the yeere 1574, whereas hee came to an anchor that night with all his whole estate.

For all the contradiction of the winde this same night the foure hundred Chinois did put themselves within a league of the Citie, upon Saint Andrewes day at eight of the clocke in the morning, whereas they left their Boats and went on land, and in great haste began to march forwards in battel aray divided in two parts, with two hundred Harquebusses afore, and immediately after them other two hundred Pike-men: and by reason that they were many, and the Countrey very plaine, they were straightwaies discovered by some of the Citie, who entred in with a great noise, crying, Arme, arme, arme, the Enemies come. The which advice did little profit, for that there was none that would beleeeve them: but beleeeved that it was some false alarme done by the people of the Countrey for to mocke them. But in conclusion, the Enemies were come unto the house of the Generall of the Field, who was called Martin de Goyti, which was the first house in all the Citie that way which the Enemies came. And before that the Spaniards and Souldiers that were within the Towne could be fully perswaded the rumour to be true, the Enemies had set fire upon his house, and slue him and all that were within.

At this time, by the order of his Majestie was elected for Governour of these Ilands Philippinas,

Guido de Labacates, after the death of Miguel Lopez de Legaspi, who understanding the great fleet and power of Limahon the Rover, and the small resistance and defence that was in the Citie of Manilla, with as much speed as was possible he did call together all their Captaines and dwellers therein: and with a generall consent they spared no person of what qualitie and degree soever he was, but that his hand was to helpe all that was possible, the which endured two dayes and two nights, for so long the Rover kept his ships and came not abroad. In which time of their continuall labour, they made a Fort with Pipes and Boards filled with sand and other necessities thereto belonging, such as the time would permite them: they put in carriages, foure excellent Peeces of Artillerie that were in the Citie. All the which being put in order, they gathered all the people of the Citie into that little Fort. The night before the Enemie did give assault unto the Citie, came thither Captaine John de Salzedo, Lieutenant unto the Governour. The Rover in the morning following, before the breake of the day (which was the second after he gave the first assault) was with all his fleet right against the Port, and did put a-land sixe hundred Souldiers, who at that instant did set upon the Citie, the which at their pleasure they did sacke and burne. They did assault the Fort with great cruelty, as men fleshed with the last slaughter, thinking that their resistance was but small. But it fell not out as they did beleieve, for having continued in the fight almost all the day, with the losse of two hundred men, that were slaine in the assault, and many other hurt, he straight-

waies departed from thence, and returned the same way that he came, till they arrived in a mightie River, fortie leagues from the Citie of Manilla, that is called Pangasinan, the which place or soyle did like him very well, and where he thought he might be sure from them, who by the commandement of the King went for to seeke him. There hee determined to remayne, and to make himselfe Lord over all that Countrey, the which he did with little travell, and built himselfe a Fort one league within the River, where as he remayned certaine dayes, receiving tribute of the Inhabitants thereabouts, as though he were their true and naturall Lord: and at times went forth with his ships robbing and spoyling all that he met upon the coast. And spred abroad, that he had taken to himselfe the Ilands Philippinas, and how that all the Spaniards that were in them, were either slayne or fled away. With this consideration they entred into counsell, and did determine to joyne together all the people they could, and being in good order, to follow and seeke the Rover. Then the Governours commanded to be called together all the people bordering thereabouts, and to come unto the Citie whereas hee was. Likewise at that time hee did give advice unto such as were Lords and Governours of the Ilands, called Pintados, commanding them to come thither, with such ships as they could spare, as well Spaniards as the naturall people of the Countrey. The Generall of the field with the people aforesaid, did depart from Manilla the three and twentieth day of March, Anno 1575, and arrived at the mouth of the River Pagansinan upon tenable Wednesday in the morning next following, without being discovered of any. Then straight-

waies at that instant the Generall did put a-land all his people and foure Peeces of Artillerie, leaving the mouth of the River shut up with his shipping, in chayning the one to the other, in such sort, that none could enter in neither yet goe forth to give any advice unto the Rover of his arrivall: he commanded some to goe and discover the fleet of the Enemie, and the place whereas he was fortified, and charged them very much to doe it in such secret sort, that they were not espied: for therein consisted all their whole worke. Hee commanded the Captaine Gabriel de Ribera, that straightwaies he should depart by Land, and that upon a sudden he should strike alarme upon the Enemie, with the greatest tumult that was possible. Likewise he commanded the Captaines Pedro de Caves and Lorenzo Chacon, that either of them with forty Souldiers should goe up the River in small ships and light, and to measure the time in such sort, that as well those that went by land, as those that went by water, should at one instant come upon the Fort, and to give alarme both together, the better to goe thorow with their pretence: and he himselfe did remayne with all the rest of the people, to watch occasion and time for to aide and succour them if need be required. This their purpose came so well to passe, that both the one and the other came to good effect: for those that went by water, did set fire on all the fleet of the Enemie: and those that went by land at that instant had taken and set fire on a Trench made of timber, that Limahon had caused to bee made for the defence of his people and the Fort: and with that furie they slue more than one hundred Chinos, and tooke prisoners seventy women which they found in the same Trench, but

when that Limahon understood the rumour, hee tooke himselfe straightwaies to his Fort which hee had made for to defend himselfe from the Kings Navie, if they should happen to finde him out.

The next day following, the Generall of the field did bring his Souldiers into a square battell, and beganne to march towards the Fort, with courage to assault it if occasion did serve thereunto: hee did pitch his Campe within two hundred paces of the Fort, and found that the Enemye did all that night fortifie himselfe very well, and in such sort, that it was perillous to assault him, for that he had placed upon his Fort three Peeces of Artillerie, and many Bases, besides other Engines of fire-worke. Seeing this, and that his Peeces of Artillerie that hee brought were very small for to batter, and little store of munition, for that they had spent all at the assault which the Rover did give them at Manilla, the Generall of the field, and the Captaines concluded amongst themselves, that seeing the Enemye had no ships to escape by water, neither had he any store of victuals for that all was burnt in the ships, it was the best and most surest way to besiege the Fort, and to remayne there in quiet untill that hunger did constraine them either to yeeld or come to some conclusion: which rather they will then to perish with hunger.

This determination was liked well of them all, although it fell out clean contrarie unto their expectation; for that in the space of three moneths that siege endured, this Limahon did so much that within the Fort he made certaine small Barkes, and trimmed them in the best manner he could, wherewith in one night he and all his people escaped.

GALLEYS AND GALLEY-SLAVES

[From "The Story of the Barbary Corsairs," by
STANLEY LANE-POOLE]

“**T**HE Corsairs,” says Haedo, “are those who support themselves by continual sea-robberies; and, admitting that among their numbers some of them are natural Turks, Moors, &c., yet the main body of them are renegadoes from every part of Christendom; all who are extremely well acquainted with the Christian coasts.” It is a singular fact that the majority of these plunderers of Christians were themselves born in the Faith. In the long list of Algerine viceroys, we meet with many a European. Barbarossa himself was born in Lesbos, probably of a Greek mother. His successor was a Sardinian; soon afterwards a Corsican became pasha of Algiers, then another Sardinian; Ochiali was a Calabrian; Ramadān came from Sardinia, and was succeeded by a Venetian, who in turn gave place to a Hungarian, who made room for an Albanian. In 1588 the thirty-five galleys or galleots of Algiers were commanded by eleven Turks and twenty-four renegades, including nations of France, Venice, Genoa, Sicily, Naples, Spain, Greece, Calabria, Corsica, Albania, and Hungary, and a Jew. In short, up to

nearly the close of the sixteenth century (but much more rarely afterwards) the chiefs of the Corsairs and the governors were commonly drawn from Christian lands. Some of them volunteered—and to the outlaws of Europe the command of a Barbary galley was perhaps the only congenial resort;—but most of them were captives seized as children, and torn from their homes in some of the Corsairs' annual raids upon Corsica and Sardinia and the Italian or Dalmatian coasts. Most of such prisoners were condemned to menial and other labour, unless ransomed; but the bolder and handsomer boys were often picked out by the penetrating eye of the reïs, and once chosen the young captive's career was established.

“While the Christians with their galleys are at repose, sounding their trumpets in the harbours, and very much at their ease regaling themselves, passing the day and night in banqueting, cards, and dice, the Corsairs at pleasure are traversing the east and west seas, without the least fear or apprehension, as free and absolute sovereigns thereof. Nay, they roam them up and down no otherwise than do such as go in chase of hares for their diversion. They here snap up a ship laden with gold and silver from India, and there another richly fraught from Flanders; now they make prize of a vessel from England, then of another from Portugal. Here they board and lead away one from Venice, then one from Sicily, and a little further on they swoop down upon others from Naples, Livorno, or Genoa, all of them abundantly crammed with great and wonderful riches. And at other times carrying with them as guides, renegadoes (of which

there are in Algiers vast numbers of all Christian nations, nay, the generality of the Corsairs are no other than renegadoes, and all of them exceedingly well acquainted with the coasts of Christendom, and even within the land), they very deliberately, even at noon-day, or indeed just when they please, leap ashore, and walk on without the least dread, and advance into the country, ten, twelve, or fifteen leagues or more; and the poor Christians, thinking themselves secure, are surprised unawares; many towns, villages, and farms sacked; and infinite numbers of souls, men, women, children, and infants at the breast, dragged away into a wretched captivity. With these miserable ruined people, loaded with their own valuable substance, they retreat leisurely, with eyes full of laughter and content, to their vessels. In this manner, as is too well known, they have utterly ruined and destroyed Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, Calabria, the neighbourhoods of Naples, Rome, and Genoa, all the Balearic islands, and the whole coast of Spain: in which last more particularly they feast it as they think fit, on account of the Moriscos who inhabit there; who being all more zealous Mohammedans than are the very Moors born in Barbary, they receive and caress the Corsairs, and give them notice of whatever they desire to be informed of. Insomuch that before these Corsairs have been absent from their abodes much longer than perhaps twenty or thirty days, they return home rich, with their vessels crowded with captives, and ready to sink with wealth; in one instant, and with scarce any trouble, reaping the fruits of all that the avaricious Mexican and greedy Peruvian have

been digging from the bowels of the earth with such toil and sweat, and the thirsty merchant with such manifest perils has for so long been scraping together, and has been so many thousand leagues to fetch away, either from the east or west, with inexpressible danger and fatigue. Thus they have crammed most of the houses, the magazines, and all the shops of this Den of Thieves with gold, silver, pearls, amber, spices, drugs, silks, cloths, velvets, &c., whereby they have rendered this city the most opulent in the world: inso-much that the Turks call it, not without reason, their India, their Mexico, their Peru.”¹

One has some trouble in realizing the sort of navigation employed by Corsairs. We must disabuse our minds of all ideas of tall masts straining under a weight of canvas, sail above sail. The Corsairs' vessels were long narrow row-boats, carrying indeed a sail or two, but depending for safety and movement mainly upon the oars. The boats were called galleys, galleots, brigantines (“*galleotas ligeras o vergätines*,” or *frigatas*), &c., according to their size: a galleot is a small galley, while a brigantine may be called a quarter galley. The number of men to each oar varies, too, according to the vessel's size: a galley may have as many as four to six men working side by side to each oar, a galleot but two or three, and a brigantine one; but in so small a craft as the last each man must be a fighter as well as an oarsmen, whereas the larger vessels of the Corsairs were rowed entirely by Christian slaves.

The galley is the type of all these vessels, and those

¹ HAEDO, quoted by MORGAN, 593-4.

who are curious about the minutest details of building and equipping galleys need only consult Master Joseph Furttenbach's *Architectura Navalis: Das ist, Von dem Schiff-Gebraw, auf dem Meer und Seekusten zu gebrauchen*," printed in the town of Ulm, in the Holy Roman Empire, by Jonam Saur, in 1629. Any one could construct a galley from the numerous plans and elevations and sections and finished views in this interesting and precise work.¹ Furttenbach is an enthusiastic admirer of a ship's beauties, and he had seen all varieties; for his trade took him to Venice, where he had a galleasse,² and he had doubtless viewed many a Corsair fleet, since he could remember the battle of Lepanto and the death of Ochiali. His zeal runs clean away with him when he describes a *stolo*, or great flagship (*capitanea galea*) of Malta in her pomp and dignity and lordliness, as she rides the seas

¹ Hardly less valuable is Adm. JURIEN DE LA GRAVIÈRE's *Les Derniers Jours de la Marine à Rames* (Paris, 1885). It contains an admirable account of the French galley system, the mode of recruiting, discipline, and general management; a description of the different classes of vessels, and their manner of navigation; while a learned Appendix of over one hundred pages describes the details of galley-building, finishing, fitting, and rigging, and everything that the student need wish to learn. The chapters (ix. and x.) on *Navigation à la rame* and *Navigation à la voile*, are particularly worth reading by those who would understand sixteenth and seventeenth century seamanship.

² A galleasse was originally a large heavy galley, three-masted, and fitted with a rudder, since its bulk compelled it to trust to sails as well as oars. It was a sort of transition-ship, between the galley and the galleon, and as time went on it became more and more of a sailing ship. It had high bulwarks, with loopholes for muskets, and there was at least a partial cover for the crew. The Portuguese galleys in the Spanish Armada mounted each 110 soldiers and 222 galley-slaves; but the Neapolitan galleasses carried 700 men, of whom 130 were sailors, 270 soldiers, and 300 slaves of the oar. JURIEN DE LA GRAVIÈRE, *Les Derniers Jours de la Marine à Rames*, 65-7.

to the rhythmical beat of her many oars, or "easies" with every blade suspended motionless above the waves like the wings of a poised falcon. A galley such as this is "a princely, nay, a royal and imperial *vassello di remo*," and much the most suitable, he adds, for the uses of peace and war in the Mediterranean Sea. A galley may be 180 or 190 spans long—Furttenbach measures a ship by *palmi*, which varied from nine to ten inches in different places in Italy,—say 150 feet, the length of an old seventy-four frigate, but with hardly a fifth of its cubit contents—and its greatest beam is 25 spans broad. The Genoese and Venetians set the models of these vessels, and the Italian terms were generally used in all European navigation till the northern nations took the lead in sailing ships. These sails are often clewed up, however, for the mariner of the sixteenth century was ill-practised in the art of tacking, and very fearful of losing sight of land for long, so that unless he had a wind fair astern he preferred to trust to his oars. A short deck at the prow and poop serve, the one to carry the fightingmen and trumpeters and yardsmen, and to provide cover for the four guns, the other to accommodate the knights and gentlemen, and especially the admiral or captain, who sits at the stern under a red damask canopy embroidered with gold, surveying the crew, surrounded by the chivalry of "the Religion," whose white cross waves on the taffety standard over their head, and shines upon various pennants and burgees aloft. Behind, overlooking the roof of the poop, stands the pilot who steers the ship by the tiller in his hand.

Between the two decks, in the ship's waist, is the propelling power: fifty-four benches or banks, twenty-seven a side, support each four or five slaves, whose whole business in life is to tug at the fifty-four oars. This flagship is a Christian vessel, so the rowers are either Turkish and Moorish captives, or Christian convicts. If it were a Corsair, the rowers would all be Christian prisoners. In earlier days the galleys were rowed by freemen, and so late as 1500 the Moors of Algiers pulled their own brigantines to the attack of Spanish villages, but their boats were light, and a single man could pull the oar. Two or three were needed for a galleot, and as many sometimes as six for each oar of a large galley. It was impossible to induce freemen to toil at the oar, sweating close together, for hour after hour—not sitting, but leaping on the bench, in order to throw their whole weight on the oar. “Think of six men chained to a bench, naked as when they were born, one foot on the stretcher, the other on the bench in front, holding an immensely heavy oar [fifteen feet long], bending forwards to the stern with arms at full reach to clear the backs of the rowers in front, who bend likewise; and then having got forward, shoving up the oar's end to let the blade catch the water, then throwing their bodies back on to the groaning bench. A galley oar sometimes pulls thus for ten, twelve, or even twenty hours without a moment's rest. The boatswain, or other sailor, in such a stress, puts a piece of bread steeped in wine in the wretched rower's mouth to stop fainting, and then the captain shouts the order to redouble the lash. If a slave falls exhausted upon his

oar (which often chances) he is flogged till he is taken for dead, and then pitched unceremoniously into the sea."¹

Those who have not seen a galley at sea, especially in chasing or being chased, cannot well conceive the shock such a spectacle must give to a heart capable of the least tincture of commiseration. To behold ranks and files of half-naked, half-starved, half-tanned meagre wretches, chained to a plank, from whence they remove not for months together (commonly half a year), urged on, even beyond human strength, with cruel and repeated blows on their bare flesh, to an incessant continuation of the most violent of all exercises; and this for whole days and nights successively, which often happens in a furious chase, when one party, like vultures, is hurried on almost as eagerly after their prey, as is the weaker party hurried away in hopes of preserving life and liberty.

Sometimes a galley-slave worked as long as twenty years, sometimes for all his miserable life, at this fearful calling. The poor creatures were chained so close together in their narrow bench—a sharp cut was the characteristic of the galley—that they could not sleep at full length. Sometimes seven men (on French galleys, too, in the last century), had to live and sleep in a space ten feet by four. The whole ship was a sea of hopeless faces. And between the two lines of rowers ran the bridge, and on it stood two boatswains (*comiti*) armed with long whips, which they laid on to the bare backs of the rowers with merciless severity. Furttenbach gives a picture of the

¹ So says Jean Marteilie de Bergerac, a galley-slave about 1701.

two boatswains in grimly humorous verse: how they stand,

Beclad, belaced, betrimmed, with many knots bespick;
Embroidered, padded, tied; all feathers and all flap;
Curly, and queued, equipped, curious of hood and cap:

and how they "ever stolidly smite" the crew with the bastinado,

Or give them a backward prod in the naked flesh as they ply,
With the point that pricks like a goad, when "powder and shot" is the cry;

in order to send the Turks to Davy's wet locker:—

As John of Austria nipped them and riddled them with ball,
As soon as his eyes fell on them, and ducked or slaughtered them all;

and how the boatswain's dreaded whistle shrieked through the ship:—

For they hearken to such a blast through all the swish and sweat,

Through rattle and rumpus and raps, and the kicks and cuffs that they get,

Through the chatter and tread, and the rudder's wash, and the dismal clank

Of the shameful chain which forever binds the slave to the bank.

To this may be added Captain Pantero Pantera's description of the boatswain's demeanour: "He should appear kindly towards the crew: assist it, pet it, but without undue familiarity; be, in short, its guardian and in some sort its father, remembering that, when all's said, 'tis human flesh, and human flesh in direst misery."

This terrible living grave of a galley, let us remember, is depicted from Christian models. A hundred and fifty years ago such scenes might be witnessed on many a European vessel. The Corsairs of Algiers only served their enemies as they served them: their galley slaves were no worse treated, to say the least, than were Doria's or the King of France's own. Rank and delicate nurture were respected on neither side: a gallant Corsair like Dragut had to drag his chain and pull his insatiable oar like any convict at the treadmill, and a future grand master of Malta might chance to take his seat on the rowing bench beside commonest scoundrel of Naples. No one seemed to observe the horrible brutality of the service, where each man, let him be never so refined, was compelled to endure the filth and vermin of his neighbour who might be half a savage and was bound to become wholly one; and when Madame de Grignan wrote an account of a visit to a galley, her friend Madame de Sévigné replied that she would "much like to see this sort of Hell," and the men "groaning day and night under the weight of their chains." *Autres temps, autres mœurs!*

Furttenbach tells us much more about the galley; and how it was rigged out with brilliant cloths on the bulworks on fête-days; how the biscuit was made to last six or eight months, each slave getting twenty-eight ounces thrice a week, and a spoonful of some mess of rice or bones or green stuff; of the trouble of keeping the water-cans under the benches full and fairly fresh. The full complement of a large galley included, he says, besides about 270 rowers, and the

captain, chaplain, doctor, scrivener, boatswains, and master, or pilot, ten or fifteen gentlemen adventurers, friends of the captain, sharing his mess, and berthed in the poop; twelve helmsmen (*timonieri*), six fore-top A.B's., ten warders for the captives, twelve ordinary seamen, four gunners, a carpenter, smith, cooper, and a couple of cooks, together with fifty or sixty soldiers; so that the whole equipage of a fighting-galley must have reached a total of about four hundred men.¹

What is true of a European galley is also generally applicable to a Barbary galleot, except that the latter was generally smaller and lighter, and had commonly but one mast, and no castle on the prow. The Algerines preferred fighting on galleots of eighteen to twenty-four banks of oars, as more manageable than larger ships. The crew of about two hundred men was very densely packed, and about one hundred soldiers armed with muskets, bows, and scimitars occupied the poop. Haedo has described the general system of the Corsairs as he knew it at the close of the sixteenth century, and his account, here summarized, holds good for earlier and somewhat later periods:—

These vessels are perpetually building or repairing at Algiers; the builders are all Christians, who have a monthly pay from the Treasury of six, eight, or ten quarter-dollars, with a daily allowance of three loaves of the same bread with the Turkish soldiery, who have four. Some of the upper rank of these masters have six and even eight of these loaves; nor has any

¹ In 1630 a French galley's company consisted of 250 *forçats* and 116 officers, soldiers, and sailors.

of their workmen, as carpenters, caulkers, coopers, oar-makers, smiths, &c., fewer than three. The *Beylik*, or common magazine, never wants slaves of all useful callings, "nor is it probable that they should ever have a scarcity of such while they are continually bringing in incredible numbers of Christians of all nations." The captains, too, have their private artificer slaves, whom they buy for high prices and take with them on the cruise, and hire them out to help the *Beylik* workmen when ashore.

The number of vessels possessed at any one time by the Algerines appears to have never been large. Barbarossa and Dragut were content with small squadrons. Ochiali had but fifteen Algerine galleys at Lepanto. Hædo says that the close of the sixteenth century (1581) the Algerines possessed 36 galleots or galleys, made up of 3 of 24 banks, 1 of 23, 11 of 22, 8 of 20, 1 of 19, 10 of 18, and 2 of 15, and these were, all but 14, commanded by renegades. They had besides a certain number of brigantines of 14 banks, chiefly belonging to Moors at Shershêl. This agrees substantially with Father Dan's account (1634), who says that there were in 1588 thirty-five galleys or brigantines (he means galleots) of which all but eleven were commanded by renegades. Hædo gives the list of the 35 captains, from which the following names are selected: Ja'far the Pasha (Hungarian), Memi (Albanian), Murâd (French), Deli Memi (Greek), Murâd Reïs (Albanian), Feru Reïs (Genoese), Murâd Maltrapillo and Yûsuf (Spaniards), Memi Reïs and Memi Gancho (Vene-
tians), Murâd the Less (Greek), Memi the Corsican,

Memi the Calabrian, Montez the Sicilian, and so forth, most of whom commanded galleys of 22 to 24 banks.

It was a pretty sight to see the launching of a galley. After the long months of labour, after felling the oak and pine in the forests of Shershēl, and carrying the fashioned planks on camels, mules, or their own shoulders some thirty miles to the seashore; or perhaps breaking up some unwieldly prize vessel taken from the Spaniards or Venetians; after all the sawing and fitting and caulking and painting; then at last comes the day of rejoicing for the Christian slaves who alone have done the work: for no Mussulman would offer to put a finger to the building of a vessel, saving a few Morisco oar-makers and caulkers. Then the *armadores*, or owners of the new galleot, as soon as it is finished, come down with presents of money and clothes, and hang them upon the mast and rigging, to the value of two hundred ducats, to be divided among their slaves, whose only pay till that day has been the daily loaves. Then again on the day of launching, after the vessel has been keeled over, and the bottom carefully greased from stem to stern, more presents from owners and captains to the workmen, to say nothing of a hearty dinner; and a great straining and shoving of brawny arms and bare backs, a shout of *Allahu Akbar*, "God is Most Great," as the sheep is slaughtered over the vessel's prow—a symbol, they said, of the Christian blood to be shed—and the galleot glides into the water prepared for her career of devastation: built by Christians and manned by Christians, commanded probably by a

quondam Christian, she sallies forth to prey upon Christendom.

The rowers, if possible, were all Christian slaves, belonging to the owners, but when these were not numerous enough, other slaves, or Arabs and Moors, were hired at ten ducats the trip, prize or no prize. If he was able, the captain (*Reis*) would build and furnish out his own vessel, entirely at his own cost, in hope of greater profit; but often he had not the means, and then he would call in the aid of one or more *armadores*. These were often speculative shopkeepers, who invested in a part share of a galleot on the chance of a prize, and who often discovered that ruin lay in so hazardous a lottery. The complement of soldiers, whether volunteers (*levents*), consisting of Turks, renegades, or *Kuroghler* (*Kuloghler*)—i.e., *creoles*, natives, Turks born on the soil—or if these cannot be had, ordinary Moors, or Ottoman janisaries, varied with the vessel's size, but generally was calculated at two to each oar, because there was just room for two men to sit beside each bank of rowers: they were not paid unless they took a prize, nor were they supplied with anything more than biscuit, vinegar, and oil—everything else, even their blankets, they found themselves. The soldiers were under the command of their own Aga, who was entirely independent of the *Reis* and formed an efficient check upon that officer's conduct. Vinegar and water, with a few drops of oil on the surface, formed the chief drink of the galley slaves, and their food was moistened biscuit or rusk, and an occasional mess of gruel (*burgol*): nor was this given out when hard

rowing was needed, for oars move slackly on a full stomach.

It was usual to consult an auguration book and a *marabut*, or saint, before deciding on a fortunate day for putting to sea, and these saints expected a share of the prize money. Fridays and Sundays were the favourite days for sailing; a gun is fired in honour of their tutelary patron; "God speed us!" shout the crew; "God send you a prize!" reply the crowd on the shore, and the galleot swiftly glides away on its destructive path. "The Algerines," says Haedo, "generally speaking, are out upon the cruise winter and summer, the whole year round; and so devoid of dread they roam these eastern and western seas, laughing all the while at the Christian galleys (which lie trumpetting, gaming, and banqueting in the ports of Christendom), neither more nor less than if they went a hunting hares and rabbits, killing here one and there another. Nay, far from being under apprehension, they are certain of their game; since their galleots are so extremely light and nimble, and in such excellent order, as they always are;¹ whereas, on the contrary, the Christian galleys are so heavy, so embarrassed, and in such bad order and confusion, that it is utterly in vain to think of giving them chase,

¹ The Corsairs prided themselves on the ship-shape appearance of their vessels. Everything was stowed away with marvellous neatness and economy of space and speed; even the anchor was lowered into the hold lest it should interfere with the "dressing" of the oars. The weapons were never hung, but securely lashed, and when chasing an enemy, no movement of any kind was permitted to the crew and soldiers, save when necessary to the progress and defence of the ship. These Corsairs, in fact, understood the conditions of a rowing-race to perfection.

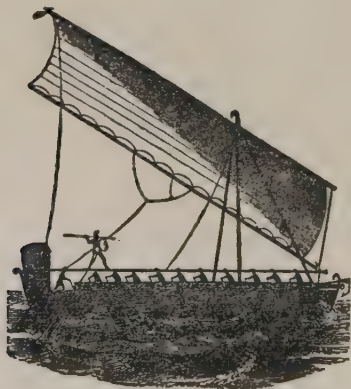
or of preventing them from going and coming, and doing just as they their selves please. This is the occasion that, when at any time the Christian galleys chase them, their custom is, by way of game and sneer, to point their fresh-tallowed poops, as they glide along like fishes before them, all one as if they showed them their backs to salute: and as in cruising art, by continual practise, they are so very expert, and withal (for our sins) so daring, presumptuous, and fortunate, in a few days from their leaving Algiers they return laden with infinite wealth and captives; and are able to make three or four voyages in a year, and even more if they are inclined to exert themselves. Those who have been cruising westward, when they have taken a prize, conduct it to sell at Tetwān, El-Araish, &c., in the kingdom of Fez; as do those who have been eastward, in the states of Tunis and Tripoli: where, refurnishing themselves with provisions, &c., they instantly set out again, and again return with cargoes of Christians and their effects. If it sometimes happens more particularly in winter, that they have roamed about for any considerable time without lighting on any booty, they retire to some one of these seven places, viz:—If they had been in the west their retreats were Tetwān, Al-Araish, or Yusa; those who came from the Spanish coasts went to the island Formentara; and such as had been eastward retired to the island S. Pedro, near Sardinia, the mouths of Bonifacio in Corsica, or the islands Lipari and Strombolo, near Sicily and Calabria; and there, what with the conveniency of those commodious ports and harbours, and the fine springs and fountains

of water, with the plenty of wood for fuel they meet with, added to the careless negligence of the Christian galleys, who scarce think it their business to seek for them—they there, very much at their ease, regale themselves, with stretched-out legs, waiting to intercept the paces of Christian ships, which come there and deliver themselves into their clutches.”

Father Dan describes their mode of attack as perfectly ferocious. Flying a foreign flag, they lure the unsuspecting victim within striking distance, and then the gunners (generally renegades) ply the shot with unabated rapidity, while the sailors and boatswains chain the slaves that they may not take part in the struggle. The fighting men stand ready, their arms bared, muskets primed, and scimitars flashing, waiting for the order to board. Their war-cry was appalling; and the fury of the onslaught was such as to strike panic into the stoutest heart.

When a prize was taken the booty was divided with scrupulous honesty between the owners and the captors, with a certain proportion (varying from a fifth to an eighth) reserved for the Beylik, or government, who also claimed the hulks. Of the remainder, half went to the owners and Reïs, the other half to the crew and soldiers. The principal officers took each three shares, the gunners and helmsmen two, and the soldiers and swabbers one; the Christian slaves received from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to three shares apiece. A scrivener saw to the accuracy of the division. If the prize was a very large one, the captors usually towed it into Algiers at once, but small vessels were generally sent home under a lieutenant and a jury-crew of Moors.

There is no mistaking the aspect of a Corsair who has secured a prize: for he fires gun after gun as he draws near the port, utterly regardless of powder. The moment he is in the roads, the *Liman* Reïs, or Port Admiral, goes on board, and takes his report to the Pasha; then the galleot enters the port, and all the oars are dropped into the water and towed ashore, so that no Christian captives may make off with the ship in the absence of the captain and troops. Ashore all is bustle and delighted confusion; the dulness of trade, which is the normal condition of Algiers between the arrivals of prizes, is forgotten in the joy of renewed wealth; the erstwhile shabby now go strutting about, pranked out in gay raiment, the commerce of the bar-rooms is brisk, and every one thinks only of enjoying himself. Algiers is *en fête*.



THE GALLEON OF VENICE

[From "Sea-Wolves of the Mediterranean," by
R. HAMILTON CURRY, R. N.]

THERE is something almost pathetic in the spectacle of a really great leader badgered and importuned by lesser men to adopt a course which he, with a superior insight, knows to be unsound. In the matter of the landing Barbarossa had demonstrated that it was he whose knowledge of war was superior to those who were so ready to thrust upon him their opinions; this, however, did not content them, and they now desired to close with the foe waiting for them outside. If ever a commander was justified in waiting on events it was Barbarossa at this juncture; the business of a commander-in-chief is to ensure victory, and if he sees, as did the Moslem admiral on this occasion, that more is to be gained by delay than by fighting, then he is justified in refusing battle: particularly is this the case when the enemy is in greatly superior force blockading on an open and dangerous coast at an inclement season of the year. Every day that Doria was kept at sea added to his difficulties, as fresh water and provisions would be running short, and the energies of the human engines by which his galleys were propelled would be weakened; naked men chained to a bench were suffer-

ing from the blazing heat of the days, the cold and drenching dews of the nights. All these things had the veteran seaman weighed in his mind, they all inclined him to wait still longer in that secure anchorage where he could not be touched by his foe.

There was one counsellor, however, whom even Kheyr-ed-Din could not resist, and who had hitherto kept silence; this was the eunuch Monuc, legal counsellor to Soliman, who had accompanied the armada. He now brought the weight of his influence to bear upon the side of Sinan-Reis and his colleagues.

"Are you going," he asked the admiral, "to allow the infidels to escape without a battle? Soliman can find plenty of wood to build new fleets, plenty of captains to command them; he will pardon you if this fleet is destroyed: that which he will never pardon is that you should allow Doria to escape without fighting. You have brave men in plenty; why not lead them to the attack?"

The patience of the veteran gave way at last; none who knew Barbarossa had ever seen him shrink from fighting—to this his whole career bore witness. He had delayed the issue from the soundest of strategical reasons, which those under his command were too stupid and too prejudiced to understand: what cared they for reason in their blind valour?—they wished only to do or die heedless of the fact that their lives might be spent in vain. Truly it was no thanks to the subordinates of Kheyr-ed-Din that this campaign did not end in disaster to the arms of the Ottoman Porte. Such backing as the admiral had came from among his own men, the corsairs whose lives had been spent

at sea, but their opinions were but dust in the balance once the all-powerful Monuc ranged himself on the side of the malcontents.

"Let us then fight," said the admiral to Saleh-Reis, "or this fine talker who is neither man nor woman will accuse us before the Grand Turk and we shall all probably be hanged."

The Christian fleet during the night of September 26-7th had made some thirty miles to the southward; just before daybreak the wind freshened and drew right ahead; Doria approached the island of Santa Maura and anchored under the small islet of Sessola.

Barbarossa had now decided to leave his anchorage, but the veteran seaman did not disguise from himself the risks which he ran: a greater sea captain than he once said "only numbers can annihilate," and it was at annihilation that both the Moslem and the Christian aimed: in this case, however, he knew that he could but hope for a hard-won victory, and only that, if Allah and his Prophet were unusually favourable to his cause. He assembled his captains, many of whom had served with him during long periods of his career, and directed them to form line: he said, "I have but one order to give, follow my movements attentively and regulate your own accordingly."

With fustas, brigantines, galleots, and galleys, the Ottoman fleet amounted in all to one hundred and forty sail. With shouts of joy the soldiers hailed the command to weigh the anchors, and in a very short time all were slowly moving seaward.

The die was cast: Doria from his anchorage at Sessola saw the sea white with the sails of the enemy,

the blue water churning to foam beneath the strokes of his oars; the Ottoman fleet was issuing from the Gulf of Arta manœuvring with precision and deploying into a single line abreast; which line being slightly concave, either from accident or design, resembled the form of a crescent. In advance came six great fustas commanded by Dragut; the left wing hugged the shore as closely as possible; the Ottoman commander-in-chief intended to commence operations on the first principles of strategy by flinging his whole force on a portion of that of the enemy.

Andrea Doria remained undecided: he was on a lee shore, and that shore was the coast of the enemy; although his foes were advancing to the attack it seemed as if he had no mind to fight: whether he had or had not he displayed a most remarkable sluggishness, hesitating for three hours before getting up his anchors; these he only weighed at last under pressure from the bellicose Patriarch of Aquilea, Vincenzo Capello, and the Papal captain, Antonio Grimani. Doria had counted on the support of the *Galleon of Venice* and the nefs; but the galleon was becalmed four miles from the land and ten miles from Sessola, where Doria was at the beginning of the action.

Condalmiero sent a light skiff from the *Galleon of Venice* to the commander-in-chief demanding orders and help from the galleys.

"Begin the fight," answered the admiral, "you will be succoured."

The position of Condalmiero was that of a modern battleship which is disabled and surrounded by foes in full possession of their motive power; the

great galleon floated inert upon the waters while the galleys could fight or fly as they wished. The captain of the galleon, however, had no alternative save to surrender or fight; but there was no hesitation on his part, for a more gallant officer never trod the decks of a warship of the proud Republic to which he belonged.

The Moslem galleys were now close upon him, although as yet out of gun-shot; around him they wheeled and circled like a flight of great sea-birds, their ferocious crews shouting their war-cries calling upon Allah and the Prophet to give them the victory for which they craved; many a brave Venetian who heard for the first time the name of Barbarossa shouted in battle must have braced himself for the coming conflict, knowing all that was imported by that terrible name. The sun shone in a cloudless sky, the galleon lay becalmed in the middle of furious and ravening foes, the succour promised by Doria was ten miles away; they saw no movement which indicated help, and the odds against them were heavy indeed. But all the nervousness was not on one side, for the *Galleon of Venice* was something new in the naval warfare of the time; she carried great engines of destruction in the shape of great guns which the corsairs could by no means equal. Of this they were well aware, and the attack was delayed while the oarsmen in the galleys rested on their oars out of range to allow them breathing time before the supreme moment arrived. But the hounds were only held in leash; there came a signal which was answered by a concentrated yell of fury and of hate; then from right

ahead, right astern, on the port side and the star-board, the galleys were launched to the attack. But all on board the great Venetian vessel was as still as that death which awaited so many of the combatants in this supreme struggle.

Condalmiero had caused the crew of the galleon to lie down upon her decks, and stood himself, a gallant solitary figure in his shining armour, a mark for the hail of shot so soon to be discharged. It came, and with it the mast of the galleon bearing the Lion Standard of St. Mark crashed over the side into the water; renewed yells of triumph came from the Moslems, but still that ominous silence reigned on board the galleon. Untouched, unharmed, the Osmanlis came on firing as rapidly as possible until they were absolutely within arquebuss range. Closer they came and closer; then the sides of the galleon burst into sheeted flame, and the guns levelled at point blank range tore through the attacking host. Condalmiero was throwing away no chances; he had directed his gunners to allow their balls to ricochet before striking rather than to throw them away by allowing them to fly over the heads of the enemy.

The first broadside did terrible execution; a ball one hundred and twenty pounds in weight, fired by the chief bombardier, Francisco d'Arba in person, burst in the prow of a galley so effectually that all her people flew aft to the poop to prevent the water rushing in; but the vessel was practically split in twain, and sank in a few moments. All around were dead and dying men, disabled galleys, floating wreckage; the *Galleon of Venice* had taken a terrible toll of the

Osmanli; the order to retreat out of range was given, and never was order obeyed with greater alacrity.

With accuracy and precision the galleon played upon such vessels as remained within range, doing great execution. But she was now to be subjected to an even severer test than the first headlong attack. She had demonstrated to the Moslem leaders that here was no vessel to be carried by mere reckless valour; a disciplined and ordered offensive was the only plan which promised success; the Osmanli must use their brain as well as their courage if that tattered flag, rescued from the water, and nailed to the stump of the mast of the galleon, was ever to be torn down. There was something daunting in the very aspect of the solid bulk of the huge Venetian, something weird in the manner in which her crew never showed, save only the steadfast figure of her captain immovable as a statue of bronze, where he stood on her shot-torn poop.

This Homeric conflict was a triumph of discipline and gunnery on the part of the Venetians; alert, accurate, and cool, the gunners of the galleon threw away none of their ammunition: inspired by the heroic spirit of their captain, great was the honour which they did on this stricken field to the noble traditions of their forbears and the service to which they belonged.

The first attack had been most brilliantly repulsed, but this was only preliminary to a conflict which was to last all through the day; the Moslem galleys withdrew out of gunshot and re-formed; then a squadron of twenty advanced, delivered their fire, and retired;

their place was then taken by a second squadron, which went through the same performance, and then came on a third. In this manner the attack, which began one hour after noon, and which was continued until sunset, was conducted. The galleon had thirteen men killed, and forty wounded; no doubt the slaughter would have been much greater had it not been for the enormous thickness of her sides and for the fact that the guns carried by the galleys were necessarily light. Notwithstanding, the galleon suffered terribly, she was a mass of wreckage; twice fire had broken out on board of her, she was cumbered by fallen masts, battered almost out of recognition, but still Condalmiero and her gallant crew fought on imperturbably with no thought of surrender. Covered with blood, wounded in the face and the right leg by flying splinters, her captain preserved his magnificent coolness, and his decimated crew responded nobly to his call. At eventide the fire from the galleon was almost as deadly as it had been at the first onslaught, and many galleys of the Turks were only saved from sinking by the activity and bravery of their carpenters, who, slung over their sides in "boatswains' chairs," drove home huge plugs of wood with their mallets into the shot-holes made by the Venetian guns.

At the hour when the sun dipped below the horizon all the Turkish fleet seemed assembled to assault the colossus which so long had resisted their attack; there was a pause in the combat, and the firing died down. Condalmiero and his men braced themselves for the assault which they felt to be inevitable: for now the darkness was swiftly coming, in which they could no

longer see to shoot, and under cover of which their numerous foes could assail them by boarding in comparative safety. Now the moment had come for the last act in this terrible drama of the sea. They had held their own at long odds throughout the whole of a hot September day, and as the level beams of the setting sun shone on their shattered ship they were prepared to die, fighting to the last man for the honour of Venice and the glory of St. Mark.

Stiff and worn, wearied almost to the breaking strain, there was no man on board who even dreamt of surrender; all the guns were charged to the muzzle with bullets and broken stone, the artillerists match in hand stood grimly awaiting the order to fire, straining their eyes and their ears in the gathering darkness; in a few minutes at most they knew that the fate of the *Galleon of Venice* must be decided.

On board his galley, decorated for this occasion with scarlet banners, Barbarossa himself directed the assaulting line. Never before when the battle was joined had the gallant corsair been known to draw back; and yet on this occasion he not only hesitated but actually hauled off. The Venetians saw to their amazement that the expected attack was not to be pushed home; for Barbarossa and his captains fell upon some lesser vessels: the *Galleon of Venice* was victorious.

Meanwhile Doria was displaying his mastery of tactics when it was hard fighting that was wanted; he pretended that he wished to draw the Ottoman fleet into the high seas in order that he might destroy their galleys by means of the broadsides of his nef; conse-

quently he executed useless parade movements when he should by all the rules of warfare have closed with his enemy who was in distinctly inferior force; as he had a fair wind there is only one conclusion to be drawn, and that is that he did not want to fight.

His manœuvres certainly mystified the Turks, who viewed his tactics with mistrust, thinking them the outset of some deeply laid scheme; it never entered into their calculations for one moment that the great Andrea Doria, the terror of the Mediterranean sea, and the victor in scores of desperate engagements, was anxious to avoid a fight.

Grimani and Capello, docile to the orders of their admiral, followed him full of uneasiness and distrust; they were fighting men of the most fiery description; to them the issue seemed of the simplest: there was the enemy in inferior force to themselves, they had the weather gauge, why delay the attack?

"For much less than this," says Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, "the English shot Admiral Byng in 1756." The conduct of Doria on this occasion has certainly never been explained; the two other leaders went on board and remonstrated with their commander-in-chief; they were neither of them men who could be treated as negligible quantities on the field of battle; both belonged to that brilliant Venetian nobility so renowned in commerce and in war. Marco Grimani was in command of the Papal galleys, in itself a mark of the highest esteem and confidence from a potentate second to none in his influence in the civilised world. To Vincenzo Capello, Henry the Seventh of England confided his royal person and

the command of his fleet when he crossed the Channel to encounter Richard the Third at Bosworth field. Five times had he filled the office of *Providiteur* in Venice, twice had he been commander-in-chief of her fleet, he was in perpetuity *Procureur* of St. Mark, to him Venice owed her naval discipline. He wore on this day the mantle of crimson silk with which the Republic invested her generals. Bitter was the rage in his heart, and bitterly must he have spoken to Doria, who, in spite of all remonstrances, continued his futile manœuvrings.

There was glory won on this day, but it was gained neither by Andrea Doria nor Kheyr-ed-Din Barbarossa. The *Galleon of Venice* with Alessandro Condalmiero and his gallant crew had shown to all a splendid example of disciplined valour unexcelled in sixteenth-century annals.

Barbarossa had captured a Venetian galley, a Papal galley, and five Spanish nefs, but he had recoiled from the assault on Condalmiero when the prize was actually within his grasp. For the rest it was a day of manœuvring and tactics; tactics when sixty thousand men had been embarked on board two hundred ships for a specific and definite object on the side of the Christians and under the command of their most celebrated admiral; and yet the balance of advantage was actually gained by the inferior force. No subsequent glories can ever wipe this stain from the scutcheon of Doria, or can excuse the fact that at the most supreme moment of his career he failed to fight the battle that he was in honour, in conscience, and in duty bound to deliver. Next day the wind came fair for Corfu, and

Doria, his ships untouched, unscathed, unharmed, put his helm up and sailed away followed by his fleet.

Sandoval records the fact that Barbarossa, roaring with laughter the while, was accustomed to say that Doria had even put out his lanterns in order that no one might see whither he had fled. This was an allusion to the fact—or supposition—that Doria extinguished on that night the great poop lantern carried by him as admiral.

When Soliman the Magnificent heard of the result of this battle he caused the town of Yamboli, where he was at the time, to be illuminated, and in the excess of his joy he added one hundred thousand aspres to the revenues of the conqueror; there were processions to the Grand Mosque, and all Islam rejoiced and sang the praises of the invincible admiral who had humbled to the dust the pride of the Christian and caused the dreaded Doria to fly from before the fleet of the Sultan.

This, the most historical, if not the greatest feat in the life of Kheyr-ed-Din Barbarossa, was for him a triumph indeed; with a vastly inferior force he had driven from the field of battle his "rival in glory," as he himself had denominated Andrea Doria, and he had accomplished this feat notwithstanding the almost mutinous condition of his own forces. In spite of this it is with Condalmiero and with him alone that the glory of this day must rest; alone, absolutely unsupported as we have seen, he fought one of those fights which bring the heart into the mouth when we read of them; the stern pride of the Venetian noble, who despised as canaille the pirate hosts by whom he

was assailed, had its counterpart in the sturdy valour of Chief Bombardier Francisco d'Arba and the other nameless heroes of which that good company was composed; to them we render that homage which so justly is their due.



THE ORIGIN OF THE FREEBOOTERS

[From "The History of the Pirates," by

JOHN AUCHENHALZ]

THE origin and commencement of the Freebooters, or Brethren of the coast, were so inconsiderable, as at first to excite no attention. With the exception of a few boats, they were destitute of every kind of ships, even of the smallest description: they had neither ammunition, pilots, nor provisions, and but little knowledge of navigation; and at length they were destitute even of money. But all these wants were compensated by their intrepidity, which surmounted every obstacle, and which daily increased with their successes.

On their first appearance they formed small societies, which, after the example of the Buccaneers, they termed *Matelotages*. In general, they united together to the number of twenty or thirty, procured an open boat, into which they crowded, and embarked upon a cruise. At first they confined themselves to giving chase to fishermen's boats and small craft; till, emboldened by success, they attacked ships of every size, and even men of war.

Their crews were admirably favored by innumerable natural havens, gulphs, and small islands, which were for the most part deserted, but which abounded

with provisions, especially fish, tortoises, marine birds, and excellent water. These islands were very easy of access for small embarkations, but could not be approached without imminent danger by large vessels, and still more so by ships.

The Free-booters commenced their organized piracies about the year 1600, and continued their depredations, with various modifications, till the end of the seventeenth century: if to these be added their less important enterprises, their continuance may be extended to the eighteenth century.

The first Free-booters were only common Pirates. Little did they foresee that their successors would in a short time have the audacity, openly to brave Spain, whose power was at that time so great, and even to render themselves formidable to all Spanish America. At the period now referred to, they abandoned the West India seas, the confined theatre of their petty expeditions, and undertook voyages of longer duration. After coasting along the Azores and the islands of Cape Verd, they ventured in their frail barks as far as the coast of Guinea, and thence to Brazil: some of them advanced even to the East Indies. When their cruise had successfully terminated, they returned to Madagascar; where they landed, and spent the produce of their captures. Very few of them ever revisited Europe, which had given them birth, or even their American dwellings: but their successors formed a deliberate plan. The West Indies continued the principal theatre of their depredations, so long as those latitudes afforded them protection. The island of St. Christopher, and afterwards those

of Tortugas, St. Domingo, and Jamaica, were their accustomed residences, or rather places of resort; and their piracies were confined to the American seas.

Tortugas, in particular, was regarded as their real place of abode; the planters of which island (already belonging to France) were, from a false policy, left altogether to themselves, with very circumscribed means, both of subsistence and of commerce. Being in the vicinity of St. Domingo, they were envious of its happy situation; and, in order to indemnify themselves for their own uncomfortable condition, they gradually formed a system of piracy, the object of which was, to procure by force that subsistence which they were denied by circumstances.

A Frenchman of Dieppe, Pierre le Grand, (which name afterwards became his heroic appellation), led the way in this course by a brilliant action, which excited emulation. He set sail with a pirate vessel, manned only by twenty-eight men; and at the extremity of Cape Filburon, on the western coast of St. Domingo, met a Spanish ship, the crew of which amounted to upwards of two hundred men, and which was also mounted with cannon. She belonged to a fleet of merchantmen that were sailing towards Europe, but having been separated from the rest, was peaceably pursuing her route. As soon as the Pirates perceived her, they swore, one after another, on the hands of their chief, that they would capture her or perish, and immediately sailed directly to her. The sun was setting when they boarded the Spanish ship, armed with pistols; in a moment they pierced their own bark in several places, which sunk almost beneath

their feet, with every thing it contained. The ferocious conquerers slew every one that resisted, took possession of the magazine of arms, surprised the officers who were playing at cards in perfect security, and in a very short time made themselves masters of the ship. The Spaniards who were thus unexpectedly attacked, perceiving no ship near them, considered these Pirates as demons that had fallen from the sky, and said one to another, "These men are devils!" They surrendered without making any defence.

By this adventure, Captain Pierre made a capture by which all his crew were suddenly enriched. Not wishing to run the risk of losing again the wealth thus rapidly gained, he landed all the Spanish sailors that were not absolutely necessary to work the ship, and immediately set sail for France. He returned no more to America; but the memory of his brilliant action left there a profound impression, which was not easily to be effaced.

Almost all the Spanish ships that appeared in those seas were successively attacked, and of course captured, of whatever size they might be, whether large or small, whether mounted with cannon or not, whether they were sailing alone or in convoy. The wretched barks of the Free-booters gradually disappeared after the capture of so many fine ships, some of which were very large; and these pirates, with their new acquisitions, scoured the seas with more security, and carried on their robberies upon a larger scale.

Now, indeed, the Spaniards paid more attention to the progress of the Free-booters, who threatened with

utter destruction their vast commerce, as well as their navigation in the American seas. They therefore equipped two large men of war, in order to protect their coasts, and cruise against these formidable pirates; who, however, became in consequence more active and audacious. A large number of plunderers assembled together under their destroying flag.

Nor was the French the only nation that attacked the Spanish ships: they were chased by other nations, viz. the English, the Dutch, and especially by the Portuguese. Hence immense captures were made: the market for this pillage increased, the sale of their prizes became more easy, and their profession more attractive. In a short time Jamaica served as a place of refuge; and to such a degree did their numbers increase, that, notwithstanding their armaments, the Spaniards were for some time obliged to relinquish their navigation in those seas. They flattered themselves with the hope, that by presenting no prey for the Free-booters, they would reduce them into a state of inactivity, and consequently effect the dissolution of their society. But they were strangely deceived in their calculations. Weary of their unfruitful cruises, the Free-booters assembled together in large bodies, conceived vast plans, and determined to undertake the landing of men in form.

Lewis Scott, an Englishman, was the first who executed one of these schemes, which the Spaniards had not foreseen. He suddenly penetrated into the city of St. Francis, of Campechy, which he pillaged, and laid a heavy contribution upon it, threatening to burn it to ashes, and immediately afterwards re-embarked.

This example was followed by John Davis, a native of Jamaica; who, with one ship and ninety men, attempted an action, the audacity of which excites astonishment.

He landed near Nicaragua, leaving his ship at anchor under guard of ten of his companions in arms; the remainder he distributed into three canoes, and, availing himself of the darkness of the night, sailed up the river which leads to the city of Grenada. They met a sentinel, to whom they spoke Spanish, and passed for fisherman; afterwards they disembarked without encountering any obstacles, and massacred the soldiers who had peaceably witnessed their landing; and having thus penetrated the middle of Nicaragua without discovery, they dispersed themselves throughout the town, and pillaged both houses and churches.

The cries of terror which resounded on every side, put the inhabitants in motion. They tumultuously assembled to defend themselves; but the Free-booters were too few in number to seek the dangerous honor of an engagement. Content with safely depositing their prizes, they hastily regained their canoes, and took with them some prisoners as hostages, in case of accident. They successfully reached the coast, and after releasing their prisoners, they set sail with their plunder, at the very moment when some hundreds of armed Spaniards arrived in order to attack them. Their booty, which consisted both of silver and precious stones, was worth 40,000 piasters.

The Pirates landed at Jamaica, where they formed a fleet of eight ships, of which the intrepid Davis was appointed Admiral by his comrades. He immediately

set sail towards the latitude of Cuba, in order that he might there watch the coming of the fleet from Mexico. Having failed in this enterprize, and being desirous of indemnifying his men for their loss, he landed at Florida, and pillaged the city of St. Augustin, in defiance of its fort, which was defended by two hundred men, who continued immoveable. Davis also signalised himself by other bold achievements: he landed on the coast of Granada, whence he advanced into the South Sea; but, at length, for want of provisions, he was obliged to return.

Another chieftain of the Free-booters was a French gentleman, who was known only by his Christian name (Alexander), to which, on account of his prodigious strength, had been added the surname of Iron Arm. His plan was to cruise only with one ship, which he called the *Phœnix*, and which was manned only by the most resolute men. In one of these cruises he encountered a violent tempest. The winds tore his sail to pieces, and threw down his masts; the lightning set fire to the powder magazine, and blew up into the air that part of the ship which contained it, together with all the Free-booters who were there. The ship, thus dismantled, still floated; but the violence of the explosion cast the remainder of the crew into the sea; forty of whom—and among these unfortunates was their commander—were enabled to save themselves from the wreck, by the vicinity of the neighbouring coast. This place was an island near the *Dragon's Mouth*, and inhabited by Indians who had never been subdued, and who were formidable from their ferocity. The situation of the Pirates

was horrible; they were destitute of every thing, and were also obliged to preserve themselves from the Indians. One day they were attacked by a large detachment of these savages, for whose reception they were prepared: several of them were slain, and some even were taken prisoners. Alexander released them; but, previously to their departure, he wished, by an ingenious expedient, to inspire them with a terror, which should effectually take away their desire of returning. He caused a cuirass, made of very thick leather, to be stretched on a whalebone, and by signs invited them to penetrate it with their arrows. They shot these with equal dexterity and vigor; but, notwithstanding their strength and sharpness, the arrows scarcely grazed the cuirass—a circumstance which excited their astonishment in no small degree. Alexander afterwards showed to them that the arms of the Free-booters were of a very different temper. One of them took his fusee, and having withdrawn six paces farther than the savage, discharged his piece. The shot went entirely through the cuirass, and even the whalebone to which it was attached. The stupefied Indians approached, and examined the effect of the ball; demanding one to shoot in their turn. Accordingly, they placed it on their bow, which they bent, and shot; but the ball fell at their feet. Thus Alexander made them conceive a high idea of his vigor, and gave them to understand that all his companions possessed equal strength with himself. This lesson produced the desired effect; no Indian ever after making his appearance.

At length the Free-booters perceived at a distance

a ship coming with full sail towards the shore. They concealed themselves, lest they should prevent her from approaching, and deliberated what steps it would be advisable for them to take. Some were of opinion that they should beseech the officers to take them on board: others were apprehensive of their liberty; and, fearing yet greater danger, wished to prepare for self-defence. Alexander proceeded yet further: in his opinion, it was of little use to defend themselves; they ought to make an attack, and with his proposal they all coincided. In the meantime the ship, cast anchor: it was a Spanish merchantman, armed for war, whose crew were in want of water, which they had come to procure from that island, where it was excellent. The officers were far from suspecting that any Pirates were there; but, knowing the treachery of the islanders, they directed those, who were to fill the hogsheads, to advance with very great caution, and gave them an escort of their best soldiers, of whom they took the command in person.

The Free-booters observed the very great order in which their enemies marched, and that, from their superiority in numbers, it was only by attacking them suddenly that they could obtain the victory. Accordingly, they concealed themselves in a thick wood, whence they seized an opportunity of firing upon them. The Spaniards stopped to defend themselves; they looked around, but no person was visible: the species of arms, however, which had just been discharged, soon convinced them with whom they had to contend. With a view, therefore, to gain time, as well as to escape the danger of the moment, and to draw their

adversaries out of their inaccessible ambuscade, they laid themselves flat upon the ground. The Pirates, who had been able to distinguish them, notwithstanding the thickness of the foliage, could not account for their sudden disappearance. Instigated by impatience, Alexander issued from his retreat in quest of the Spaniards, being accompanied by a few of his men. Suddenly, his adversaries arose; and shouting horribly, rushed upon the Free-booters; whose commander was advancing directly towards the Spanish captain, when a root of a tree tripped up his feet, and threw him down close by the latter. The Spaniard, without giving him time to rise, was about to sever Alexander's head with his sabre; when the latter, at this critical moment, saved himself by his extraordinary strength. While half fallen on the ground, he seized the Spaniard with a grasp, and stayed his arm: in a very short time he was up on his feet, and called his men, who ran towards him from every side. The Spaniards, confounded and exhausted by fatigue, all bit the dust; and Alexander, in order to facilitate what yet remained to be done, ordered his comrades to spare not a single individual: his commands were punctually obeyed.

In the meantime, those who continued on board, had heard the report of musquetry, but entertained no apprehensions concerning their men; supposing them only to be engaged with the islanders, they contented themselves with firing a few cannon, in order to intimidate those savages. The Free-booters did not continue inactive after their victory: they stripped the dead, with whose apparel they arrayed themselves, not forgetting

their large caps, which covered the whole of the head. Thus disguised, they shouted cries of victory; marched towards the shore, where they threw themselves into the shallops which were awaiting the return of the Spaniards that had disembarked; and at length joined the ship, in which, under cover of their disguise, they were received with transports of joy. As the greater part of the soldiers had been sent away on account of the landing, which had been attended with such fatal consequences, there remained on board only a very few soldiers, together with the seamen and passengers. Their security rendered their defeat easy; and, with the exception of a few sailors, they were all massacred. Thus the Free-booters made themselves masters of a ship richly laden, and arrived without any accident at Tortugas, after a series of occurrences, which evinced at the same time their good fortune, their boldness, and their ferocity.



IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From "The History of the Indian Wars and of
Plantain the Pyrate, &c.," by CLEMENT
DOWNING, R. N.]

JOHN PLANTAIN was born in Chocolate-Hole, on the island of *Jamaica*, of *English* Parents, who took care to bestow on him the best Education, they themselves were possess'd of; which was to curse, swear, and blaspheme, from the time of his first learning to speak. This is generally the chief Education bestowed on the Children of the common People in those Parts. He was sent to School to learn to read, which he once could do tolerably well; but he quickly forgot the same, for want of practising it. The Account he gave of his first falling into that wicked and irregular Course of Life, was, That after he was about thirteen Years of Age, he went as Master's Servant on board a small Sloop belonging to *Spanish-Town*, on the Island of *Jamaica*, and they went out a privateering and to cut Logwood in the Bay of *Campeachy*; where they generally used to maroon the *Spaniards*, and the *Spaniards* used to maroon them, as the one or t'other happened to be strongest. He followed this Course of Life till he was near 20 Years of Age, when he came to *Rhode-Island*; there he fell into company with several Men who belonged to a Pyrate Sloop. These try'd to per-

suade him, with several others, to go with them; shewing great Sums of Gold, and treating him and others in a profuse and expensive Manner. His own wicked Inclinations soon led him to accept the Offer, without much Hesitation. At the same time, he acknowledged that he had no Occasion to go with them, as he belonged to a very honest Commander, and one that used the Sailors very well on all Accounts. But being of a roving Disposition, he could not bear being under any Restraint. They soon went on board this Pyrate Sloop, and were entertained in a handsome manner, being presented to the Captain, who seem'd to like them very well, and told them if they would sail with him, they should have the same Encouragement as the other People had, and that they should in a short time take a Voyage which would prove the making of them all; after this they design'd to accept the first Act of Grace, and leave off. They left *Rhode-Island* in this Sloop which they called the *Terrible*, commanded by *John Williams*; and one *Roberts*, being a bold and resolute Man, was made Quarter-master. With *John Plantain*, entered the following five, viz. *John James* of *Boston* in *New-England*, *Henry Millis* of *Falmouth* in the *West of England*; *Richard Dean* of *Stepney, London*; *John Harvey* of *Shadwell*; and *Henry Jones* of *St. Paul's, London*; all young Men, the oldest not being above 23 Years of Age. When ever any enter on board of these Ships voluntarily, they are obliged to sign all their Articles of Agreement; which is in effect, to renounce Honour, and all human Compassion; for they seldom shew any Mercy to those who fall into their Hands.

FROM *Rhode-Island* they shaped their Course for the Coast of *Guinea*, and in their way took three Ships, amongst the Crews of which was Mr. *Moore* the Surgeon, spoken of in the Account of Commodore *Matthews's* Transactions. They pretended to give Liberty to those Ships Crews either to go or stay with them. The Boatswain of the Ship to which Mr. *Moore* belonged, entered voluntarily, and would have used his Captain and several of the Men very barbarously; but *Roberts*, who was then Quarter-master, would not allow of it. They kept the Surgeon and Carpenter by Compulsion, when they found they chose to leave them; and took one of the Ships, which prov'd to be the best Sailor, and called her the *Defiance*. Now they had got a Ship of near 300 Tuns, which mounted 30 Guns, well mann'd and well stored with Provisions. They usually are at no certain Allowance amongst themselves, till they are in a Likelihood of being short of Provision, but every Man is allowed to eat what he pleases. Then they put all under the care of their Quarter-master, who discharges all things with an Equality to them all, every Man and Boy faring alike; and even their Captain, or any other Officer, is allowed no more than another Man; nay, the Captain cannot keep his own Cabbin to himself, for their Bulk heads are all down, and every Man stands to his Quarters, where they lie and mess, tho' they take the liberty of ranging all over the Ships.

THIS large Ship they took was bound for *Jamaica*, called the *Prosperous* of *London*, one Capt. *James* Commander; whom, and so many of his Crew as were not willing to go with them, they put on board

those two other Vessels they let go. The *Prosperous* had on board a considerable number of *East-India* Bales, which they hoisted up on Deck, and cut open; the Quarter-master distributing the same amongst the Pyrates. They arrived in a short time on the Coast of *Guinea*, and kept all the trading Ships from carrying on any manner of Commerce at *Gambo*, and the other Ports on that Coast. Here they met with the *Onslow*, whom they fought a considerable time; but the Pyrates being well mann'd, boarding her, made sad Havock of her Crew, and brought them to cry out for Quarter, which is but very indifferent at best; so when they had taken her, they made one of their number whose Name was *England*, a Man who had been Mate of several good Ships, Captain of her. *Plantain* and his Companions were daily encreasing their Store; for not long after they took the *Onslow*, they mastered a *Dutch* Interloper, with whom they had a smart Battle, and had not the Sloop came to their Assistance, they would have been obliged to let her go. But the Sloop coming up, and pouring a great number of Men on board, they soon over-powered them. This Ship they liked exceeding well, and were resolved to keep her, calling her the *Fancy*; and Capt. *England* having a mind to her, they allowed him to command her.

THEY daily now encreased their number, and were not for keeping so many Ships, imagining they should soon have a Squadron of Men of War after them, which they did not care to have any Correspondence with. Now Capt. *England* proposed a new Voyage to them, which might be the making of them

all very rich; and as they had got such good Ships under their Command, they were resolved to make the best of their present Situation. First they proposed to burn the *Terrible* Sloop, being old and leaky, and not fit to beat about the Cape. So having finished their Cruise on the Coast of *Guinea*, they were resolved to steer another way. These Pyrates had now got the *Fancy* under the Command of Capt. *England*, and a small Brigantine called the *Unity*, which they named the *Expedition*, and gave the Command to one *Johnson* that was with them; tho' one Quarter-master serv'd for them all. And being in great Dispute how and which way they should dispose of each other, they went on shore on the Coast of *Guinea*, and there held a fresh Consultation, when some were for going with Capt. *England*, and some with Capt. *Roberts*. These Disputes lasted for some time, but it was left to a Committee chose from among them, on whose Determination they resolved to rely. They had now six or seven Ships with them, on which account it was resolved, that *England* and *Roberts* should separate, for fear of a Civil War amongst themselves. *England* was to take the *Fancy*, the *Snow*, and the Ship they called the *Victory*, and go away for the *East-Indies*; and *Roberts* and the rest were to continue and range about those Seas, as they thought fit. *Roberts* afterwards fell into the Hands of Sir *Chaloner Ogle*, and by him was brought up to Justice, and he and his Crew were hung up in Chains along the Coast of *Guinea*, from *Cape-Coast-Castle*.

CAPT. *England* took to the Eastern Seas, and came away for *St. Augustine's Bay*, on the Island of

Madagascar, and his People being very sickly, the Doctor had them sent on shore for the Recovery of their Healths; but several died. Here they cleared their Ship as well as they could, *St. Augustine's Bay* being a Place not extraordinary convenient for Shipping to lie in, on account of the Foulness of the Ground in the Bottom of the Harbour, and the irregular Sounding, on which account a Ship can no ways come to anchor there, to continue any time; nay, not so much as four or five Hours: For 'tis a hundred to one, should the Anchor go in the Ground, or amongst the Rocks, if ever 'tis got up again. But there is a Road to the Southward of the Harbour, where you may anchor in six or seven Fathom Water: Here is smooth Riding, and the Inhabitants will come off to trade with you; but be careful how you trust them, for they are a more politick and cunning People than the Negroes of the *Guinea* or *Gold Coast*, very crafty in their way of Trade, and private in their Intentions, speak you fair, but intend to murder you at the same time. They have five or six petty Kings near one another, who are in Alliance together. Here Capt. *England* lay in the Road, and repaired all his Rigging, and got a Supply of Provisions. From hence he came on the Coast of *Ethiopia*, with his two Ships, and went to the *Portuguese* at *Massembeach*, who supposed them to belong to the *English East-India Company*. After they had got a fresh Supply of Provisions, they sailed to the Island of *Johanna*, where they lay some time, and then cruised off the *Streights* Mouth of *Babelmondon*, or the *Red-sea*, where they took a *Moors* Ship, richly laden, coming down from

India. They then made the best of their way for *Madagascar*, and went to *St. Mary's Island*, where none of their Fraternity had been for many Years, and were very joyfully received by the King. This Island joins to the Continent of *Madagascar*, and is generally a Place of Residence for Pyrates. Here they made a sad Massacre of the poor *Moors* Men, they had taken in the Ship above-mentioned, and abused their Women in a very vile manner. Some say, that Capt. *England* kept one or two of the *Moors* Women for his own Use, there being some of Distinction amongst them, whose Fathers were in high Posts under the Great *Mogul*.

THEY brought the *Moors* Ship's Cargo to a quick Market, and made Sale of what they could; and Part of the rest they cast in heaps on the Beach, to be spoil'd by the Winds and Weather. The Ship, they found, was not answerable for their Purpose; on which account they haled her on shore, and sunk her, with some part of her Cargo on board, which was neglected by the Inhabitants, who knew not the Value nor Use of those rich Commodities. They took up their Winter-Quarters at this Place, and replenished their Store: Before they sunk the *Moors* Ship, they made a sort of Hulk of her, and hove down their other Ships the *Fancy*, and *Snow*, which they called the *Expedition*; and made a clean Ship; this was in the Year 1719. They then came to *Johanna*, where they found the *Cassandra* and *Greenwich*; the former commanded by Capt. *Mackray*, and the latter by Capt. *Kirby*. Capt. *Mackray* maintain'd a Noble Fight for a whole Day, and had not the Ship drove

ashore, 'tis thought that he would have cleared himself of the Pyrates; who themselves own'd that he galled them bitterly, and killed them a great number of Men. The Captain and most of his Men were obliged to fly up into the Country; where the People happen'd to be civilized, and afforded them Refuge. The Pirate in a few Days sent for the Captain and his Crew down, and used them with good Manners, and agreed amongst themselves to give the Captain the *Fancy*, in Consideration of his Loss, and they gave him likewise several Bales of Cloth which they thought would be of no Service to them. As to his Men, they sufferd all of them to go with him, except his Carpenter's Mate, whom they compelled to remain with them.

T H E year after, they came on the Coast of *Malabar*, and met with the *London* fitted out on Purpose to engage them, in company with several other Ships. But instead of that, the whole *Bombay* Fleet seem'd afraid to attack them, but burn'd the *Prahm* themselves, a fine floating Engine which mounted 24 Guns, (as mentioned before) and then retired into the Harbour of *Bombay*.

T H E Pyrates after this steer'd for *Domascaicas*, and there fell in with a large Ship belonging to the *Portuguese*; and hoisting *English* Colours, the *Portuguese* judg'd them to be an English Ship which had lost their Passage as well as themselves, and made all things ready to salute each other. In the mean time, the Pyrates got all their Guns in Readiness, and came ranging up her Side, and never once offered to fire a Gun till they were near enough to board, and

then dosed them with double Round and Partridge, so that the Shot went through and through them. They cut their Cable, and away they went with her. This proved a very rich Prize. They also took another *Moors* Ship the Year after coming from *China*, by which they got immense Riches. The great Ship they took from the *Portuguese*, they caused afterward to mount 70 Guns, and on board the *Cassandra* they mounted 40; by which they thought themselves sole Masters of all the *Indian* Seas. They after came down to *Madagascar*, and there they refitted again at *Port Dolphin*, and from thence they went to *Charnock Point*. Here they took out of the Ships they had with them, all the Eatables, Liquors, Money, Jewels, Diamonds; and left on shore fine *China* and other valuable Goods, enough to have laden a large Ship with. They now held a Consultation what they should do; several were for leaving off, and living on what they had; others of a more covetous Disposition, were for still continuing in their unlawful Practices. However, the Majority wanted Capt. *England* to leave those Parts, and to go down to *La Vera Cruz*, and there to accept the *Spanish* Act of Grace. They were now divided in Opinion what was best for them to do; for they had heard at *St. Augustine's Bay*, that Commodore *Matthews* was arrived in quest of them, by his Letters left there for the *Salisbury*; which Letters the Natives gave them. On this they steer'd for *Port Dolphin*, and from thence to *Moroslas*. They knew what Season was coming on, and how we were obliged to shape our Course. We came after in the *Salisbury*, and they told us, that

the Pyrates had got our Letters. On which Information, they dispersed themselves, and some went to one Place, and some to another.

PLANTAIN, *James Adair*, and *Hans Burgen* the *Dane*, had fortified themselves very strongly at *Ranter-Bay*; and taken possession of a large Tract of Country. *Plantain* having the most Money of them all, called himself King of *Ranter-Bay*, and the Natives commonly sing Songs in praise of *Plantain*. He brought great Numbers of the Inhabitants to be subject to him, and seem'd to govern them arbitrarily; tho' he paid his Soldiers very much to their Satisfaction. He would frequently send Parties of Men into other Dominions, and seize the Inhabitants' Cattle. He took upon him to make War, and to extort Tribute from several of the petty Kings his Neighbours, and to encrease his own Dominions.

JAMES ADAIR's Birth and Education was something superior to that of *Plantain*; for he was learnt to write as well as read; and had been brought up in the Town of *Leith*, by a sober and industrious Father and Mother. Not behaving to the Satisfaction of his Parents, he went for *London*, and from thence, for the *West-Indies*; but was taken by the Pyrates, and after that entered voluntarily with them. He was a young Man of a very hard Countenance, but something inclined to Good-Nature. When we bartered with the Pyrates at *Ranter-Bay* for Provisions, they frequently shewed the Wickedness of their Disposition, by quarrelling and fighting with each other upon the most trifling Occasions. It was their Custom never to go abroad, except armed with Pistols or

a naked Sword in their Hand, to be in Readiness to defend themselves or to attack others.

HANS BURGÉN, the *Dane*, was born at *Copenhagen*, and had been brought up a Cooper; but coming to *London*, he entered himself with Capt. *Creed* for *Guinea*; the Ship being taken by the Pyrates, he agreed to go with them, and became a Comerade to King *Plantain*. This *Plantain's* House was built in as commodious a manner as the Nature of the Place would admit; and for his further State and Recreation, he took a great many Wives and Servants, whom he kept in great Subjection; and after the *English* manner, called them *Moll*, *Kate*, *Sue* or *Pegg*. These Women were dressed in the richest Silks, and some of them had Diamond Necklaces. He frequently came over from his own Territories to *St. Mary's* Island, and there began to repair several Parts of Capt. *Avery's* Fortifications.

THE King of *Massaleage* had with him a very beautiful Grand-daughter, said to be the Daughter of an *English* Man, who commanded a *Bristol* Ship, that came there on the Slaving Trade. This Lady was called *Eleonora Brown*, so named by her Father; she had been taught to speak a little *English*; but this is common on the Island of *Madagascar*, it being the chief Rendezvous of the Pyrates, where they victual and refit their Ships. *Plantain* being desirous of having a Lady of *English* Extraction, sent to the King of *Massaleage* (whom the Pyrates called *Long-Dick*, or King *Dick*) to demand his Grand-daughter for a Wife. Capt. *England*, with 60 or 70 Men had dispersed themselves about the Island, and inhabited

amongst the Negroes: but Capt. *England* being very poor, was obliged to be beholden to several of the white Men for his Subsistence. Several of these People had join'd King *Dick* at *Massaleage*; and persuaded him to refuse *Plantain's* Demand, to put himself in a Posture of Defence, and to prohibit all Correspondence between any of his Subjects and those of *Plantain*. The chief Weapon used by the Natives is the Lance, which they are very dextrous in throwing. But *Plantain* had got some hundreds of Firelocks, which he distributed among his Subjects, and had learned them to exercise in a pretty regular manner. He also had great Store of Powder and Ball, and a good Magazine provided with all manner of Necessaries. He was a Man of undaunted Courage; which he shewed by venturing down to *Charnock Point*, as mentioned before. Indeed I was surprized to find a Stranger pop on me armed as he was, with two Pistols stuck in his Sash, tho' but mean in Habit. At that time he asked me, what we did there, and whether we were Men of War sent out in quest of them. I told him, I did not know who he was; he said, that he had belonged to the *Cassandra*, but had now left off Pyrating, and lived at *Ranter-Bay*. He then gave me the aforementioned Account of his Birth and Parentage; and that if the Commodore thought proper, he would trade with us, and supply the whole Squadron with Cattle, and other Provisions.

BUT to return from this Digression: On *Plantain's* receiving this Message of Defiance from the King of *Massaleage*, he sent to tell him, that if he did not comply directly, he would bring such an arm'd

Force against him, that should drive him out of his Dominions; and if he happened to fall into his Hands, he would certainly send him to Prince *William* of *St. Augustine's* Bay, who would sell him to the first *English* Ship which put in there. These Menaces made King *Dick* something fearful at first; but being buoy'd up by several of the *Englishmen* that were there, he still refused his Demands, and boldly sent word, that he would not give him the Trouble to come quite to his Home, but that he would certainly meet him half way. This Answer so much inrag'd *Plantain*, that he called his chief Officers together to consult what he should do; tho', let their Advice be what it would, he always followed his own Inclination. His chief General was a Fellow they called *Molatto Tom*, who pretended to be the Son of Capt. *Avery*; which might probably be true, for the Man was near 40 Years of Age when we were there. This Man being born on the Island of *Madagascar*, and of *English* Blood, *Plantain* put must Confidence in him, and intrusted him to raise Men for his Service; he fetch'd over from *St. Mary's* Island about a thousand Men, which stood by *Plantain* the best of any, and would not flinch from him.

BUT *Plantain* was like to have been trick'd by King *Kelly* of *Mannagore*, who brought 1000 Men with him, and agreed for a certain Sum of Money to fight for him, which *Plantain* very willingly imbraced, and treated him as he did the rest of his Brother Kings. But *Kelly* led off his Men, and retreated just before the Battle, being afraid, that should he assist *Plantain*, it might cause perpetual Wars between

King *Dick* and him. By this time there were four or five other Kings come to his Assistance, who resenting many injuries they had received from King *Dick*, were resolved to demolish him if possible: But they found a hard Piece of work of it. For tho' *Plantain* had great Store of Riches, he could not have a fresh Supply when that was laid out. *Plantain* entertained his Brother Kings in a grand Manner, and he caused a whole Bullock to be roasted for their Entertainment. As to Liquor he let them have but little, tho' they covet it very much, and will drink any manner of spirituous Liquors, till it even takes away their Breath; when they are drunk, they love to sleep in the Sun. The Natives of *Madagascar* are very deceitful, on which account *Plantain* intrusted very few of them with Fire-Arms. Perhaps he would distribute about 20 or 30 Muskets amongst 1000 Men, which were put only into the Hands of those he could depend upon. They load and discharge their pieces with great Expedition. I have seen a Negro at *Massaleage* take a Musket all to pieces, and look well into the Lock before he would buy the same.

KING *Dick* being positively resolved to fight, sent to *St. Augustine's*, to desire Prince *William* to come to his Assistance, promising to serve him on any other Occasion. But he thought proper to join *Plantain*, who put his whole Army in Battle-Array, and those he entrusted with Fire-Arms were intermixed amongst those who had Lances. He had *English* Colours at the head of his part of the Army; the Party commanded by the *Dane* had *Danish* Colours;

and *Adair* the *Scot* had *St. Andrew's* Colours. *Plantain* ordered the *Scotsman* should command on the Right, and the *Dane* on the Left; having intermixed several *Englishmen* amongst the Negroes, to keep them up in their firing, and not to suffer any of them to lie down. The Negro Chiefs take what Money their Men have, and compel them to fight: They seldom want Provisions; for Potatoes grow wild, and Cattle are plenty without Proprietors, except that they keep a few Cows for their own milking. When they were on their March from *Ranter-Bay* to *Massaleage*, King *Dick* was as good as his Word, met them half way, and attack'd them; but after a smart Engagement *Plantain* put him to the Rout, took some of the *Englishmen* who had persuaded King *Dick* not to comply with his Demand, and drove the rest quite out of the Field; after which they dispersed, and shifted for themselves as well as they could. As for the *Englishmen* he had taken, he ordered a great Fire to be kept burning all Night, and the hot Coals to be scattered about, and made them run to and fro' barefooted upon them, and ordered the Negroes to throw Lances at them, till by these Tortures they expired.

A F T E R this Success, he resolved to be revenged on King *Kelly*, who had deserted him, and had been join'd by Part of King *Dick's* scattered Forces. To this end, he put himself on his March with his Forces, and came up with *Kelly*; on which ensued a smart Encounter, which lasted a whole Day, each Party being supported by the *English*, some of whom were on one side, some on the other. *Plantain* maintain-

ing his Ground with great Resolution, the other Party desired a Parley, but was refused, and they continued the Fight till it was so very dark, that they were obliged to give over. They had a great Number of Men kill'd and wounded on both sides, but they kept a very good Guard, resolving to renew the Fight in the Morning; and in the mean time *Plantain* encouraged his Men, by distributing some Brandy among 'em. *Kelly* and *King Dick* seemed resolved to defend themselves to the utmost of their power; but early in the Morning *Plantain's* Men attack'd them with fresh Vigour, put them to the Rout, and took many of them Prisoners; among whom were *John Darby* of the Town of *Chester*, and *William Mills* of *Gosport*, near *Portsmouth*; who were after tortur'd to Death in a most cruel and inhuman manner. Capt. *England* was now in great Distress, and could not well tell how to live; but coming to Prince *William* of *St. Augustine's* Bay, he there met with seven or eight of his old Ship-mates, who supported him for some time, and Prince *William* resolving to come down to *Plantain's* Assistance, they agreed to accompany him.

PLANTAIN, to make the most he could of his Victory, pursued the Enemy over to the Town of *Massaleage*; but found a stronger Resistance there, than he imagin'd; for he could not force the Town, the Enemy firing from Houses, &c. which obliged him to retreat. This so enraged *Plantain*, that he resolved to cut the two Kings of *Massaleage* and *Managore* to pieces, or put them to the most cruel Deaths whenever he had them in his Power.

THE *Europeans* who were dispersed about the Island, came soon to hear of these Disturbances; and some of them propos'd to attempt the taking of *Plantain's* Castle; but the Place being guarded by Cannon, and a River very near the Place, the Design was laid aside.

I observed, at the time that the *Salisbury* lay at *St. Mary's* Island, the first Morning we were there, some hundreds of Canoos go from thence to *Ranter-Bay*; but who they had on board we could not be sure, tho' some supposed they were full of White Men: But the Account we had of all the White Men there, both *Dutch* and *English*, was not near the Number there seem'd to be. It was more likely that these Canoos conveyed away the Treasure which *Plantain*, *Adair*, and the *Dane* had concealed there, for fear of its being discover'd. At that time they were on the island of *St. Mary*, it being a Place they frequented for Recreation or Pleasure, about ten or twelve Miles distant from *Ranter-Bay*. The Night we lay there, we were very watchful, keeping our People constantly from the Poop, calling to them on the Fore-castle, for fear the Natives in their Canoos should, conducted by the Pyrates, make an Attempt to surprize us. But they were more frightened at the sight of us, than what we imagined, as we were afterwards informed. A Man came on board the *Shoreham* at *St. Augustine's* Bay, who was a Gun-stock Maker, and had been amongst the Pyrates. The Account he gave of himself was, that he shipp'd himself Armourer of a Ship which sailed from *London*, but belong'd to *Bristol*, on a Voyage to *Madagascar*, in order to procure Slaves.

This Man (whose Name was *Thomas Lloyd*, who formerly lived in the Minories,) said he was left with six more of their Men on the Island, and had suffered very much by a petty Prince called King *Caleb*; that had it not been for Prince *William*, they should have been murder'd. That when the Pyrates were there, that Prince would not let them go out of his House; for he told them, that the Natives were Rogues, and that he was resolved to preserve them, two of whom, however, soon after died. That these Pyrates lived in a most wicked profligate manner, and would often ramble from Place to Place, and sometimes have the Misfortune of meeting some of the Natives, who would put them to lingring Deaths, by tying their Arms to a Tree, and putting lighted Matches between their Fingers; that they served two of his Ship-Mates in the like manner, and would stand and laugh at them during the time of their Agonies. This I think was a just Retaliation to the Pyrates for the inhuman Barbarities they are guilty of.

THE Natives here are very deceitful, seldom true to their Promises, and no longer your Friends, than you keep feeding them with such Presents as they want. In their way of contracting Friendship with each other, or any Stranger with whom they have a mind to hold a Correspondence, 'tis their Custom to come down to the Sea-side, and drink the Salt-water together, and to swear by the same their faithful Intention to each other. This they are very sure to keep, if such an Agreement is entered into by any Number of them: For they inflict a very severe Punishment on those who any ways infringe it. *Plan-*

tain had bound most of his Allies under this sacred Oath of Fidelity, which King *Kelly* had also taken.

THE Wars between *Plantain* and these petty Princes were carried on for near two Years; when *Plantain* having got the better of them, put several of his Enemies to Death in a most barbarous manner. As to King *Kelly*, he escaped *Plantain*'s Fury as yet, and fled for *Port Dolphin*, where his Brother was a King; but *Plantain* sent over to him, and forbid him to harbour him, for if he did, he would certainly destroy his whole Dominions, as he had done those of *Massaleage* and *Mannagore*. But *Kelly*'s Brother boldly defy'd him, and sent him back a very resolute Answer, resolving to defend his Brother's Cause. *Kelly* was a bold and undaunted Man, and had on several Occasions shew'd his Courage.

KING *Dick*, and all that belong'd to him, were taken by *Plantain*; however the Lady on whose account these Wars were begun, prov'd to be with Child by one of the Englishmen which *Plantain* had murder'd. This so much inrag'd him, that he ordered King *Dick* to be put to the same cruel Death as the *English* and *Dutchmen* had suffered. He now was resolved to march for *Port Dolphin*, as much to replenish his Stores, as to be revenged on King *Kelly*; who, conjointly with the *Dane*, had conceal'd a great Hoard of Jewels and Money at *Port Dolphin*, in an unfrequented Wood, which he was inform'd of by an Intimate of theirs, who alone they had intrusted with this Secret, and who had deserted *Plantain*.

WHEN I proceeded from *Chimnah* to *Broderah*, after I had been taken by the *Sangareens*, there came

to *Guzurat* two *Dutchmen* and three *Portugese*; one of the *Portugese* was named *Anthony de Silvestro*, and had been brought up by Capt. *Westerby* of *Poplar*, talked very good *English*. They all came from *Surat* to take on in the *Moors* Service, as many of the *English* do. This *Anthony* told me, he had been amongst the *Pirates*, and that he belong'd to one of the *Sloops* in *Virginia*, when *Blackbeard* was taken. He informed me, that if it should be my lot ever to go to *York River* or *Maryland*, near an Island called *Mulberry Island*, provided we went on shore at the *Watering Place*, where the *Shipping* used most commonly to ride, that there the *Pirates* had buried considerable Sums of Money in great Chests, well clamp'd with Iron Plates. As to my part, I never was that way, nor much acquainted with any that ever used those Parts: But I have made Enquiry, and am inform'd there is such a Place as *Mulberry Island*. If any Person, who uses those Parts, should think it worth while to dig a little way at the upper End of a small sandy Cove, where it is convenient to land, he would soon find whether the Information I had was well-grounded. Fronting the Landing-place are five Trees, amongst which, he said, the Money was hid. I cannot warrant the Truth of this Account; but if I was ever to go there, I would by some means or other satisfy myself, as it could not be a great deal out of my way. If any body should obtain any Benefit by this Account, if it please G O D they ever come to *England*, 'tis hoped they will remember the Author for his Information.

A F T E R *Plantain* had put King *Dick* to death,

and those *Dutch* and *English* who had fought against him, he march'd to the King of *Massaleage's* Dominions, and found a great deal of Treasure at King *Dick's* House, and great Store of such Sort of Grain as the Island produc'd, which *Plantain* order'd to be pack'd up, and sent to *Ranter-Bay*. As to the Inhabitants, he sent great Numbers of them down to *Ranter-Bay*, made Slaves of them, and caused them to form several Plantations of Sugar-Canes, and after brought the same to great Perfection. So soon as he had cleared the Town, he caused his Men to set the same on fire, and then went to King *Kelly's* chief Town, and did the same there. He found but little Subsistence in all these Dominions; for *Kelly* was a subtle, sly Fellow who took care of himself; and so soon as he found that *Plantain* was on the victorious Side, he fled in the Night from his Associates, came to *Mannagora*, secured all he had of any Value there, and then fled to *Port Dolphin* to his Brother, where he sheltered himself for a time, till *Plantain* came again with an Army, and totally demolished both one and the other; for he now tyranniz'd over the Natives all over the Island. After he had burnt King *Kelly's* Town, he came down to *Ranter-Bay*, bringing the Lady before mention'd with him, which he accounted the chief Trophy of his Victory; who tho' she was with Child, he accepted of, and was much enamoured with her. This Woman having chiefly been brought up under the Care of her Father, who was by all Accounts a very honest Man, and was by him actually left behind at that Place; he had taught her the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the ten Commandments, and

gave her an Insight into the Christian Faith; but not having the Conveniency of Books, he could not so fully instruct her as he desired. By this Wife, *Plantain* has had several Children. When he brought her to *Ranter-Bay*, he made a grand Entertainment, and gave her the whole Government of his Household Affairs, discharging several of his other Women. This *Eleanor Brown* would often talk to him concerning Religion, ask him after GOD; and according to her Father's Directions, say her Prayers Night and Morning: On which account, *Plantain* used to say he had now got a religious Wife; but yet took what she said in good part. He cloath'd her with the richest Jewels and Diamonds he had, and gave her twenty Girl Slaves to wait on her. It was this Woman that Mr. *Christopher Lisle* would have been great with; for which Attempt *Plantain* shot him dead on the Spot. This *Lisle* was the fourth Mate to Capt. *Benson* of the *Dawson East-India Man*; for I was sent on board them off *Mount Dilley*, where he and the Captain had some very high Disputes, on which the Captain had confin'd him in Irons for a Mutiny; which *Lisle*, together with an Ensign of the Guards design'd for Bombay, had bred on board the said Ship. After I had acquainted Capt. *Cockburn* of what Capt. *Benson* alleged against them, the Captain sent me to fetch them on board of us. The Commodore was inform'd of this Affair, and he ordered that Mr. *Christopher Lisle* should walk the Quarter-Deck on board of the *Salisbury* (which was the Ship I then belong'd to) and do the Duty of a Midshipman. When we arrived at *Charnock Point*, Mr. *Lisle* run away from us the sec-

ond or third time of his going on shore. At his first coming on board Capt. *Cockburn*, (who always had a Regard for what Station a Man had serv'd in) he desired, as he was a Stranger on board, that I would let him mess with me: which I did, with the Captain's Approbation. But soon saw he was not only a quarrelsome Fellow, but one that was malicious, and slothful in performing his Duty. He said he was the Nephew of Capt. *Lisle* of *Stepney*, who formerly commanded the *Berwick* Man of War. I had his Note for Three Pound ten Shillings for Conveniencies he had of me; for tho' he was an Officer on board the *Dawson*, he was very bare, and had made away with most of his Effects. The Captain alledged, that he had broke open several Chests of Liquor in the Hold, and had converted it to his own Use; which was afterwards sufficiently prov'd against him. If he has any Friends now living, who have never heard of his End, this Account will be a Confirmation to them of his fatal Destiny, being killed by the Hand of a pyratrical King, as mentioned before. They may find him stand entered for his Majesty's Ship the *Salisbury* in the Month of *February* 1721-2, and run at *Charnock Point* on the Island of *Madagascar* in the *April* following 1722.

NOW *Plantain* had taken a considerable time to recover from his Fatigue, and recruit his Forces, which at last he did, tho' not with the desired Expedition: And after he had made sure of the Treasure he and the *Dane* had concealed, they got all things in readiness, and went over to *St. Mary's* Island to Capt. *Avery's* Castle, and took from thence some Materials

which they wanted, and being join'd by his Allies, he gave Order for his whole Forces to march for *Port Dolphin*, but they were very much fatigu'd in their way. Here young Capt. *Avery*, or *Molatto Tom*, as they generally call'd him, was of great Service to him, and kept a regular Discipline amongst the Army. This *Molatto Tom* was one that was so much fear'd amongst them, that at the very sight of him, they would seem to tremble. They often would have made him a King, but he never would take that Title upon him. He was a Man of tall Stature, very clean-limb'd, and of a pleasant Countenance. He had Hair on his Head, and no Wool; which I have often admired at, having seen several of this Mongrel Breed, who have all had Wool on their Heads. He had long black Hair like the *Malabar* or *Bengal Indians*; which made me think he might be the Son of Capt. *Avery*, got on some of the Indian Women he took in the *Moors* Ship, which had the Grand *Mogul's* Daughter on board. This is very probable; for he said he could not remember his Mother, but that he suck'd a black *Madagascar* Woman, which for some Years he took for his Mother, till he was told his Mother died when he was an Infant.

DURING the Season that *Plantain* was at his Castle, the time was spent in great Mirth and Entertainments amongst the *English* that were under his Protection. Several new Songs were made in token of his Victories, and at the End of almost every Verse was pronounced, *Plantain King* of *Ranter-Bay*; which he seem'd mightily pleas'd with, as well as with Dances perform'd by great Bodies of the Natives. After he

had destroy'd King *Dick*, and King *Kelley*, he established two Kings in their stead, leaving them to rebuild and make good what he had demolished. They were also tributary to him, and sent him in every Month, a certain number of Cattle of all sorts that the Places afforded; and they were to keep the Lands in good order, and to pay him Tribute for all sorts of Grain, Sugar-Canes, &c.

WHEN we were at *Mannagore*, we had the Opportunity of seeing several Entertainments by the Women of that Place, who came down and offered their Service to any that thought proper to accept of them. They gathered every Night one Hundred or more of them together, and formed a sort of hollow Square, where they used to sing and dance in their way. Amongst all these Women, they never have above two or three Men who dance with them and play on the Musick to them. This Island of *Madagascar* is very safe for Travellers, there being no manner of wild Beasts there to annoy them.



RAVENAU—GENTLEMAN— ADVENTURER

[From *The Monarchs of the Main* by G. W.
THORNBURY]

ON the 1st of January, 1687, leaving their ships in the bay of Caldaïra, the Buccaneers embarked 200 men in canoes and crossed to the island of La Cagna.

Their treacherous guide, under the pretence of hiding them in a covert, led them into a marsh, where the mud, in the soundest places, rose above their middles; five men sinking up to their chins were dragged out with ropes tied to the mangrove branches. The men, anxious for escape, lifted up their guide to the top of a tree, to discover by the moonlight where sound land commenced. But he, once at liberty, skipped like a monkey from tree to tree, railing at them and deriding their helplessness. They spent the whole night in marching a hundred paces round this marsh, and groped out at daybreak, bedaubed from head to toe, with their fire-arms loaded with mud. "When we were in a condition," says Lussan, "to reflect a little upon ourselves, and that we saw 200 men in the same habit, all so curiously equipped, there was not one of us who forgot not his toil to laugh at the posture he found both himself and the rest in." Inveighing against their guide, they returned to their

canoes, and proceeded two leagues up a river to an entrenchment, where they found the remains of two vessels the Spaniards had some time before burnt, at the approach of Betsssharp, an English free-booter. Guided by the barking of dogs, they surprised the borough of Santa Catalina, and, mounting sixty men on horses, entered Nicoya and drove out the enemy, carrying off the governor's plate and movables. They found here some letters from the President of Panama, describing the doings of "these new Turks," how they had landed at places where the sea was so high that no sentinels had been placed, and passed through the woods like wild beasts. The letters stated how much the Spaniards had been astonished by the Buccaneer mode of attack—"briskly falling on, singing, dancing, as if they had been going to a feast;" they were described also as "those enemies of God and His saints who profane His churches and destroy His servants." In one battle, it says, being blocked up, "they became as mad dogs. Whenever these irreligious men set their feet on land they always win the victory."

Landing at Caldaira the sentinels set fire to the savannahs, through which they marched to Lesparso, and towards Carthage, but retired, hearing of 400 men and an entrenchment. Hiding five men in the grass, they captured a Spanish trooper, who had reviled them, and putting him to the rack, laughing at his grimaces of pain, heard that Grognet was in the neighbourhood, and soon after they heard cannons fired off, and were joined by him in three canoes.

He now told them his adventures at Napalla.

Three sailors, corrupted by the Spaniards, who had taken them prisoners, persuaded him on his return to visit a gold mine, fourteen leagues from the sea-shore. They luckily got there before the ambuscade, and took some prisoners and a few pounds of gold, but 450 lbs. weight had been removed an hour before. At their return they found the traitors and prisoners all escaped. He then landed at Puebla Vieja and attacked an ambuscade and entrenchment of 300 men. Half of these fled, half were made prisoners, and their three colours taken, the free-booters losing only three men. Eighty-five of his men then determined to visit California, and he and his sixty men to return to Panama. Grognet now consented to join in the French expedition, and, after taking Queaquilla, to force a way to the North Sea. They landed and burnt Nicoya a third time, and Lussan treats us here with an amusing piece of Buccaneer superstition. He says, "though we were *forced* to chastise the Spaniards in this manner, we showed ourselves very exact in the preservation of the churches, into which we carried the pictures and images of the saints which we found in particular houses, that they might not be exposed to the rage and burning of the English, who were not much pleased with these sorts of precautions; they being men that took more satisfaction and pleasure to see one church burnt than all the houses of America put together. But as it was our turn now to be the stronger party, they durst do nothing that derogated from that respect we bore to all those things." On their return the French had to force their way through burning savannahs, but got safe to

their ships, putting next day forty prisoners on shore who were too chargeable to keep.

A new division now arose between the English and French, and the former insisting on the first prize taken, the two parties again separated, Grognet staying with the former: making in all 142 men, Ravenau's party being 162, in a frigate and long bark. Both vessels now tried to outsail each other and reach Queaquilla first, but the French, soon finding the English beat them in speed, resolved to accompany them, for they had so little food as to be obliged to eat only once in every forty-eight hours, and but for rain water would have died of thirst. Off Santa Helena, they gave chase to a ship, and found it to be a prize laden with wine and corn, lately taken by Captain David's men, for they had been making descents along the coast, at Pisca had beaten off 800 men from Lima, and had also taken a great many ships, which they pilaged and let go. Having got to the value of 5000 pieces of eight a man, they sailed for Magellan, and on the way many of the men lost all they had by gaming. Those who had won joined Wilnett, and returned to the North Sea; but the losers, sixty English and twenty French, joined David, determined to remain and get more spoil in the South. Henry and Samms had gone to the East Indies. The eight men of David's crew who commanded the prize joined them against Queaquilla. Furling their sails to prevent being seen, they anchored off the White Cape, and at ten in the morning embarked 260 men in their canoes. On the 15th they reached, at sunset, the rocky island of Santa Clara, and on the 16th rested

all day, weak from long fasting, in the island of La Puna, escaping any detection from the forty sentinels. The 17th they spent on the same island, and arranged the attack. Captain Picard and fifty men led the forlorn hope, another captain and eighty grenadiers formed a reserve. Captain Grognet and the main body were to make themselves masters of the town and port, and the English captain, George Hewit, with fifty men, were to attack the smaller fort; while 1000 pieces of eight were promised to the first ensign who should plant the colours on the great fort. They left their covert in the evening, and hoped to reach the town by dawn, but only having three hours of favourable tide, had to remain all day at the island, and at night rowing out, were overtaken after all by the light, when a sentinel seeing them, set a cottage on fire and alarmed his companions. Marching across a wood to the fire, they killed two of the Spaniards and captured a boy. Remaining in covert all day, they thought themselves undiscovered, because the town had not answered the fire signal, and at night they rowed up the river, the rapid current carrying them four leagues in two hours. All the 19th they spent under cover of an island in the river, and at night went up with the current, not rowing for fear of alarming the sentinels. They attempted in vain to put in beyond the town, on the side least guarded, but the tide going out forced them to land two hours before day, within cannon shot of the town, where they could discern the lights burning, for the Spaniards burnt lamps all night. They landed in a marshy place, and had to cut a path through the bushes with

their sabres. They soon met with a sentinel, and were discovered by one of the men left to guard the canoes striking a light, against orders, to light his pipe. The sentinel, knowing that this was punishable by death among his countrymen, suspected enemies and discharged a paterero, which the fort answered by a discharge of all their cannon. The Buccaneers, overtaken by a storm, entered a large house near to light the matches of their grenades and wait for day, the enemy firing incessantly in defiance. On the 20th, at daybreak, they marched out in order, with drums beating and colours, and found 700 men waiting for them behind a wall, four feet and a-half high, and a ditch. Killing many of the Buccaneers at the onset, the enemy ventured to sally out, sword in hand, and were at once put to flight. In spite of the bridge being broken down, the pursuers crossed the ditch, and, getting to the foot of the wall, threw in grenades, and drove the enemy to their houses. Driven also from this, they fled to a redoubt in the Place d'Armes, and from thence, after an hour's fighting, to a third fort, the largest of all. Here they defended themselves a long time, firing continually at their enemies, who could not see them for the smoke. From these palisadoes they again sallied, and wounded several Buccaneers and took one prisoner. They at last retreated with great loss.

The Flibustiers, weary with eleven hours' fighting, and finding their powder nearly spent, grew desperate; but, redoubling their efforts, with some loss made themselves masters of the place, having nine men killed and a dozen wounded. Parties were then sent

out to pursue the fugitives, and a garrison having been put in the great fort, the Roman Catholic part of the band went to sing *Te Deum* in the great church.

Basil Hall describes Guayaquil as having on the one side a great marsh, and on the other a great river, while the country, for nearly 100 miles, is a continued level swamp, thickly covered with trees. The river is broad and deep, but full of shoals and strange turnings, the woods growing close to the water's edge, stand close, dark, and still, like two vast black walls; while along the banks the land-breeze blows hot, and breathes death, decay, and putrefaction.

The town was walled, and the forts built on an eminence. The houses were built of boards and reared on piles, on account of the frequent inundations. The chief trade of the place was cocoa.

The Buccaneers took 700 prisoners, including the governor and his family. He himself was wounded, as were most of his officers, who fought better than all the 5,000 men of the place. The place was stored with merchandise, precious stones, silver plate, and 70,000 pieces of eight. Upwards of three millions more had been hidden while the fort was taking. As soon as the canoes had come up, they were sent in pursuit of the treasure, but it was too late. They captured, however, 22,000 pieces of eight, and a vermilion gilt eagle, weighing 66 lbs., that had served as the tabernacle for some church. It was of rare workmanship, and the eyes were formed of two great "rocks of emeralds." There were fourteen barks in the port—the galleys they had fought at Puebla Nueva, and two royal ships unfinished on the stocks.

As a ransom for all these things, the governor promised a million pieces of eight in gold, and 400 sacks of corn, requiring the vicar-general to be released to go to Quito and procure it.

The women of the town, who were very pretty, had been assured by their confessors that the Buccaneers were monsters and cannibals, and had conceived a horror and aversion to them. "They could not be dispossessed thereof," says Lussan, "till they came to know us better. But then I can boldly say that they entertained quite different sentiments of our persons, and have given us frequent instances of so violent a passion as proceeded sometimes even to a degree of folly." As a proof of the calumnies circulated against the ruthless conquerors, Lussan tells us the following:—"It is not from a chance story," he continues, "that I came to know the impressions wrought in these women that we were men that would eat them; for the next day after the taking of the town, a young gentlewoman that waited upon the governor of the place, happened to fall into my hands. As I was carrying her away to the place where the rest of the prisoners were kept, and to that end made her walk before me, she turned back, and, with tears in her eyes, told me, in her own language—'Senor, pur l'amor di Dios ne mi como'—that is, 'Pray, sir, for the love of God, do not eat me;' whereupon I asked her who had told her that we were wont to eat people? She answered, 'The fathers,' who had also assured them that we had not human shape, but that we resembled monkeys.

On the 21st, part of the town was accidentally burnt

down by some of the men lighting a fire in a house, and leaving it unextinguished when they returned at night to the court of guard. Afraid that it would reach the place where they had stored their powder and merchandise, the French removed all the plunder to their vessels, and carried the prisoners to the fort; but not till all this was done endeavouring to save the town, a third part of which was, by this time, destroyed. Afraid the Spaniards might now refuse to pay the ransom, they charged them with the offence, threatening to send some fifty prisoners' heads if they did not pay them what they had lost by the fire. The enemy, surprised at this, attributed the incendiarism to traitors, and promised satisfaction. The stench of the 900 dead carcasses, still lying unburied up and down the town, now producing a pestilence, the Buccaneers dismounted and spiked the cannon, and carried off the 500 prisoners to their ships, anchoring at Puna. Captain Grognet died of his wounds soon after this removal. The Spaniards obtaining four days' further respite, and then still further delaying the ransom, the adventurers made the prisoners throw dice for their lives, and cutting off the heads of four, sent them to Queaquilla, threatening further deaths. They were now joined by Captain David and a prize he had lately taken. He was planning a descent on Paita, to obtain refreshments for some men wounded in a fight with a Spanish ship, the *Catalina*, off Lima. They fought for two days, David's men, being drunk, constantly getting to leeward, and failing twenty times in an attempt to board. The Spaniards, gaining courage from these failures, hoisted the bloody flag; but the third day,

David, getting sober, got his tackle and rigging in good order, got properly to windward, and bore down with determination. The enemy in terror ran ashore, and went to pieces in two hours. Two men were saved by a canoe, and said that their captain had had his thigh shot off by a cannon ball. David's ship, wanting refitting, was employed to cruise in the bay to prevent surprises from the Spaniards. By a letter taken from a courier, they found that the people of Queaquilla were only endeavouring to obtain time.

The Buccaneers spent thirty days on the island of La Puna, living on the luxurious food brought from Queaquilla, and employing the prisoners with lutes, theorbos, harps, and guitars, to delight them by perpetual concerts and serenades. Lussan says, "Some of our men grew very familiar with our women prisoners, who, without offering them any violence, were not sparing of their favours, and made appear, as I have already remarked, that after they came once to know us, they did not retain all the aversion for us that had been inculcated into them when we were strangers unto them. All our people were so charmed with this way of living that they forgot their past miseries, and thought not more of danger from the Spaniards than if they had been in the middle of Paris."

Ravenau also treats us with his own personal love adventure, which we insert as a curious illustration of the vicissitudes of a South Sea adventurer's life. "Amongst the rest," he says, "myself had one pretty adventure. Among the other prisoners we had a young gentlewoman, lately become a widow of the

treasurer of the town, who was slain when it was taken. Now this woman appeared so far comforted for her loss, out of an hard-heartedness they have in this country one for another, that she proposed to hide me and herself in some corner of the island till our people were gone, and that then she would bring me to Queaquilla to marry her, that she would procure me her husband's office, and vest me in his estate, which was very great. When I had returned her thanks for such obliging offers, I gave her to understand that I was afraid her interest had not the mastery over the Spaniards' resentments; and that the wounds they had received from us were yet too fresh and green for them easily to forget them. She went about to cure me of my suspicion, by procuring secretly, from the governor and chief officers, promises under their hands how kindly I should be used by them. I confess I was not a little perplexed herewith, and such pressing testimonies of goodwill and friendship towards me brought me, after a little consultation with myself, into such a quandary, that I did not know which side to close with; nay, I felt myself, at length, much inclined to close with the offers made me, and I had two powerful reasons to induce me thereunto, one of which was the miserable and languishing life we lead in those places, where we were in perpetual hazard of losing it, which I should be freed from by an advantageous offer of a pretty woman and a considerable settlement: the other proceeded from the despair I was in of ever being able to return into my own country, for want of ships fit for that purpose. But when I began to reflect upon these

things with a little more leisure and consideration, and that I resolved with myself how little trust was to be given to the promises and faith of so perfidious as well as vindictive a nation as the Spaniards, and more especially towards men in our circumstances, by whom they had been so ill-used, this second reflection carried it against the first, and even all the advantages offered me by this lady. But however the matter was, I was resolved, in spite of the grief and tears of this pretty woman, to prefer the continuance of my troubles (with a ray of hope of seeing France again), before the perpetual suspicion I should have had of some treachery designed against me. Thus I rejected her proposals, but so as to assure her I should retain, even as long as I lived, a lively remembrance of her affections and good inclinations towards me."

After some negotiation with a priest, the people of Queaquilla brought in twenty-four sacks of meal, and 20,000 pieces of eight in gold. On their refusing more than 22,000 pieces of eight more for ransom, a council was held to decide upon putting all the prisoners to death, but at last, Ravenau being in the majority, decided to spare them. They then took fifty of the richest prisoners with them to the point of St. Helena, and surrendered the rest on 22,000 more being paid.

While at La Puna, the Buccaneers sallied out to attack two Spanish armadillas, but not having any piraguas to tow them to the windward, could only cannonade at a distance. The French vessels were much shattered, but no man killed. The next day they came to a close fight, both sides using small arms

and great guns, but no Buccaneer was killed. The Spaniards lost many men, and the blood ran out of their scupper holes, but they still cried at parting, "*A la manana, la partida*"—(to-morrow, again). The next night the Buccaneers unriggered and sank one of their prizes, and fitted out another, manning her with twenty Frenchmen, who wanted to leave David. The same night four Spaniards seized one of the prizes, and escaped to Queaquilla. Being now within half cannon shot, the rival vessels pounded each other all day; the French had their tackle spoiled, and sails riven, and the frigate received five cannon-shot in the foremast, and three in the mainmast, but had not one man killed or wounded. The next day the Spaniards hoisted Burgundian colours, and poured in volleys of musket-shot, but neither party boarded. The ensuing day the Buccaneer musketry was so destructive, that the Spaniards closed their port-holes and bore up to the wind. That day the French received sixty shots in their sides, two-thirds between wind and water, the rigging was torn, and Ravenau and another man were wounded. At night the Spaniards failed in an attempt to board. We spent this night at anchor, says Lussan, to stop our cannons' mouths, which otherwise might have sent us into the deep. To his astonishment, the next morning the armadillas had fled. During these successive days' fighting, the governor and officers of Queaquilla had been brought on deck to witness the defeat of their countrymen.

They then set their prisoners ashore and divided the plunder, the whole amounting to 500,000 pieces of eight, or 15,000,000 livres, and in shares to 400

pieces of eight a man. The uncoined gold and the precious stones being of uncertain value were sold by auction, that those who had silver and had won in gambling might buy. All who expected an overland expedition were anxious for jewels, as more portable and less heavy than silver. They sought now in their descent for nothing but gold and jewels, quite disregarding silver as a mean metal and heavy to carry. They even left many things in Queaquilla, and neglected to send a canoe for the 100 caons of coined silver (11,000 pieces of eight in all) which had been sent to the opposite river side. Taking advantage of their indifference, Spanish thieves mixed with the Buccaneers, and pillaged their own countrymen. They landed at Point Mangla, and surprised a watch of fifteen Spanish soldiers who had been placed to guard a river abounding in emeralds. A few days after they took a vessel from Panama going to Porto Bello to buy negroes off the point of Harina. The French fleet was next attacked by a Spanish galley and two piraguas. From a prisoner they heard of 300 Frenchmen, who had defeated 600 Spaniards and killed their leader in the savannahs. While careening in the bay of Mapalla they were joined by these men, who proved to be part of Grognet's men, who had left their companions on the coast of Acapulco, refusing to go further towards California.

The adventures next landed in the Bay of Tecoantepequa, and dispersing a body of 300 Spaniards, drawn up upon an eminence, marched inland towards the town, sleeping all night in the open air. Nothing but

hunger and despair could have induced this attack. The town was intersected by a great and very rapid river, encompassed by eight suburbs, and defended by 3000 men. The Buccaneers forded the river, the water up to their middles, and after an hour's fighting forced the Spaniards from their entrenchment. In two hours these men, enraged with hunger, took the place by hand-to-hand fighting, and eighty sailors then dislodged the enemy from the abbey of St. Francis, whose terraces commanded the town. Finding the river was overflowing and no ransom coming, the Buccaneers departed the next day, and landing at Vatulco, took the old governor of Merida prisoner, and obtained some provisions. They also landed at Muemeluna and victualled, the Spaniards having strong entrenchments, but making little resistance. They found upon the shore the musket and dead body of a sailor of a frigate that had attempted to land a month before. The Spaniards had not seen the body, or they would have cut in pieces or burnt it, as they were in the habit of even digging up the Buccaneers buried on their shores. At Sansonnat they landed in the face of 600 Spaniards to fill their water-casks, being faint from thirst. One of the men, more impatient than the rest, and goaded by four days' drought, swam ashore and was drowned, without any being able to help him.

They now held serious councils about the return by land. The prisoners declared their best way was by Segovia, where they would *only* meet 5000 or 6000 Spaniards, and that the way was easy for the sick and wounded. The French determined to land and ob-

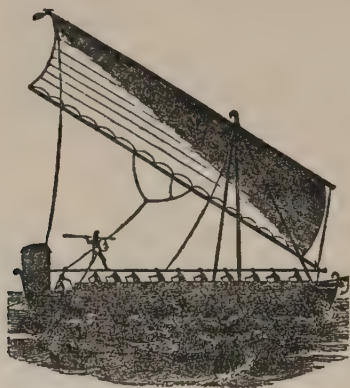
tain more certain information, and this was one of the most daring of their adventures. They landed seventy men, and marched two days without meeting anybody, upon which eighteen, less weary than the rest, tramped on and soon got into a high road. Capturing three horsemen, they learnt that they were but a quarter of a league distant from Chiloteca, a little town with about 400 white inhabitants, besides negroes, Indians, and mulattoes, who were not aware of their approach. Afraid to waste time in running back after their companions, they entered the town, frightened the Spaniards, and took the Teniente and fifty others prisoners. Had there not been horses ready mounted, on which they made their escape, the enemy would, every man, have submitted to be bound, being overcome with a panic fear, and believing the enemy very numerous. They learned from the prisoners that the Panama galley lay waiting for them at Caldaíra, and the *St. Lorenzo*, with thirty guns, at Realegua. They also said that 600 men would be in the town by the next day. The Spaniards now began to rally, and compelled the Buccaneers to entrench themselves in the church. The prisoners, seeing them hurry in, and thinking them hard pressed, ran to a pile of arms and prepared to make a resistance; but the Buccaneers, retreating to the doors, fired at the crowd till only four men and their wives were left alive. They then mounted horses and retreated, carrying off four prisoners of each sex, and firing at a herald who tried to parley. Joining their companions, whom they found resting at a hatto, they made a stand and drove back 600 Spaniards.

The statements of the prisoners increased their fears of the overland route, but determining rather to die sword in hand than to pine away with hunger, they at once resolved upon their design. Running all the vessels ashore but the galley and piraguas, which would take them from the island to the mainland, leaving no other means of escape to the timorous, they formed four companies of seventy men, choosing ten men from each as a forlorn hope, to be relieved every morning. Those who were lamed were to have, as formerly, 1000 pieces of eight, the horses were to be kept for the crippled and wounded. The stragglers who were wounded were to have no reward, whilst violence, cowardice, and drunkenness were to be punished. While maturing their plans, a Spanish vessel approached, and anchoring, began to fire at the grounded vessels, and soon put them out of a condition to sail. Afraid of losing their piraugas, the Buccaneers sent their prisoners and baggage to some flats behind the island. The next day, the Frenchmen, sheltering themselves behind the rocks that ran out to sea, kept the vessel at a distance; but now afraid of total destruction, the Buccaneers sent 100 men to the continent at night to secure horses, and wait for them at a certain port. On the next day the Spanish ship took fire, and put out to sea to extinguish the flames. The next day the Buccaneers escaped by a stratagem. Having spent the whole night in hammering the vessel, as if careening, to prevent all suspicion of their departure, they charged all their guns; grenades, and four pieces of cannon, and tied to them pieces of lighted matches of various

lengths, in order to keep up an alarm throughout the night. In the twilight they departed as secretly as they could, the prisoners carrying the surgeons' medicines, the carpenters' tools, and the wounded men.

On the 1st of January, 1688, the Buccaneers arrived on the continent. On the evening of the same day the men joined them with sixty-eight horses and several prisoners, all of whom dissuaded them in vain from attempting to go by Segovia, where the Spaniards were fully alarmed. The men, nothing deterred, packed up each his charge, and thrust their silver and ammunition into bags. Those who had too much to carry, gave it to those who had lost theirs by gaming, promising them half in "case it should please God to bring them safe to the North Sea." Ravenau de Lussan tells us his charge was lighter but not less valuable than the others, as he had converted 30,000 pieces of eight into pearls and precious stones. "But as the best part of this," he says, "was the product of luck I had at play, some of those who had been losers, as well in playing against me as others, becoming much discontented at their losses, plotted together to the number of seventeen or eighteen, to murder those who were richest amongst us. I was so happy as to be timely advertised of it by some friends, which did not a little disquiet my mind, for it was a very difficult task for a man, during so long a journey, to be able to secure himself from being surprised by those who were continually in the same company, and with whom we must eat, drink, and sleep, and who could cut off whom they pleased of us in the conflicts they

might have with the Spaniards, by shooting us in the hurry." To frustrate this scheme, Ravenau therefore divided his treasure among several men, and by this means removed a weight both from his mind and body.



THE CORSAIRS

From "Mr. Roberts, his Voyage to the Levant," by
JOHN ROBERTS]

Mr. Roberts *his Voyage to the Levant, with an Account of his sufferings amongst the Corsairs, their Villanous way of Living, and his Description of the Archipelago Islands.*

Together with his Relation of Taking, and Retaking of Scio in the year 1696.

I WAS cast away *June 12. 1692.* in the Haven of *Nio*, in his Majesties hired ship, the *Arcana-Gally*, which sunk, as it was there Careening. Having lost a considerable value in her, I was in hopes to get part of my loss again, our Ship being sunk in but 17 foot Water: So I stayed behind, but most of our Men went away in a *French Prize* we had taken. The next day I agreed with a *Greek* to carry me for *Scio*, from whence I could get passage for *Smirna*, and so Transport my self home again. But the third day being *June the 15th*, I was frustrated of my design; for a *Crusal* or *Corsair* coming into the Harbor, he immediately sent his Boat ashoar, where meeting with five more of our Men, who were also left behind, he soon with fair words got them on board; who presently told him of me. So ashoar they came, in search of me; and one of them being a *Genuese*, soon found me.

Upon our meeting, he saluted me with a kiss, and called me by my Name, having learned it of our Men; for I never saw him in my Life before. He invited me to drink, which I refused, as partly knowing his design; and I had heard how miserably Men lived in a Crusal. Seeing therefore that all his Wits would not take, he left me. In the Evening came to me an *English* Man, who had sailed in her 8 years, his Name was *Dawes*, he was a Native of *Saltash* in *Cornwall*, whom we had taken out of this Crusal, before our Ship was lost: But he, like a Dog returning to his Vomit, went on board again; where he yet remains, for ought I know. Then came a *Dane*, and he strove to wheedle me: After him a *Livorneze* with a Letter from the Captain, promising me great Rewards, if I would come on board and be his gunner; all which I utterly refused, and denied: So that *June* the 16th, coming to the Water-side to Embark for *Scio*, there came out of the rocks 12 Rogues, whereof this *Dawes* was one, laid hold of me, and carried me on board on the Star-board side; where I no sooner ascended, but came a fellow and clapped a chain on my Legg, and no one spoke to me one word. Neither did I see any Captain in five days time, but then he called to me, and asked me to serve him, which I utterly denied: Whereupon he called me Dog, and said he would make me leave my *Lutheran* bones in the *Archipelago*, for pretending to go to *Turkey* to betray him. I answered, I had no such thoughts, neither knew I how to go about it; but I knew that the *Greeks* Traded with the *Turks* daily, and could give them intelligence; and that for my part, I had never been in *Turkey* in my life, but all my plead-

ing was in vain: For he knew that in these poor distressed Isles, was no more Justice to be had, than what his accursed self would allow, so that I was forced to remain there. Money he offered me, to the value of ten Dollars, but them I was advised to refuse, by a friend who assured me, if I took none, he would in a short time let me go: So to Sea we went, where he knockt off my Chains, and ordered me to cunn the Ship, in which station I continued for three Months. Crusal is a word, mistakingly used, for Corsair; which in *English* signifies a Privateer; wherein we acted our part, not in taking *Turkish* Vessels, but *Greek* Saicks, or any small Ships that came in our way. When I had spent 3 Months in this displeasing Traffick, I was preferred forsooth to be Mr. Gunner, but God knows it came upon me by compulsion; for the Captain having first beat the old *Livorneze* Gunner severely, who was a Man of 60 years of Age, he commanded me into the Gun-room, to take the charge of what was there; which with an unwilling willingness I did, and continued there till I made my escape; before which I shall give a little account in the mean time, of my manner of living. The first three Months I Eat with the Lieutenant, and afterwards with the Captain, it being the *Italian* Custom in all Ships: Who while I was Gunner, would often tell me, I should have all the Patereroes we took, which was really my due; tho for 35 Patereroes and 70 Chambers, I never had any more than two Dollars, and seven Ryals, being all the Money I ever saw for my sixteen Months Service. In the mean while to make my Captivity (as I may say) as easie as I could; I always imployed my self to Study, and

having a *Greek Boy* allowed me, that spake *Turkish, Greek, and Italian*, (of the latter whereof, I was almost Master ere I came here) I did by the Boys means, get an insight in the other two: Besides which, my way of living was such, that I always took great notice wheresoever I went, of the Isles, Ports, Roads, and Soundings, and set down the same constantly in writing, which added to my Experience; and made me pass away the time so much the more pleasantly: But to shew you the life of a poor Saylor here, I am sure nothing can paralell it for the badness thereof: When they are in Port, they have the Ballast to heave out and in, and fetch burthens of Wood, and Barricades of water a large half Mile on their Backs; and when that is not always to do, they are otherwise constantly imploy'd to carry one Anchor out, and to get the other on Board; to shift the fasts on shoar, and then haul and tug them up to Dry: In fine, they are never at rest; and if our Labour was hard, our Fare was worse. We had a Steward that had but one hand, and that was the measure by which our Bread was measured three times a day, and that was all we had: Only on Sundays and Thursdays, we had a kettle of Horse-beans boiled, and well salted, and some times one quarter of a pint of Oyl thrown on them, as they boiled. But some insinuating fellows that complained to the Steward of some bodies Misdemeanor, whereof he might have somewhat to tell the Captain, got a *Sardinia*, which was a great favour: Note that a *Sardina* is a small Fish like a Sprat, very salt. But otherwise while we were out at Sea, we never had any thing but Bread, only when we got on *Rhodes* or *Cyprus*, and had the

luck to steal some Cattle, which we often did; then we got our guts full of Tripe, and Liver-heads, and when the Flesh was kept so long for the Captain till it stank, then we had that for our Food. As for the manner of our taking a Prize, we generally run a Saick on board with the Ship at once; then into her we jump, and had time enough allowed us to Plunder: From whence we returned on board with our Booty, and no body molested us. But when we had been on board 3 or 4 days, and thought all was secure; then all hands were called up fore and aft, and down went the Lieutenant, Boat-Swain's Mate, and he that looked after the Slaves, and ransackt all our Bags and Baskets (Chests we had none, there being but one in the whole Ship) and they brought all to the Captain: Who if he found any poor fellow have got any one thing that was worth a Dollar, or the like, he took it away; and told him, he would bid the Steward put it up for him, but he never sees it any more. So the poor Souls go always Naked, only sometimes they get a few Rags, that he cannot for shame take from them: But I knew forty in the Ship, that swore they had not wore Shoe nor Stocking in 8 years; and whose Lodging is on the softest Plank they can find: You will moreover find another sort of Gentry here, by which all this Roguery is maintained: (*viz.*) Voluntiers. These are a pack of Rogues which are kept here for that purpose, and distributed through the Ship, to tell tales of the rest. There is in every Ship about forty of them; whereof one Gang eats with the Captain, another with the Lieutenant, another with the Steward, and another with the Boat-Swain: These are all at the Captain's

Devotion, whom he chiefly Trusts, and may safely do it: For if they beat them, they will not go away, for they are all Run-away's, some having merited the Gallows, others Fire and Faggot for Sodomy, and some the Gallies for Theft: So they dare not stir, being here secure from all; and what Plunder is gotten, these Villains have it. Now you may wonder, that there is never any Rebellion in these Ships; 'tis true, sometimes there happens a Mutiny, and whenever it does, it is for want of their Complement of these Hellhounds: For where they are, 'tis impossible to do any thing: For they are in and out among you Night and Day, and if any one happen to say any thing a miss, whip 'tis at the Captains Ears, and the Offender severely punished; nay, it may be, clapt in Chains for six Months together, below in the hold among the Slaves, on the cold Ballast. Now you will say, why not they run away when they go ashoar? But that likewise is as 'twere impossible, for they will give them liberty to go ashoar, on any Island in the *Archipelago: Melo* excepted, whose Inhabitants there will not be fooled by them. But on any of the other Islands, if a Man deserts, the Lieutenant goes ashoar and lays hold of ten or more *Greek Priests* (being the Men of most Note) and carries them on board, who are hereupon acquainted by the Captain, that they must send to their Neighbours, and let him get his Men again, or he would carry them to Sea with him in Chains: Upon this, they immediately send on shoar, and away goes 2 or 3 hundred of the Natives in a drove, and leave not a Stone unturned, till they have found the Run-away and brought him on board; where ten to one,

but he is punished with the Strapadoe at the Yard-Arm, and then for 8 or 10 Months lies in Chains: Others who have got privately ten Dollars by chance, have given them to a *Greek* to hide them; but they are so false, that for another Dollar, they will inform the Captain where they lie, and he shall go to the place, and find them him self; so the false *Greek* is not as much as mistrusted.

As for the manner of their setting out first from *Legorne*; they fit their Ship in the Mould, having got some of these Rogues by friends out of Prison, some out of the Baniard; others run from *Genoa*, and abundance from *Corsica*, who fearing that Justice will overtake them, if they stay there, they Embark on board the Crusal, and having them there, the Ship is half Manned: Then they haul out into the Road, and they begin to decoy all sorts of People and Nations they can pick up: Some of these *Voluntiers* coming a shoar, (*i.e.*) them that dare come upon Land, go about from one Tavern to the other, seeking who they can pick up; and having got a Prize they carry him to the Captain, who kindly salutes him, giving him a glass of Wine, and a clean Towel to wipe his Lips: And then to strike a bargain, the Captain he speaks, and if any of his Gang is near him, they affirm the truth to a thousand Lies. The Captain tells him he has got a brave Ship, and to be sure, 8 or 10 Guns more than she can carry, and that he does not want Men, but he would carry more then his Company for Manning of Prizes; assuring him, that he is to stay out but three years at most, and in that time, no fear but they might get 2 or 3 thousand Dollars *per* Man. This allures the

poor ensnared fool, and he is promised 50, 60, or 80 Dollars, if he be a brisk fellow: So he gives him ten or fifteen in hand, and tells him he has no more Money at present, than what he has occasion for, but bids him go and view the town, and come again at his Leisure. Away goes the poor fellow, thinking to give him the slip, but he shall not budge nor stir, for he shall have a Spy at his Heels constantly; Nay, eat and drink with him, and shall not know it: And if he is minded to be gone quite from thence, then he shall have the Spiroes or Bailiffs ready to throw him into Prison, and keep him there while the Ship Sails; and thence forward he never gets one farthing more. But now if he be pliable, and two or three days after comes for the rest of his Money; then the Captain pretends to be very busie, and sends one along with him to the water side, where the Boat lies; and having not hands sufficient to corry her off, he desires him to help, and at the same time gives a seeming charge to the Coxon, to tell the Lieutenant to let him come ashoar again with the Boat for his Money, though the Coxon had another private Order before to detain him. So that when he is got once a board, he sees no more Shoar nor Money. As for the way how the Corsair gets his Provision in the Arches, being commonly little more than bread: He makes the *Greeks* bring him the same from Island to Island at his own price, and they must do it, though they have none left for themselves; and for other Provision, he gets the same out of Prizes, as he does also his Rigging and Cables: And towards Winter, when he has a mind to lie up, then he brings a Prize in with him, Careens his Ship, and rips up the

Prize to Repair her; so that if an old Ship comes into the Arches, and stays out twenty year, she is a far better Ship when she goes home, then when she went out: And for their powder, they get it from *French Merchant-Men* at *Melo*, or else from the *Venetian Armado*.

Next I shall say somewhat concerning the Wintering and places of Cruising all times of the year: They lie up commonly at *Paris*, *Anteparis*, *Nio*, and *Melo*; from the middle of *December*, to the beginning of *March*; and then they go for the Furnoes, and lie there under the high Land hid, having a watch on the Hill with a little Flag, whereby they make a Signal, if they see any Sail: They slip out and lie athwart the Boak of *Samos*, and take their Prize; they lie in the same nature under *Necaria*, and *Gadronise*, and *Lepiso* in the Spring, and fore-part of the Summer: Then for the middle of Summer, they ply on the Coast of *Cyprus*; and if they hear the least noise of any *Algerines* and grand *Turks* Ships at *Rhodes*, away they scour for the Coast of *Alexandria* and *Damiata*, being shole Water, well knowing the *Turks* will not follow them thither. The latter part of the Summer, they come stealing on the Coast of *Syria*, where they do most mischief with their *Feleucca*, which commonly Rows with 12 Oars, and carries 6 Sitters: For at Night they leave the Ship, and get under the shoar before Day, and hide the *Feleucca* in a hole, and go all ashoar, where they way-lay the *Turks*, and take sometimes a Dozen of them at a time, whom they bring on board the Ship, and so sail away to those places where these *Turks* live, (*viz.*) to *Tripoly-Soria*,

Joppa, Caipha, St. John de Acres, Sidon, or Barute, and come to an Anchor without Gun-shot when they hoist a white Ensign, and fire a Gun: Hereupon the *Turks* will come off and treat with them, for the Redemption of their Slaves. From hence towards the *Autumn* they come lurking in about the Islands, to and fro about the Boakes again, till they put in also to lie up in the Winter. As for the Prizes they make; if they take a Saick coming from the Black Sea laden with Wood, which they call light Prizes; they carry them to *Paris* or *Melo*, where they soon dispatch them: But if they take one coming from *Alexandria* Laden with Rise, Coffee, Sugar, Lentils, Linnen, &c. then all the Island is allarmed, and happy is he that can come first, to bestow his Talent. Then the poor Saylors it may be, steal a measure or two of Lentils or Rise, and save it as if it were so much gold: I have given an account before of their Diet, and for their Drink, it is fair Water only, and nothing else, except when they Row the Ship for half a day together in Chase, they get a cup of Wine mixt with Water served to them.

As for the Number of Ships they used this Trade in the *Levant*; what Guns, Colours, and Men they carred, how long they had been out;

The *St. Hellena* wherein I was, had two Captains, (*viz.*) *Josepi Pretiosi*, and *Angelo Francisco*, both Natives of *Corsica*: We had *Lovorneze* Colours, carried 20 Guns, 30 Patereroes, and 230 Men: The Ship was out the first time nine Years when she returned home and went again with one Captain *Angelo*; and has been out this time four years, with the same Number of Guns, Men and Colours,

The *Annuntiation* was commanded by *John Pera-gola*, a Native of *Corsica*, having *Livorneze* Colours, 22 Guns, 16 Patereroes, and 230 Men, the same had been out 6 years.

The *Caravel* was Commanded by *John Vecho*, having *Portuguese* Colours, 12 Guns, 8 Patereroes, 109 Men; and had been out 19 Years. This last is a *Cor-sicane* too.

The *Madona* of Mount *Negroa*, was Commanded by Captain *Franciscine*, a Native of *Corsica*, having *Livornese* Colours, 16 Guns, 10 Patereroes, 160 Men; and had been out four Years and a half.

St. Barbara was Commanded by *Antony Sicar Pro-vensal*, and had *French* owners, he carried *Venetian* Colours, 24 Guns, 12 Patereroes, 200 Men, and had been out eight Years.

Here were moreover three Maltese, but they dare not stay out above five years; so that I cannot tell whether they are there all now or no: The biggest was called the great *Cavalier*, and was Commanded by a Knight, having 36 Guns, and 20 Patereroes. There is another of 14 Guns, and the little *Cavalier*, Commanded by a Knight, has but 6 Guns, 12 Patereroes, and 70 or 80 Men.

Now to come to the manner of the Corsairs, giving an account to their Owners of any Prize taken coming out of the Black Seas, Laden with Wood; they give in an account only of a light Saick, although they make Money of every Stick of it; and perhaps the Saick shall give 50 or 60 Thousand Dollars to purchase her

Lading: But for another Saick, he may account ten Thousand Dollars, if in company with another Ship; if the Captain be but new made, who for that reason is willing to shew himself Fortunate at first to his Owners, and thereupon gets Encouragement, and is reckoned a *Gallanthuomo*, or an honest Man; though afterwards he gets his Trade as right as the rest: But when they take a Saick Laden with Rice, Coffee, Sugar, &c. it may be of 250 or 300 Tuns Burthen, the general way is, that the Owners have an account of a Saick of 100 Tuns Laden with Rice, and 6 or 10 Bales of Coffee; when, it may be, she had 80, 90, or 100, as often they have on Board: And in pursuance thereof, a *French* Statee is fraughted of 60 Tuns, and sent for *Leghorn* with 60 Tuns of Rice and the Coffee, the rest being charged for Provision, and given to the Men, who poor Souls, have the least share. Then also what Slaves are not able to Redeem themselves, are packed off for *Leghorn*, but such as are able to do it, there is never any account of them; which amount perhaps to 50 or 60 in a year, more or less, for the Money will flow in little room. After all, comes in a large Bill, with *Item* for Tallow, *Item* for Pitch, *Item* for Carpenters, *Item* for Provision, in General; *Item* for Powder, *Item* for Small-shot, *Item* for Oacum, *Item* for Cottoning, Twine and Rope, and I know not what: But there are ten *Item's*, where there need but one. However, by the long staying out of the Ship, the Owner is in the end a Gainer, by a continual supply of Slaves, which brings him in daily interest,

and by the Men's being never paid their Wages. *Don Antony Paule*, the chief owner in *Leghorn*, had at least 400 Slaves which work'd about the Town daily, and paid him so much *per Week*. The Truth of this I can swear to, for our two Captains never feared to let me know any thing, being a Foreigner: And our Scrivener dying, I had the opportunity to write several of their *Item-Bills* (for they were afraid to trust any other) many times; wherein among other Extravagancies, they have charged 3 Barrels of Powder being fired at a Statee, that we never saw. For what concerns their Officers shares, small and great, the same is as follows. The Lieutenant is put in Master of the Prize, and has the Cabbin, and all that is in it, Money excepted; and if he steals a little, he is winked at, being it may be private to some of their Intreagues. The Boat-swain is allowed the Saick's Topsail, and he must allow his Mate the third of it, and the *Castiliane* or Yeoman a third of that again; they are allowed the Sheet-Anchor also, but the Saicks have mostly great Grapling Irons, and they get them: The Boat-Swain is allowed to sell Wine, and no one else, till he has done, must do the like: But then his Mate begins, who has the priviledge to let out Cards to play, and receives 3 pareas *per Dollar* advance: But this only from the Main-Mast forward; for the Voluntiers getting Money, are always at Play, yet must keep no Cards of their own. When the Liquor is spent, the Steward may begin his shew, and the Serjeant has the priviledge of the Cards abaft

the Mast. The Steward, Chaplain, Scrivener, Doctor, Carpenter, and Caulker, have their respective shares out of a Store-room that is in the Saicks Bow, called *Camera de Sarica*; and such poor Gunners as I was, especially Foreigners, have the Patereroes when they can get them. As for the Saicks, they have usually several Cabbins forward, and a kind of a half Deck abaft; all which the Men Plunder, after the Voluntiers have done: But if they find any thing of value, the Captain takes it, and gives it the Steward to lay up, that it may not be stole from them; which he perswades them it will be, if kept between Deck, but himself is the Thief, for they never see it more, as I have said already.

Having told you how he deals with the Captivated *Turks*; I shall now proceed to shew how they use the poor *Greeks*; they take in the Saicks First they threaten the Master severely, especially of a Wood-laden Saick, to make him confess what Money there is; and then if they find him fearful and pliable, as they generally are, they give him 10 Dollars, and send him away packing: But if he be Morose and Sullen, then they plague him for 3 or 4 Months, and are not afraid of his going to *Leghorn* to make his Complaint, or that he can give any intelligence to their Owner, how much Goods he had on Board, as not knowing what a Bill of Lading is: Only he has an old doting Scrivener with him, who has only a *Manifesto* in general, which they immediately get from him: But at last he has his Liberty, however if they want Men, or are going in to *Careen*, they will detain a Dozen of

the best of them: And if there is ever a Carpenter, or Caulker among them, he is fast in for his Life-time; or if there be ever a fair-faced Lad among them, he must stay to be a *Comarada* to some lustful *Voluntario*.

These Corsairs go sometimes in Consort two or three together, but cruise in several Stations; and when they come in, they share their Botty very justly. And so it is, that if two or more Corsairs that are not Consorts are near one Station, but out of sight one of the other, yet if one takes a Prize, and the other hears the Guns, and meets that which made the Prize six Months after, he will have a Share according as his Ship is, either more or less in bigness: And they have this as an establish'd Law among themselves, and do keep it to the utmost Punctillio. But I think in all other things they are lawless: And except I were again intangled as before, I should prefer seven Years Slavery in *Algier*, as a far better Choice than to live 16 Months in a Crusal: From both which I pray God to deliver me and all Men.

The manner of Punishing Persons for petty Crimes, viz. for staying or going ashore without leave, and returning again of their own accord, &c. is as follows, They are brought before the Capstane, and seized fast with a Crow of Iron at their Heels. Then a Slave beates them with a Rope of two Inches thick, on their bare Backs, until the Captain bids him leave off: And when the Slave can lay on no longer, who is all the while egged on by a Renagado *Greek* that looks after the Slaves, the other takes him in hand: And then the Captain next belabours him with his Cane, who if he finds they do not perform their Work

Authentickly, Canes them all three without Mercy.

They use the same Method for him that is at Topmast Head; for if those that are above Deck see a Sail (which, by reason of the high Land, they often do) before him that is aloft, then he is relieved and brought to the Capstane; and his Due, according to the Rigour, is 500 Blows, but he seldom escapes with less than the best half.

Now I come to relate the manner of my Escape from the Corsairs.

You must note, I would have put it in practice sooner than I did, but I had all the while a little Dutch Boy in my Company, that came out of *England* with me in the *Arcana* Galley, and my Resolution was to have liv'd and dy'd there, had I not got the Boy away as well as my self: Which at last I did effect at Noon day. For lying at *Anteparis* with a Prize, I got ashoar, and lighting on a small Greek Boat, I made him carry me to *Melo*, where I could be safe; but there not being able to subsist without Money, I set on a new Project, and having got another small Boat for our selves, I was resolv'd to sail for *Smyrna*: But herein I was frustrated again, for under *Cherfo*, meeting with five half Gallies belonging to *Stancu*, it appeared worse and worse for us: For now we thought we should be sold to *Matsa Mama* at *Rhodes*; yet it fell out better than we expected, the Turks proving to be very kind, and never fettered us: So we went for *Samos*, from whence having been now five Days in their Custody, I, with the Boy on my Back, committed my self to the Mercy of the Sea in the Night and got ashore. But there being many of

the Turks, I was afraid to stir, and so lay in the Crevices of a Rock 6 Days and Nights together, not daring to move, for fear of being retaken; and all the Sustenance we had there, was three Dew Snails, and some Roots of wild Weeds. But at length we saw the half Galleys go away, though by this time the Youngster was almost dead, and my self little better: However, I could stand and go a little, but the Boy was not able to budge. We were remote from any Village, yet I would fain have carried the Lad to that which was next, but we fell sometimes both together; then I dragg'd him a little way, but was so faint that I was quickly forc'd to rest my self. Yet at length meeting with a poor Greek, with one Ass laden with Wood, and another unladen; after having some Discourse with him, (telling him who we were, and how we came thither) he took pitty on us, and put the Boy upon one Ass, and Me on the other, leaving his Wood behind him, and brought us to the Monastery at *Samos*. There for 12 Days the Friars took great care of us, and saw us safely sent for *Smyrna*, by a French ship: Where, God be thanked, I thought my self in Paradise to be at Liberty; which I pray God to preserve to every Man, and more particularly a Deliverance out of a Crusal.

Being safely arrived at *Smyrna*, I could get never a Voyage, save with the *French*, with whom I refused to embarque, but waited with Patience, till at last I obtained the Favour of a Passage with a *Venetian* Merchant-Man, that lay here with *Arragon* Colours, which they are free to Trade with, and was bound for *Leghorn*, wherein we sailed from *Smyrna*, *Decemb.*

26. 1693. and arriv'd at *Leghorn*, *March* the 19th Ditto, being almost three Months on our Passage, and were put back to one hole or another 19 times; and that added much to my Experience on the Coast of *Morea*; which is call'd by the Inhabitants *the Kingdom of Morea*. This within this 13 Years was wholly Inhabited, Governed, and Possessed by the Turks; but all is now Conquered by the Venetians, Governed by them, and Inhabited with Greeks and Albanezes: The chiefest of whose Towns and Fortifications are as follows, *vis*, *Castle Nova*, *St. Maura*, *Castle Turneze*, *Corinth*, *Old and New Navarine*, *Modon*, *Coron*, *Napoli di Malvasia*, *Napoli di Romania*, where all the Venetian Armada is kept, and where the Camp Rendezvouses, when drawn up.

The City of *Argos* is at the Head of *Napoli di Romania* Bay, standing on a High Hill, but now it is all level with the Ground, only one old Church is standing still, for a Memorial of what the Place has been.

Being now got to *Leghorn* with the aforesaid Venetian, I there disbarqued, and having wrought 13 Months more for Experience, I shipp'd my self on Board Captain *George Littlefare*, Commander of the good Ship the *Golden Fortune*, bound for *Smirna*, wherein we sailed from *Leghorn*, *June* 20. 1694. in Company with Capt. *Henry Mart* of *Bristol*, who was bound for *Galipoli*, in the good Ship the *Leopard*, and at *Messina* parted; where we made a stay for two or three Days and Nights, and then sailed away, having a quick Passage as high as *Napoli di Romania*, and the Wind overblowing N.N.E. We put into that Port, where we found the Venetian Armado, was

a fitting out for some Expedition, and bound to the Eastward. We tarried here till they sailed and put out with them, which consisted of 22 Men of War, 23 Venetian Gallies, 7 Malteze Gallies, 5 Popes Gallies, 6 Venetian Galliasses, and 12 half Gallies and Brigantines, 2 Bomb Ketches, and 5 Merchant Ships with Provisions, Soldiers, Horses, and other Lumber, as Field-Pieces, &c.

When we got among the Isles, the Wind took us short, and we all put in for *Fermia* or *Fermina*, and having a Slatch, we weighed from hence again, and went for *Andrea*, all Hands aloft. There we anchored and staid ten days. From thence we sailed for *Tino*, and having lain at that Place ten Days, there came a Greek Boat on board of us; which was ordered by Consul *Raye* of *Smyrna* from *Scio* to come in search for us, having Letters to inform us, how all things went, and that there was a *Fr.* Man of 36 Guns cruised for us, between Cape *Calaberno* and *Scio*, and that therefore we should continue with the *Armado*, till farther Orders, which we did. This Greek Messenger ask'd our Captain, where the Venetian Fleet was going, but we answered him, we could not tell, though we thought for *Negropont*. From us he went on board the Captain General, and informed him, That the Turks were all gone from *Scio* to *Negropont* to fortifie it, as suspecting the Venetians coming thither. Whereupon this being Sunday, *August 27. 1694.* on Monday Morning we weighed the whole Fleet, having little Wind, and kept all our Sails furled, so that the General commanded a Galley to tow each Ship, and we bore away for *Scio*.

Now the reason of our Towing was to keep our selves furled that we might not be discovered from *Scio*, the same being from *Tino* but Twenty Leagues. Insomuch that by Tuesday the 29th of *August* aforesaid, in the Morning we lay fair under the Town, all Hands, not discovered over Night, by the blind Mahometans.

Now, as to the manner of taking this Place, it was thus.

The Ships lay distant from the Town three Miles; the Gallies within them, between them and the Town; and the Galleasses right before the Town, the half Gallies being here and there upon the Scout round the Island, to keep the Turks from making their Escape, As for us, we with our English Merchant Man, lay abreast the Town, and saw fair Play.

On Wednesday (*August* 30.) in went the *Malteze* and *Pope's* Gallies, and cleared the Suburbs to Land their Men, which they did effectually with their Cushee Pieces in an Hours time. And by two of the Clock in the Afternoon they had Fourteen Thousand Men ashore, Horse and Foot, and by Five of the Clock, were marched round the Town and fought.

Thursday (*August* 31.) they got several Field Pieces ashore, and fought all Day smartly.

Friday (*September* 1.) they landed six Mortar-Pieces, placed them to good Advantage, about Noon began to Play, and Bombarded all Night, and on Saturday all Day. They made several Breaches in the Wall, yet the Turks held it out stoutly: But before Night they beat a small Out Fort to the Ground, and 300 Turks being yet alive in it, came and sur-

rendered themselves to the Venetian. The same Night about 11 a Clock, an unfortunate Bomb fell into a large Magazine that was full thwacked with Flax, Cotton, &c. all which took fire, and burnt all the East Part of the Town, the Turks remaining in the Cittadel, which was in the middle of the Place; and the Christians to the Westward: The Turks had now the Fire on one side, & the Enemy on 'tother, and 'emselves in the midst; which made their Case such, that if they run to the one, they must become Slaves, and if they continued there they would be burned: So that this Horror caused them to slacken their Hands, and to fire but now and then. The Christians seeing that, fired faster than before: However, they continued in this Posture from Saturday at 11 at Night, being the 2d, to Wednesday the 6th; when they surrendered about 3 Afternoon. Then the Venetians entred the Cittadel, and the Turks came out. The *Malteze* hoisted his Standard at the East-end, and the Popes General hoisted his Standard on the West-end of the Town: But they had much adoe to quench the Fire; and before 'twas quite put out, above one third Part of the Town was destroyed. What Men the Turks lost is not known, but the Venetians loss was very small: Twelve of them that was out upon a Party, the first Night were unawares beset by about 100 Turks, and became a Prey to them. The Venetians took in the Mould three Gallies, and in them and the Town redeemed 2000 Christian Slaves: But during the whole design, the Venetian Ships never fired a Gun, nor were within Shot of the Place, no more did the Galleasses neither; but soon after they

put to Sea, and chased the whole Turkish Fleet into *Smyrna*; and had it not been for the Factory, could have destroyed them every Ship: But some 3 or 4 Months after, the Fleets fought and the Venetians had two Flags sunk, besides a private Ship of 60 Guns: But how successful soever the Conquest of this Island proved now to the Venetians, they lost it again in *February* following, and left 700 Slaves ashore, and a Ship in the Mould of 700 Tuns, laden with Ammunition, Field-Pieces, Bombs, &c. But I being then at *Smirna*, saw it not, and therefore can give no exact Account how it was acted.

From hence forward I used the *Levant* Voyages, from *Livorno*, with the English and Dutch, until *April* 7. 1696. I was pressed on Board His Majesty's Ship the *Glocester*, and in her I came for *England*, under the Command of Captain *Tho. Poulton*, and arriv'd in the *Downs*, *March* 6. 1696-7, being the first time I saw the English Shoar in 5 Years, 5 Months and 19 Days time.

THE BUCCANEERS

[From "The Monarchs of the Main," by
G. W. THORNBURY]

THE Flibustiers first began by associating together in bands of from fifteen to twenty men. Each of them carried the Buccaneer musket, holding a ball of sixteen to the pound, and had generally pistols at his belt, holding bullets of twenty or twenty-four to the pound, and besides this they wore a good sabre or cutlass. When collected at some preconcerted rendezvous, generally a key or small island off Cuba, they elected a captain, and embarked in a canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a single tree in the Indian manner. This canoe was either bought by the association or the captain. If the latter, they agreed to give him the first ship they should take. As soon as they had all signed the charter-party, or mutual agreement, they started for the destined port off which they were to cruise. The first Spanish vessel they took served to repay the captain and recompense themselves. They dressed themselves in the rich robes of Castilian grandees over their own blooded shirts, and sat down to revel in the gilded saloon of the galleon. If they found their prize not seaworthy, they would take her to some small sand island and careen, while the crew helped the Indians to turn turtle, and to procure bull's

flesh. The Spanish crew they kept to assist in careening, for they never worked themselves, but fought and hunted while the unfortunate prisoners were toiling round the fire where the pitch boiled, or the turtle was stewing. The Flibustiers divided the spoil as soon as each one had taken an oath that nothing had been secreted. When the ship was ready for sea, they let the Spaniards go, and kept only the slaves. If there were no negroes or Indians, they retained a few Spaniards to wait upon them. If the prisoners were men of consequence, they detained them till they could obtain a ransom. Every Flibustier brought a certain supply of powder and ball for the common stock. Before starting on an expedition it was a common thing to plunder a Spanish hog-yard, where a thousand swine were often collected, surrounding the keeper's lodge at night, and shooting him if he made any resistance. The tortoise fishermen were often forced to fish for them gratuitously, although nearly every ship had its Mosquito Indian to strike turtle and sea-cow, and to fish for the whole boat's crew. "No prey, no pay," was the Buccaneers' motto. The charter-party specified the salary of the captain, surgeon, and carpenter, and allowed 200 pieces of eight for victualling. The boys had but half a share, although it was either their duty or the surgeon's, when the rest had boarded, to remain behind to fire the former vessel, and then retire to the prize.

The Buccaneer code, worthy of Napoleon or Justinian, was equal to the statutes of any land, insomuch as it answered the want of those for whom it was compiled, and seldom required either revision or en-

largement. It was never appealed from, and was seldom found to be unjust or severe.

The captain was allowed five or six shares, the master's mate only two, and the other officers in proportion, down to the lowest mariner. All acts of special bravery or merit were rewarded by special grants. The man who first caught sight of a prize received a hundred crowns. The sailor who struck down the enemy's captain, and the first boarder who reached the enemy's deck, were also distinguished by honours. The surgeon, always a great man among a crew whose lives so often depended on his skill, received 200 crowns to supply his medicine chest. If they took a prize, he had a share like the rest. If they had no money to give him, he was rewarded with two slaves.

The loss of an eye was recompensed at 100 crowns, or one slave.

The loss of both eyes with 600 crowns, or six slaves.

The loss of a right hand or right leg at 200 crowns, or two slaves.

The loss of both hands or legs at 600 crowns, or six slaves.

The loss of a finger or toe at 100 crowns, or one slave.

The loss of a foot or leg at 200 crowns, or two slaves.

The loss of both legs at 600 crowns, or six slaves.

Nothing but death seems to have been considered as worth recompensing with more than 600 crowns. For any wound, which compelled a sailor to carry a *canulus*, 200 crowns were given, or two slaves. If a

man had not even lost a member, but was for the present deprived of the use of it, he was still entitled to his compensation as much as if he had lost it altogether. The maimed were allowed to take either money or slaves.

The charter-party drawn up by Sir Henry Morgan before his famous expedition, which ended in the plunder and destruction of Panama, shows several modifications of the earlier contract.

To him who struck the enemy's flag, and planted the Buccaneers', fifty piastres besides his share.

To him who took a prisoner who brought tidings, 100 piastres, besides his share.

For every grenade thrown into an enemy's port-hole, five piastres.

To him who took an officer of rank at the risk of his life, proportionate reward.

To him who lost two legs, 500 crowns, or fifteen slaves.

To him who lost two arms, 800 piastres, or eighteen slaves.

To him who lost one leg or one arm, 500 piastres, or six slaves.

To him who lost an eye, 100 piastres, or one slave.

For both eyes, 200 piastres, or two slaves.

For the loss of a finger, 100 piastres, or one slave. A Flibustier who had a limb crippled, received the same pay as if it was lost. A wound requiring an issue, was recompensed with 500 piastres, or five slaves. These shares were all allotted before the general division. If a vessel was taken at sea, its cargo was divided among the whole fleet, but the crew

first boarding it received 100 crowns, if its value exceeded 10,000 crowns, and for every 10,000 crowns' worth of cargo, 100 went to the men that boarded. The surgeon received 200 piastres, besides his share.

The Mosquito Indians were the helots of the Buccaneers; they employed them to catch fish, and their vessels had generally a small canoe, kept for their use, in which they might strike tortoise or manatee. These Indians used no oars, but a pair of broad-bladed paddles, which they held perpendicularly, grasping the staff with both hands and putting back the water by sheer strength, and with very quick, short strokes. Two men generally went in the same boat, the one sitting in the stern, the other kneeling down in the head. They both paddled softly till they approached the spot where their prey lay; they then remained still, looking very warily about them, and the one at the head then rose up, with his striking-staff in his hand. This weapon was about eight feet long, almost as thick as a man's arm at the larger end, at which there was a hole into which the harpoon was put; at the other extremity was placed a piece of light (bob) wood, with a hole in it, through which the small end of the staff came. On this bob wood a line of ten or twelve fathoms was neatly wound—the end of the one line being fastened to the wood, and the other to the harpoon, the man keeping about a fathom of it loose in his hand. When he struck, the harpoon came off the shaft, and, as the wounded fish swam away, the line ran off from the reel. Although the bob and line were frequently dragged deep under water, and often caught round coral branches or sunk wreck, it gen-

erally rose to the surface of the water. The Indians struggled to recover the bob, which they were accustomed to do in about a quarter of an hour.

When the sea-cow grew tired and began to lie still, they drew in the line, and the monster, feeling the harpoon a second time, would often make a maddened rush at the canoe. It then became necessary that the steersman should be nimble in turning the head of the canoe the way his companion pointed, as he alone was able to see and feel the way the manatee was swimming. Directly the fish grew tired, they hauled in the line, which the vexed creature drew out again a dozen times with ferocious but impotent speed. When its strength grew quite exhausted, they would drag it up the side of their boat and knock it on the head, or, pulling it to the shore, made it fast while they went out to strike another. From the great size of a sea-cow it was always necessary to go to shore in order to get it safely into their boats; hauling it up in shoal water, they upset their canoes, and then rolling the fish in righted again with the weight. The Indians sometimes paddled one home, and towed the other after them. Dampierre says he knew two Indians, who every day for a week brought two manatee on board his ship, the least not weighing less than six hundred pounds, and yet in so small a canoe that three Englishmen could row it.

If the fisherman struck a sea-cow that had a calf they generally captured both—the mother carrying the young under her side fins, and always regarding their safety before her own; the young, moreover, would seldom desert their mother, and would follow

the canoe in spite of noise and blows. The least sound startled the manatee, but the turtles required less care. These fish had certain islands near Cuba which they chose to lay their eggs in. At certain seasons they came from the gulf of Honduras in such vast multitudes, that ships, which had lost their latitude, very often steered at night, following the sound of these clattering shoals. When they had been about a month in the Caribbean sea they grew fat, and the fishing commenced. Salt turtle was the Buccaneers' healthiest food, and was supposed to free them from all the ailments of debauchery. The Indians struck the turtle with a short, sharp, triangular-headed iron, not more than an inch long, which fitted into a spear handle. The lance head was loose and had the usual line attached. Their lines they made of the fibrous bark of a tree, which they also used for their rigging.

The manatee, or sea-cow, was a favourite article of food with these wandering seamen. It was a monster as big as a horse, and as unwieldy as a walrus, with eyes not much larger than peas, and a head like a cow. Its flesh was white, sweet, and wholesome. The tail of a young fish was a dainty, and a young sucking-calf, roasted, was an epicure's morsel. The head and tail of older animals were tough, yet the belly was frequently eaten.

Dampierre speaks of his companions feasting on pork and peas, and beef and doughboys, and this nautical coarseness was generally found associated with occasional tropical luxuriousness. In cases of necessity, wrecked sailors fed on sharks, which they first boiled and then squeezed dry, and stewed with

pepper and vinegar. The oil of turtle they used instead of butter for their dumplings. The best turtle were said to be those that fed on land; those that lived on sea-weed, and not on grass, being yellow and rank. The larger fish needed two men to turn them on their backs. The Flibustiers also ate the iguanas, or large South American lizards. Vast flocks of doves were found in many of the islands, sometimes in such abundance that a sailor could knock down five or six dozen of an afternoon.

The Buccaneers' history is a singular example of how evil generates evil. The Spaniards destroyed the wild cattle, and the hunters turned freebooters. Spain discontinued trading to prevent piracy, and the adventurers, starved for want of gold, made descents upon the mainland. The evil grew by degrees till the worm they had at first trod upon arose in their path an indestructible and devastating monster of a hundred heads. First single ships, then fleets, were swept off by these locusts of the deep; first, islands were burnt, then villages sacked, and at last cities conquered. First the North and then the South Pacific were visited, till the whole coast from Panama to Cape Horn trembled at the very flutter of their flag. The first Flibustier, Lewis Scott, scared Campeachy with a few canoes. Grognet grappled the Lima fleet with a whole squadron of pirate craft. The Buccaneer spirit arose from revenge, and ended in robbery and murder. At first fierce but merciful, they grew rapacious, loathsome, and bloody. Their early chivalry forsook them—they sank into the enemies of God and all mankind, and the last refuse of them expired

on the gallows of Jamaica, children of Cain, unpitied by any, their very courage despised, and their crimes detested. At their culminating point, united under the sway of one great mind, they might have formed a large empire in South America, or conquered it as tributaries to France or England. Always thirsty for gold, they were often chivalrous, generous, intrepid, merciful, and disinterested.

A greater evil soon cured the lesser. The Spaniards, dreading robbery worse than death, ceased in a great measure to trade. The poorer merchants were ruined by the loss of a single cocoa vessel; the richer waited for the convoy of the plate fleets, or followed in the wake of the galleon, hoping to escape if she was captured, as the chickens do when the hen goes cackling up in the claws of the kite. For every four vessels that once sailed not more than one could be now seen. What with the war of France on Holland, and England on France, and all on Spain, there was little safety for the poor trader. Yet those who could risk a loss still made great profits. This cessation of trade was a poor remedy against the sea robber: it was to rob oneself instead of being robbed, to commit suicide for fear of murder. It was a remedy that saved life, but rendered life hateful. The Buccaneers, starving for want of prey, remained moodily in the rocky fastnesses of Tortuga, like famished eagles looking down on a country they have devastated. To accomplish greater feats they united in bodies, and made forays on the coast. They had before remained at the threshold—they now rushed headlong into the sanctuary, and they got *their* bread,

or rather other people's bread, by daring dashes and surprises of towns, leaving them only when wrapped in flames or swept by the pestilence that always followed in their train.

We may claim for our own nation the first pioneer in this new field of enterprise. Lewis Scott, an Englishman, led the way by sacking the town of St. Francisco, in Campeachy, and, compelling the inhabitants to pay a ransom, returned safely to Jamaica. Where the carcase is there will the eagles be gathered together, for no sooner had his sails grown small in the distance than Mansweld, another Buccaneer, made several successful descents upon the same luckless coast, unfortunate in its very fertility. He then equipped a fleet and attempted to return by the kingdom of New Granada to the South Sea, passing the town of Carthagena. This scheme failed in consequence of a dispute arising between the French and English crews, who were always quarrelling over their respective share of provisions; but in spite of this he took the island of St. Catherine, and attempted to found a Buccaneer state.

John Davis, a Dutchman, excelled both his predecessors in daring. Cruising about Jamaica he became a scourge to all the Spanish mariners who ventured near the coasts of the Caraccas, or his favourite haunts, Carthagena and the Boca del Toro, where he lay wait for vessels bound to Nicaragua. One day he missed his shot, and having a long time traversed the sea and taken nothing—a failure which generally drove these brave men to some desperate expedient to repair their sinking fortunes—he resolved with

ninety men to visit the lagoon of Nicaragua, and sack the town of Granada. An Indian from the shores of the lagoon promised to guide him safely and secretly; and his crew, with one voice, declared themselves ready to follow him wherever he led. By night he rowed thirty leagues up the river, to the entry of the lake, and concealed his ships under the boughs of the trees that grew upon the banks; then putting eighty men in his three canoes he rowed on to the town, leaving ten sailors to guard the vessels. By day they hid under the trees; at night they pushed on towards the unsuspecting town, and reached it on the third midnight—taking it, as he had expected, without a blow and by surprise. To a sentinel's challenge they replied that they were fishermen returning home, and two of the crew, leaping on shore, ran their swords through the interrogator, to stop further questions which might have been less easily answered. Following their guide they reached a small covered way that led to the right of the town, while another Indian towed their canoes to a point to which they had agreed each man should bring his booty.

As soon as they arrived at the town they separated into small bands, and were led one by one to the houses of the richest inhabitants. Here they quietly knocked, and, being admitted as friends, seized the inmates by the throat and compelled them, on pain of death, to surrender all the money and jewels that they had. They then roused the sacristans of the principal churches, from whom they took the keys and carried off all the altar plate that could be beaten up or rendered portable. The pixes they stripped of

their gems, gouged out the jewelled eyes of virgin idols, and hammered up the sacramental cups into convenient lumps of metal.

This quiet and undisturbed pillage had lasted for two hours without a struggle, when some servants, escaping from the adventurers, began to ring the alarm bells to warn the town, while a few of the already plundered citizens, breaking into the market-place, filled the streets with uproar and affright. Davis, seeing that the inhabitants were beginning to rally from that panic which had alone secured his victory, commenced a retreat, as the enemy were now gathering in armed and threatening numbers. In a hollow square, with their booty in the centre, the Buccaneers fought their way to their boats, amid tumultuous warcries and shouts of derision and exultation. In spite of their haste, they were prudent enough to carry with them some rich Spaniards, intending to exchange them for any of their own men they might lose in their retreat. On regaining their ships they compelled these prisoners to send them as a ransom 500 cows, with which they revictualled their ships for the passage back to Jamaica. They had scarcely well weighed anchor before they saw 600 mounted Spaniards dash down to the shore in the hopes of arresting their retreat. A few broadsides were the parting greetings of these unwelcome visitors.

This expedition was accomplished in eight days. The booty consisted of coined money and bullion amounting to about 40,000 crowns. Esquemeling computes it at 4,000 pieces of eight, and in ready

money, plate, and jewels to about 50,000 pieces of eight more.

Thus concluded this adventurous raid, in which a town forty leagues inland, and containing at least 800 well-armed defenders, was stormed and robbed by eighty resolute sailors. Davis reached Jamaica in safety with his plunder, which was soon put into wider circulation by the aid of the dice, the tavern keepers, and the courtesans. The money once expended, Davis was roused to fresh exertion. He associated himself with two or three other captains, who, superstitiously relying on his good fortune, chose him as admiral of a small flotilla of eight or nine armed gunboats. The less fortunate rewarded him with boundless confidence. His first excursion was to the town of St. Christopher, in Cuba, to wait for the fleet from New Spain, in hopes to cut off some rich unwieldy straggler. But the fleet contrived to escape his sentinels and pass untouched. Davis then sallied forth and sacked a small town named St. Augustine of Florida, in spite of its castle and garrison of 100 men. He suffered little loss; but the inhabitants proved very poor, and the booty was small.

In making war against Spain, the hunters were mere privateersmen cruising against a national enemy; but in their endurance, patience, and energy, they stood alone. In their onset—rushing, singing, and dancing through fire and flame—they resembled rather the old Barsekars or the first levies of Mohammed. But in one point they were very remarkable; that they did more, and were yet actuated by a lower motive.

Almost devoid of religion, they fought with all the madness of fanaticism against a people themselves constitutionally fanatic, but already enervated by climate, by sudden wealth, and a long experience of contaminating luxury. The galleons of Manilla were their final aim, as they gradually passed from the devastated shores of South America to the Philippine Islands and the coasts of Guinea. They had been the instrument of Providence, and knew themselves so, to avenge the wrongs of the Indian upon the Spaniard; they were soon to become the first avengers of the Negro. Long years of plunder had made the Spaniard and the creole as secretive as the Hindu. At the first intelligence of some terrified fisherman, the frightened townsman threw his pistoles into wells, mortared them up in the wall of his fortresses. Laden mules were driven into the interior; the women fled to the nearest plantation; the old men barred themselves up in the church. Their first thought was always flight; their second, to turn and strike a blow for all they loved, valued, and revered.

The debauchery of the Buccaneers was as unequalled as their courage. Oexmelin relates a story of an Englishman who gave 500 crowns to his mistress at a single revel. This man, who had earned 1,500 crowns by exposing himself to desperate dangers, was, within three months, sold for a term of three years to a planter, to discharge a tavern debt which he could not pay. A conqueror of Panama might be seen to-morrow driven by the overseer's whip among a gang of slaves, cutting sugar canes, or picking tobacco.

Another Buccaneer, a Frenchman, surnamed Vent-en-Panne, was so addicted to play that he lost everything but his shirt. Every pistole that he could earn he spent in this absorbing vice—so tempting to men, who longed for excitement, were indifferent to money, and daily risked their lives for the prospect of gain. On one occasion he lost 500 crowns, his whole share of some recent prize-money, besides 300 crowns which he had borrowed of a comrade who would now lend him no more. Determined to try his fortune again, he hired himself as servant at the very gambling-house where he had been ruined, and, by lighting pipes for the players and bringing them in wine, earned fifty crowns in two days. He staked this, and soon won 12,000 crowns. He then paid his debts and resolved to lose no more, shipping himself on board an English vessel that touched at Barbadoes. At Barbadoes he met a rich Jew who offered to play him. Unable to abstain, he sat down, and won 1,300 crowns and 100,000 lbs. of sugar already shipped for England, and, in addition to this, a large mill and sixty slaves. The Jew, begging him to stay and give him his revenge, ran and borrowed some money, and returned and took up the cards. The Buccaneer consented, more from love of play than generosity; and the Jew, putting down 1,500 jacobuses, won back 100 crowns, and finally all his antagonist's previous winnings—stripping him even to the very clothes he wore. The delighted winner allowed him for very shame to retain his clothes, and gave him money enough to return, disconsolate and beggared, to Tortuga. Becoming again a Buccaneer, he gained 6,000 or 7,000 crowns.

M. D'Ogeron, the governor, treating him as a wayward child, taking away his money, sent him back to France with bills of exchange for the amount. Venten-Panne, now cured of his vice, took to merchandise; but, always unfortunate, was killed in his first voyage to the West Indies, his vessel being attacked by two Ostende frigates, of twenty-four or thirty guns each, which were eventually, however, driven off by the dead man's crew of only thirty Buccaneers.

When the pleasures of Tortuga or Jamaica had swallowed up all the hard-earned winnings of these men, they returned to sea, expending their last pistoles in powder and ball, and leaving heavy scores still unsettled with the cabaretiers. They then hastened to the quays, or small sandy islands off Cuba, to careen their vessels and to salt turtle. Sometimes they repaired to Honduras, where they had Indian wives; latterly, to the Galapagos isles, to the Boca del Toro, or the coast of Castilla del Oro.

Some Buccaneers, Esquemeling says, would spend 3,000 piastres in a night, not leaving themselves even a shirt in the morning. "My own master," he adds, "would buy a whole pipe of wine, and, placing it in the street, would force every one that passed by to drink with him, threatening also to pistol them in case they would not do it. At other times he would do the same with barrels of ale or beer; and very often with both his hands he would throw these liquors about the street, and wet the clothes of such as walked by, without regard whether he spoiled their apparel or not, or whether they were men or women." Port Royal was a favourite scene for such carousals.

Even as late as 1694, Montauban gives us some idea of the wild debaucheries committed by the Buccaneers even at Bourdeaux. "My freebooters," he says, "who had not seen France for a long time, finding themselves now in a great city where pleasure and plenty reigned, were not backward to refresh themselves after the fatigues they had endured while so long absent from their native country. They spent a world of money here, and proved horribly extravagant. The merchants and their hosts made no scruple to advance them money, or lend them as much as they pleased, upon the reputation of their wealth and the noise there was throughout the city of the valuable prizes whereof they had a share. All the nights they spent in such divertisements as pleased them best; and the days, in running up and down the town in masquerade, causing themselves to be carried in chairs with lighted flambeaux at noon—of which debauches some died, while four of my crew fairly deserted me."

This, it must be remembered, was at a time when buccaneering had sunk into privateering—the half-way house to mere piracy. The distinguishing mark of the true Buccaneer was, that he attacked none but Spaniards.

Of the Buccaneers' estimation of religion, Charlevoix gives us some curious accounts. He says, "there remained no traces of it in their heart, but still, sometimes, from time to time, they appeared to meditate deeply. They never commenced a combat without first embracing each other, in sign of reconciliation. They would at such times strike themselves rudely on the breast, as if they wished to rouse some compunc-

tion in their hearts, and were not able. Once escaped from danger, they returned headlong to their debauchery, blasphemy, and brigandage. The Buccaneers, looking upon themselves as worthy fellows, regarded the Flibustiers as wretches, but in reality there was not much difference. The Buccaneers were, perhaps, the less vicious, but the Flibustiers preserved a little more of the externals of religion; *with the exception of a certain honour among them, and their abstinence from human flesh, few savages were more wicked, and a great number of them much less so.*"

This passage shows a very curious jealousy between the hunters and the corsairs, and a singular distinction as to religious feeling. Père Labat, however, speaks of the Flibustiers as attending confession immediately after a sea-fight with most exemplary devotion. A more important distinction than that made by Charlevoix was that between the Protestant and Roman Catholic adventurers, the latter being as superstitious as the former were irreverent. Ravenau de Lussan always speaks with horror of the blasphemy and irreligion of his English comrades, one of whom was an old trooper of Cromwell's; and Grognet's fleet eventually separated from the English ships, on account of the latter crews lopping crucifixes with their sabres, and firing at images with their pistols. A Flibustier captain, named Daniel, shot one of his men in a Spanish church for behaving irreverently at mass; and Ringrose gives an instance of an English commander who threw the dice overboard, if he found his men gambling on a Sunday.

We find Ravenau de Lussan's troop singing a *Te*

Deum after victories, and Exmelin tells us that prayers were said daily on board Flibustier ships.

It is difficult to say from what class of life either the Buccaneers or the Flibustiers sprang. The planters often became hunters, and the hunters sailors, and the reverse. Morgan was a Welsh farmer's son, who ran away to sea; Montauban, the son of a Gascon gentleman; D'Ogeron had been a captain in the French marines; Von Horn, a common sailor in an Ostende smack; Dampierre was a Somersetshire yeoman, and Esquemeling a Dutch planter's apprentice. Charlevoix says, "few could bear for many years a life so hard and laborious, and the greater part only continued in it till they could gain enough to become planters. Many, continually wasting their money, never earned sufficient to buy a plantation; others grew so accustomed to the life, and so fond even of its hardships and painful risks, that, though often heirs to good fortunes, they would not leave it to return to France.

The life of M. D'Ogeron, the governor of Tortuga, is an example of another class of Buccaneers, and of the causes which led to the choice of such a profession. At fifteen, he was captain of a regiment of marines, and in 1656, joining a company intending to colonize the Matingo river, he embarked in a ship, fitted out at the expense of 17,000 livres. Disappointed in this bubble, he tried to settle at Martinique, but deceived by the governor, who withdrew a grant of land, he determined to settle with the Buccaneers of St. Domingo. Embarking in a ricketty vessel, he ran ashore on Hispaniola, and lost all his merchandise and pro-

visions. Giving his *engagés* their liberty, he joined the hunters, and became distinguished as well for courage as virtue. His goods sent from France were sold at a loss, and he returned to his native country a poor man. Collecting his remaining money, he hired *engagés*, and loaded a vessel with wine and brandy. Finding the market glutted, he sold his cargo at a loss, and was cheated by his Jamaica agent. Returning again to France, he fitted out a third vessel, and finally settled as a planter in Hispaniola. At this juncture the French West India Company fixed their eyes upon him, and in 1665 made him governor of their colony.

Ravenau de Lussan illustrates the motives that sometimes led the youth of the higher classes to turn Buccaneers. He commences his book with true French vanity, by saying, that few children of Paris, which contains so many of the wonders of the world (ten out of the eight, we suppose), seek their fortune abroad. From a child he was seized with a passionate disposition for travel, and would steal out of his father's house and play truant when he was yet scarce seven. He soon reached La Vilette and the suburbs, and by degrees learnt to lose sight of Paris. With this passion arose a desire for a military life. The noise of a drum in the street transported him with joy. He made a friend of an officer, and, offering him his sword, joined his company, and witnessed the siege of Condé, ending his campaign, still unwearied of his new form of life. He then became a cadet in a marine regiment. The captain drained him of all his money, and his father, at a great expense,

bought him his discharge. Under the Count D'Avegeau he entered the French Guards, and fought at the siege of St. Guislain. Growing, on his return, weary of Paris, he embarked again on the sea, having nothing but voyages in his head; the longest and most dangerous appearing to his imagination, he says, the most delightful. Travelling by land seemed to him long and difficult, and he once more chose the sea, deeming it only fit for a woman to remain at home ignorant of the world. His affectionate parents tried in vain to reason him out of this gadding humour, and finding him only grow firmer and more inflexible, they desisted.

Not caring whither he went, so he could get to sea, he embarked in 1697 from Dieppe for St. Domingo. Here he remained for five months *engagé* to a French planter, "more a Turk than a Frenchman." "But what misery," he says, "soever I have undergone with him, being resolved to forget his name, which I shall not mention in this place, because the laws of Christianity require that at my hand, though as to matters of charity he is not to expect much of that in me, since he, on his part, has been every way defective in the exercise thereof upon my account." But his patience at last worn out, and weary of cruelties that seemed endless, De Lussan applied to M. de Franquesnay, the king's lieutenant, who himself gave him shelter in his house for six months. He was now in debt, and thinking it "honest to pay his creditors," he joined the freebooters in order to satisfy them, not willing to apply again for money to his parents. "These borrowings from the Spaniards," he says,

"have this advantage attending them, that there is no obligation to repay them," and there was war between the two crowns, so that he was a legal privateersman. Selecting a leader, De Lussan pitched on De Graff, as a brave corsair, who happened to be then at St. Domingo, eager to sail. Furnishing himself with arms, at the expense of Franquesnay, he joined De Graff. "We were," he says, "in a few hours satisfied with each other, and became such friends as those are wont to be who are about to run the same risk of fortune, and apparently to die together." The 22nd of November, the day he sailed from Petit Guave, seemed the happiest of his life.

Dampierre mentions an old Buccaneer, who was slain at the taking of Leon. "He was," he says, "a stout, grey-headed old man, aged about eighty-four, who had served under Oliver Cromwell in the Irish rebellion; after which he was at Jamaica, and had followed privateering ever since. He would not accept the offer our men made him to tarry ashore, but said he would venture as far as the best of them; but when surrounded by the Spaniards he refused "to take quarter, but discharged his gun amongst them, keeping a pistol still charged; so they shot him dead at a distance. His name was Swan (*rara avis*). He was a very merry, hearty old man, and always used to declare he would never take quarter."

When the adventurers were at sea, they lived together as a friendly brotherhood. Every morning at ten o'clock the ship's cook put the kettle on the fire to boil the salt beef for the crew, in fresh water if they had plenty, but if they ran short in brine; meal was

boiled at the same time, and made into a thick porridge, which was mixed with the gravy and the fat of the meat. The whole was then served to the crew on large platters, seven men to a plate. If the captain or cook helped themselves to a larger share than their messmates, any of the republican crew had a right to change plates with them. But, notwithstanding this brotherly equality, and in spite of the captain being deposable by his crew, there was maintained at all moments of necessity the strictest discipline, and the most rigid subordination of rank. The crews had two meals a day. They always said grace before meat: the French Catholics singing the canticles of Zecharias, the Magnificat, or the Miserere; the English reading a chapter from the New Testament, or singing a psalm.

Directly a vessel hove in sight, the Flibustiers gave chase. If it showed a Spanish flag, the guns were run out, and the decks cleared; the pikes lashed ready, and every man prepared his musket and powder, of which he alone was the guardian (and not the gunner), these articles being generally paid for from the common stock, unless provided by the captain.

They first fell on their knees at their quarters (each group round its gun), to pray God that they might obtain both victory and plunder. Then all lay down flat on the deck, except the few left to steer and navigate—proceeding to board as soon as their musketeers had silenced the enemy's fire. If victorious, they put their prisoners on shore, attended to the wounded, and took stock of the booty. A third part of the crew went on board the prize, and a prize captain

was chosen by lot. No excuse was allowed; and if illness prevented the man elected taking the office, his *matelot*, or companion, took his place.

On arriving at Tortuga, they paid a commission to the governor, and before dividing the spoil, rewarded the captain, the surgeons, and the wounded. The whole crew then threw into a common heap all they possessed above the value of five sous, and took an oath on the New Testament, holding up their right hands, that they had kept nothing back. Any one detected in perjury was marooned, and his share either given to the rest, to the heirs of the dead, or as a bequest to some chapel. The jewels and merchandise were sold, and they divided the produce.

"It was impossible," says CExmelin, "to put any obstacle in the way of men who, animated simply by the hope of gain, were capable of such great enterprises, having *nothing but life* to lose and all to win. It is true that they would not have persisted long in their expeditions if they had had neither boats nor provisions. For ships they never wanted, because they were in the habit of going out in small canoes and capturing the largest and best provisioned vessels. For harbours they could never want, because everybody fled before them, and they had but to appear to be victorious." This intelligent and animated writer concludes his book by expressing an opinion that a firm and organized resistance by Spain at the outset might have stopped the subsequent mischief; but this opinion he afterwards qualifies in the following words, which, coming from such a writer so well acquainted with those of whom he writes, speaks volumes in

favour of Buccaneer prowess: "Je dis *peut-être*, car les aventuriers sont de terribles gens."

Charlevoix describes the first Flibustiers as going out in canoes with twenty-five or thirty men, without pilot or provisions, to capture pearl-fishers and surprise small cruisers. If they succeeded, they went to Tortuga, bought a vessel, and started 150 strong, going to Cuba to take in salt turtle, or to Port Margot or Bayaha for dried pork or beef—dividing all upon the *compagnon à bon lot* principle. They always said public prayer before starting on an expedition, and returned solemn thanks to God for victory.

"They were," says a Jesuit writer, "at first so crowded in their boats that they had scarcely room to lie down; and, as they practised no economy in eating, they were always short of food. They were also night and day exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and yet loved so much the independence in which they lived, that no one murmured. Some sang when others wished to sleep, and all were by turns compelled to bear these inconveniences without complaint. But one may imagine men so little at their ease spared no pains to gain more comforts; that the sight of a larger and more convenient vessel gave them courage sufficient to capture it; and that hunger deprived them of all sense of the danger of procuring food. They attacked all they met without a thought, and boarded as soon as possible. A single volley would have sunk their vessels; but they were skilful in manœuvre, their sailors were very active, and they presented to the enemy nothing but a prow full of fusiliers, who, firing through the portholes, struck the

gunners with terror. Once on board, nothing could prevent them becoming masters of a ship, however numerous the crew. The Spaniards' blood grew cold when those whom they called, and looked upon as, demons came in sight, and they frequently surrendered at once in order to obtain quarter. If the prize was rich their lives were spared; but if the cargo proved poor, the Buccaneers often threw the crew into the sea in revenge."

Their favourite coasts were the Caraccas, Carthagera, Nicaragua, and Campeachy, where the ports were numerous and well frequented. Their best harbours at the Caraccas were Cumana, Canagote, Coro, and Maracaibo; at Carthagera, La Rancheria, St. Martha, and Portobello. Round Cuba they watched for vessels going from New Spain to Maracaibo. If going, they found them laden with silver; if returning, full of cocoa. The prizes to the Caraccas were laden with the lace and manufactures of Spain; those from Havannah, with leather, Campeachy wood, cocoa, tobacco, and Spanish coin.

The dress of the Buccaneer sailors must have varied with the changes of the age. Retaining their red shirts and leather sandals as the working dress of their brotherhood, we find them donning all the splendour rummaged from Spanish cabins, now wearing the plumed hat and laced sword-belt of Charles the Second's reign, and now the tufts of ribbons of the perfumed court of Louis Quatorze. Sprung from all nations and all ranks, some of them prided themselves upon the rough beard, bare feet, and belted shirt of the rudest seaman, while others, like Grammont and

De Graff, flaunted in the richest costumes of their period. They must have passed from the long cloak and loose cassock of the Stuart reign to the jack-boots and Dutch dress of William of Orange; from the laced and flowing Steenkirk to the fringed cock-hat and deep-flapped waistcoat of Queen Anne. In the English translation of Esquemeling, Barthelemy Portugues, one of the earliest sea-rovers, is represented as having his long, lank hair parted in the centre and falling on his shoulders, and his moustachios long and rough. He wears a plain embroidered coat with a neck-band, and carries in his arms a short, broad sabre, unsheathed, as was the habit with many Buccaneer chiefs. Roche Braziliano appears in a plain hunter's shirt, the strings tying it at the neck being fastened in a bow. Lolonis has the same shirt, showing at his neck and puffing through the openings of his sleeve, and he carries a naked broadsword with a shell guard. In the portrait of Sir Henry Morgan we see much more affectation of aristocratic dress. He has a rich coat of Charles the Second's period, a laced cravat tied in a fringed bow with long ends, and his broad sword-belt is stiff with gold lace. The hunter's shirt, however, still shows through the slashed sleeves.

JOHN PAUL JONES—PIRATE AND PRIVATEER

[From "Daring Deeds of Famous Pirates," by E.
KEBLE CHATTERTON.]

[**W**E come now to consider the exploits of another historical character whose life and adventures will ever be of unfailing interest on both sides of the Atlantic. And yet, perhaps, this amazing Scotsman is to-day better known in America than in Great Britain. Like many another before him he rose from the rank of ordinary seaman to become a man that was to be had in great fear if not respect. His fame has been celebrated in fiction, and very probably many a story of which he has been made the hero had no foundation in fact.]

[There is some dispute concerning his birth, but it seems pretty certain that he was the son of John Paul, head gardener on Lord Selkirk's estate near Kirkcudbright. Paul Jones first saw light in the year 1728. Brought up on the shores of the Solway Firth, it was only likely that he gave up being assistant to his father and preferred the sea to gardening. In his character there developed many of those traits which have been such marked characteristics of the pirate breed. To realize Paul Jones, you must think of a wild, reckless nature, burning with enthusiasm for adventure, yet excessively vain and desirous of recognition. He was

a rebel, a privateer, a pirate and a smuggler; he was a villain, he was quarrelsome, he was petty and mean. Finally, he was a traitor to his country. When he died he had lived a most varied life, and had seen service on merchantman, slaver and man-of-war.]

[After making several voyages to the West Indies in a merchantman as ordinary and able-bodied seaman, he was promoted to rank of mate, and then rose to the rank of master. Soon after the rupture between England and America he happened to be in New England, and then it was that he succumbed to the temptation to desert his own national standard and to throw his aid on to the side of the revolutionists—for which reason he changed his real name of John Paul to that of Paul Jones. Notwithstanding that Jones has been justly condemned by biographers for having been a traitor, yet my own opinion is that this charge arose far less from a desire to become an enemy of the British nation than from that overwhelming *wanderlust*, and that irrepressible desire for adventure to which we have already called attention. There are some men who have never had enough fighting. So soon as one campaign ends they are unhappy till another begins, so that they may find a full outlet for their spirits. To such men as these the daily round of a peaceful life is a perpetual monotony, and unless they can go forth to rove and wander, to fight or to explore, their very souls would almost cry out for freedom.]

[So, I am convinced, it was with Paul Jones. To such a man nationalities mean nothing more than certain artificial considerations. The only real differ-

ences are those between the land and the sea. He knew that in the forthcoming war he would find just the adventure which delighted him; he would have every chance of obtaining booty, and his own natural endowment, physical and mental, were splendidly suitable for such activities. He had a special knowledge of British pilotage, so he was a seaman distinctly worth having for any marauding expeditions that might be set going. So in the year 1777 we find him very busy as commander, fitting out the privateer *Ranger*. This vessel mounted 18 guns as well as several swivel-guns, and had a desperate crew of 150 able men.

He put to sea and made two captures on the European side of the Atlantic, sending each of these prizes into a French port. The following spring he went a step further in his character as a rebel, for he appeared off the Cumberland coast and began to attack a part of England that must have been singularly well-known to him.] He had made his landfall by daylight, but stood away until darkness set in. At midnight he ran closer in, and in grim silence he sent away his boats with thirty men, all well armed and ready to perform a desperate job. Their objective was Whitehaven, the entrance to the harbour being commanded by a small battery, so their first effort must obviously be to settle that. Having landed with great care, they rushed upon the small garrison and made the whole lot of prisoners. The guns of the battery were next spiked, and now they set about their next piece of daring.

In the harbour the ships were lying side by side, the

tide being out. The good people of the town were asleep in their beds, and all the conditions were ideal for burning the shipping where it stood. Very stealthily the men went about their business, and had laid their combustibles on the decks all ready for firing as soon as the signal should be given. But just then something was happening. At the doors of the main street of the little town there was a series of loud knockings, and people began to wake and bustle about; and soon the sound of voices and the sight of crowds running down to the pier. The marauders had now to hurry on the rest of their work, for the alarm had been given and there was not a moment to lose. So hastily the privateer's men threw their matches on the decks, then made for their boats and rowed off quickly to their ship.

But, luckily, the inhabitants of Whitehaven had come down just in time. For they were able to extinguish the flames before serious damage had been done. What was their joy was keen annoyance to the privateer's men. But who was the good friend who had taken the trouble to rouse the town? Who had at once been so kind as to knock at the doors and to despoil the marauders of their night's work? When the shore party of the privateer mustered on deck it was found that one man was missing, and this was the fellow who, for some conscientious or worldly motive, had gone over to the other side, and so saved both property and lives.

So Jones went a few miles farther north, crossed his familiar Solway Firth and entered the river Dee, on the left bank of which stands Kirkcudbright. He

entered the estuary at dawn and let go anchor off Lord Selkirk's castle. When the natives saw this war-like ship in their river, with her guns and her formidable appearance generally, they began to fear she was a man-of-war come to impress men for the Navy. It happened that the noble lord was away from home in London, and when the men-servants at the castle espied what they presumed to be a King's ship, they begged Lady Selkirk for leave to go and hide themselves lest they might be impressed into the service. A boat was sent from the ship, and a strong body of men landed and marched to the castle, which, to the surprise of all, they surrounded. Lady Selkirk had just finished breakfast when she was summoned to appear before the leader of the men, whose rough clothes soon showed the kind of fellows they were. Armed with pistols, swords, muskets, and even an American tomahawk, they inquired for Lord Selkirk, only to be assured his lordship was away.

The next request was that all the family plate should be handed over. So all that was in the castle was yielded, even to the silver teapot which was on the breakfast table and had not yet been washed out. The silver was packed up, and with many apologies for having had to transact this "dirty business," as one of the officers called it, the pirates went back to their ship rather richer than they had set out. But the inhabitants of the castle were as much surprised as they were thankful to find their own lives had not been demanded as well as the plate. The ship got under way some time after, and put to sea without any further incident. Now the rest of this story of the

plate runs as follows, and shows another side to the character of the head-gardener's son: for, a few days after this visit, Lady Selkirk received a letter from Jones, apologising for what had been done, and stating that this raid had been neither suggested nor sanctioned by him. On the contrary he had used his best influence to prevent its occurrence. But his officers and crew had insisted on the deed, with a view to capturing Lord Selkirk, for whose ransom they hoped to obtain a large sum of money.

As an earnest of his own innocence in the matter, Paul Jones added that he would try to purchase from his associates the booty which they had brought away, and even if he could not return the entire quantity he would send back all that he could. We need not stop to wonder whether Lady Selkirk really believed such a statement; but the truth is that about five years later the whole of the plate came back, carriage paid, in exactly the same condition as it had left the castle. Apparently it had never been unpacked, for the tea leaves were still in the teapot, just as they had been taken away on that exciting morning.

But to come back to the ship. After leaving the Solway Firth astern, Jones stood over to the Irish coast and entered Belfast Lough, amusing himself on the way by burning or capturing several fishing craft. But it happened that he was espied by Captain Burdon of H.M.S. *Drake*, a sloop. Seeing Jones' ship coming along, he took her to be a merchantman, and so from her he could impress some seamen. So the officer lowered a boat and sent her off. But when the boat's crew came aboard Jones' vessel they had the

surprise of their lives, for instead of arresting they were themselves arrested. After this it seemed to Jones more prudent to leave Belfast alone and get away with his capture. Meanwhile, Captain Burdon was getting anxious about his men, as the boat had not returned. Moreover, he noticed that the supposed merchantman was now crowding on all possible sail, so he at once prepared his sloop for giving chase and prepared for action, and, on coming up with the privateer, began a sharp fire.

Night, however, intervened, and the firing had to stop, but when daylight returned the engagement recommenced and continued for an hour. A fierce encounter was fought on both sides, and at length Captain Burdon and his first lieutenant were killed, as well as twenty of the crew disabled. The *Drake's* topmast was shot away and the ship was considerably damaged, so that there was no other alternative but to surrender to the privateer.

But as both sides of the Irish Channel were now infuriated against Jones, he determined to leave these parts, and taking his prize with him proceeded to Brest, where he arrived in safety. In the following year, instead of the *Ranger* he had command of a frigate called the *Bon Homme Richard*, a 40-gun ship with 370 crew. In addition to this vessel he had also the frigate *Alliance*, of 36 guns and 300 crew; the brig *Vengeance*, 14 guns and 70 men; a cutter of eighteen tons; and a French frigate named the *Pallas*. All except the last mentioned were in the service of the American Congress. A little further down the coast of the Bay of Biscay than Brest is L'Orient, and from

this port Jones sailed with the above fleet in the summer of 1779, arriving off the Kerry coast, where he sent a boat's crew ashore to bring back sheep. But the natives captured the boat's crew and lodged them in Tralee gaol.

After this Jones sailed to the east of Scotland and captured a number of prizes, all of which he sent on to France. Finally he determined to attempt no less a plan than burn the shipping in Leith harbour and collect tribute from the undefended towns of the Fife-shire coast. He came into the Firth of Forth, but as both wind and tide were foul, he let go under the island of Inchkeith. Next day he weighed anchor and again tried to make Leith, but the breeze had now increased to a gale, and he sprung one of his topmasts which caused him to bear up and leave the Firth. He now rejoined his squadron and cruised along the east coast of England. Towards the end of September he fell in with a British convoy bound from the Baltic, being escorted by two men-of-war, namely, H.M.S. *Serapis*, (44 guns), and H.M.S. *Countess of Scarborough* (20 guns). And then followed a most memorable engagement. In order that the reader may be afforded some opportunity of realising how doughty an opponent was this Paul Jones, and how this corsair was able to make a ship of the Royal Navy strike colours, I append the following despatch which was written by Captain Pearson, R.N., who commanded the *Serapis*. The *Countess of Scarborough* was under command of Captain Thomas Piercy, and this officer also confirmed the account of the disaster. The narrative is so succinct and clear

that it needs no further explanation. The letter was written from the Texel, whither Pearson was afterwards taken:—

“*Pallas* FRIGATE IN CONGRESS SERVICE,
TEXEL, October 6, 1779.

“On the 23rd ult. being close in with Scarborough about twelve o'clock, a boat came on board with a letter from the bailiffs of that corporation, giving information of a flying squadron of the enemy's ship being on the coast, of a part of the said squadron having been seen from thence the day before standing to the southward. As soon as I received this intelligence I made the signal for the convoy to bear down under my lee, and repeated it with two guns; notwithstanding which the van of the convoy kept their wind with all sail stretching out to the southward from under Flam-borough-head, till between twelve and one, when the headmost of them got sight of the enemy's ships, which were then in chase of them. They then tacked, and made the best of their way under the shore for Scarborough, letting fly their topgallant sheets, and firing guns; upon which I made all the sail I could to windward, to get between the enemy's ship and the convoy, which I soon effected. At one o'clock we got sight of the enemy's ship from the masthead, and about four we made them plain from the deck to be three large ships and a brig! Upon which I made the *Countess of Scarborough's* signal to join me, she being inshore with the convoy; at the same time I made the signal for the convoy to make the best of their way, and repeated the signal with two guns. I then brought-to to let the *Countess of Scarborough* come up, and cleared ship for action.

“At half-past five the *Countess of Scarborough* joined

me, the enemy's ships bearing down upon us with a light breeze at S.S.W.; at six tacked and laid our head in-shore, in order to keep our ground the better between the enemy's ships and the convoy; soon after which we perceived the ships bearing down upon us to be a two-decked ship and two frigates, but from their keeping end upon us in bearing down, we could not discern what colours they were under. At twenty minutes past seven, the largest ship of the two brought-to on our lee-bow, within musket shot. I hailed him, and asked what ship it was? They answered in English, the *Princess Royal*. I then asked where they belonged to? They answered evasively; on which I told them, if they did not answer directly I would fire into them. They then answered with a shot, which was instantly returned with a broadside; and after exchanging two or three broadsides, he backed his topsails, and dropped upon our quarter, within pistol-shot; then filled again, put his helm a-weather, and ran us on board upon our weather quarter, and attempted to board us, but being repulsed he sheered off: upon which I backed our topsails in order to get square with him again; which, as soon as he observed; he then filled, put his helm a-weather, and laid us athwart hawse; his mizzen shrouds took our jib-boom, which hung for some time, till it at last gave way, and we dropt alongside each other head and stern, when the fluke of our spare anchor hooking his quarter, we became so close fore-and-aft, that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides.

"In this position we engaged from half-past eight till half-past ten; during which time, from the great quantity and variety of combustible matters which they threw upon our decks, chains, and, in short, into every part of the ship, we were on fire not less than ten or twelve times in different parts of the ship, and it was with the

greatest difficulty and exertion imaginable at times, that we were able to get it extinguished. At the same time the largest of the two frigates kept sailing round us during the whole action, and raking us fore and aft, by which means she killed or wounded almost every man on the quarter and main decks. At half-past nine, either from a hand grenade being thrown in at one of our lower-deck ports, or from some other accident, a cartridge of powder was set on fire, the flames of which running from cartridge to cartridge all the way aft, blew up the whole of the people and officers that were quartered abaft the main mast; from which unfortunate circumstance all those guns were rendered useless for the remainder of the action, and I fear the greatest part of the people will lose their lives.

"At ten o'clock they called for quarters from the ship alongside, and said they had struck. Hearing this, I called upon the captain to say if they had struck, or if he asked for quarter; but receiving no answer, after repeating my words two or three times, I called for the boarders, and ordered them to board, which they did; but the moment they were on board her, they discovered a superior number lying under cover, with pikes in their hands, ready to receive them; on which our people retreated instantly into our own ship, and returned to their guns again until half-past ten, when the frigate coming across our stern, and pouring her broadside into us again, without our being able to bring a gun to bear on her, I found it in vain, and in short impracticable, from the situation we were in, to stand out any longer with any prospect of success; I therefore struck. Our main-mast at the same time went by the board.

"The first lieutenant and myself were immediately escorted into the ship alongside, when we found her to be an American ship of war, called the *Bon Homme*

Richard, of forty guns, and 375 men, commanded by Captain Paul Jones; the other frigate which engaged us, to be the *Alliance*, of forty guns, and 300 men; and the third frigate, which engaged and took the *Countess of Scarborough*, after two hours' action, to be the *Pallas*, a French frigate of thirty guns, and 275 men; the *Vengeance*, an armed brig, of twelve guns, and 70 men; all in Congress service, under the command of Paul Jones. They fitted out and sailed from Port l'Orient the latter end of July, and come north about. They have on board 300 English prisoners, which they have taken in different vessels in their way round since they left France, and have ransomed some others. On my going on board the *Bon Homme Richard* I found her in the greatest distress, her quarters and counter on the lower deck being entirely drove in, and the whole of her lower-deck guns dismounted; she was also on fire in two places, and six or seven feet of water in her hold, which kept increasing upon them all night and next day, till they were obliged to quit her. She had 300 men killed and wounded in the action. Our loss in the *Serapis* was also very great.

"My officers, and people in general, behaved well; and I should be very remiss in my attentions to their merit were I to omit recommending them to their Lordships' favour.

"I must at the same time beg leave to inform their Lordships that Captain Piercy, in the *Countess of Scarborough*, was not the least remiss in his duty, he having given me every assistance in his power; and as much as could be expected from such a ship in engaging the attention of the *Pallas*, a frigate of thirty-two guns, during the whole action.

"I am extremely sorry for the accident that has happened, that of losing His Majesty's ship which I had the

honour to command; but at the same time I flatter myself with the hope that their Lordships will be convinced that she has not been given away; but, on the contrary, that every exertion has been used to defend her, and that two essential pieces of service to our country have arisen from it: the one, in wholly oversetting the cruise and intentions of this flying squadron; the other is rescuing the whole of a valuable convoy from falling into the hands of the enemy, which must have been the case had I acted any otherwise than I did. We have been driving about the North Sea ever since the action, and endeavouring to make to any port we possibly could; but have not been able to get into any place till to-day we arrived in the Texel. Herewith I enclose you the most correct list of the killed and wounded I have as yet been able to procure, from my people being dispersed among the different ships, and having been refused permission to make much of them.

“R. PEARSON.

“P. S. I am refused permission to wait on Sir Joseph Yorke,¹ and even to go on shore.

“The killed were—1 boatswain, 1 master’s mate, 2 midshipmen, 1 quarter-master, 29 sailors, 15 marines—49.

“Wounded—second lieutenant Michael Stanhope, Lieutenant Whiteman, marines, 2 surgeon’s mates, 6 petty officers, 46 sailors, 12 marines—total, 68.”

It is obvious that the British Officers had fought their ships most gallantly, and the King showed his appreciation by conferring the honour of knighthood on Captain Pearson, and soon after Piercy was promoted to the rank of Post-Captain, and promotion

¹ The British Ambassador.

was also granted to the other officers. But recognition was shown not merely by the State but by the City, for the Directors of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company presented Pearson with a piece of plate valued at a hundred guineas, and Piercy with a similar gift valued at fifty guineas. They further voted their thanks to the officers for having protected the rich fleets under their care.

The British Ambassador, Sir Joseph York, had considerable difficulty in procuring the release of the prisoners which Paul Jones had made from His Majesty's ships, and although he strenuously urged the States General to detain Jones and his ships as a rebel subject with unlawful ships, yet the squadron, after being carefully blockaded, succeeded in escaping one dark night to Dunkirk. Jones had lost his ship the *Bon Homme Richard* as a result of the fight, and now made the *Alliance* his flagship.

The story of Paul Jones from now is not capable of completion. For a period of several years his movements were somewhat mysterious, although it is known that on one occasion he sailed across the Atlantic in the remarkable time of three weeks with despatches from the American Congress. Then the fame of this remarkable fellow begins to wane. After peace was concluded the active brain and fervent spirit of Paul Jones were not required, and he chafed against the fetters of unemployment. It is true that he offered his services to the Empress of Russia in 1788, but he seems very soon to have gone to Paris where he spent the rest of his life. There was no employment for him in the French Navy, and

finally he was reduced to abject poverty and ended his days in the year 1792.

[It is not quite easy, altogether, to estimate the character of a man so contradictory as Paul Jones. Had he been born in another age and placed in different circumstances, there is no telling how illustrious he might not have become. He was certainly a magnificent seaman and fighting man, but over and above all he was an adventurer. Idolised as a hero both in America and France, he struck terror in Britain.

He was primarily a sailor of fortune. As one can see from his life his devotion to adventure was far superior to his devotion to nationality—Scotch, English, French, American or Russian. He was willing and anxious to go wherever there was fighting, wherever glory could be obtained.



JEAN LAFITTE—THE PIRATE OF THE GULF

[From "The Pirates' Own Book."]

JEAN LAFITTE was born at St. Maloes in France, in 1781, and went to sea at the age of thirteen; after several voyages in Europe, and to the coast of Africa, he was appointed mate of a French East Indiaman, bound to Madras. On the outward passage they encountered a heavy gale off the Cape of Good Hope, which sprung the mainmast and otherwise injured the ship, which determined the captain to bear up for the Mauritius, where he arrived in safety; a quarrel having taken place on the passage out between Lafitte and the captain, he abandoned the ship and refused to continue the voyage. Several privateers were at this time fitting out at this island, and Lafitte was appointed captain of one of these vessels; after a cruise during which he robbed the vessels of other nations besides those of England, and thus committing piracy, he stopped at the Seychelles, and took in a load of slaves for the Mauritius; but being chased by an English frigate as far north as the equator, he found himself in a very awkward condition; not having provisions enough on board his ship to carry him back to the French Colony. He therefore conceived the bold project of proceeding to the Bay of Bengal, in order to get provisions from on

board some English ships. In his ship of two hundred tons, with only two guns and twenty-six men, he attacked and took an English armed schooner with a numerous crew. After putting nineteen of his own crew on board the schooner, he took the command of her and proceeded to cruise upon the coast of Bengal. He there fell in with the *Pagoda*, a vessel belonging to the English East India Company, armed with twenty-six twelve pounders and manned with one hundred and fifty men. Expecting that the enemy would take him for a pilot of the Ganges, he manœuvred accordingly. The *Pagoda* manifested no suspicions, whereupon he suddenly darted with his brave followers upon her decks, overturned all who opposed them, and speedily took the ship. After a very successful cruise he arrived safe at the Mauritius, and took the command of *La Confiance* of twenty-six guns and two hundred and fifty men, and sailed for the coast of British India. Off the Sand Heads in October, 1807, Lafitte fell in with the *Queen* East India-man, with a crew of near four hundred men, and carrying forty guns; he conceived the bold project of getting possession of her. Never was there beheld a more unequal conflict; even the height of the vessel compared to the feeble privateer augmented the chances against Lafitte; but the difficulty and danger far from discouraging this intrepid sailor, acted as an additional spur to his brilliant valor. After electrifying his crew with a few words of hope and ardor, he manœuvred and ran on board of the enemy. In this position he received a broadside when close too; but he expected this, and made his men lay flat upon

the deck. After the first fire they all rose, and from the yards and tops, threw bombs and grenades into the forecastle of the Indiaman. This sudden and unforeseen attack caused a great havoc. In an instant, death and terror made them abandon a part of the vessel near the mizzen-mast. Lafitte, who observed every thing, seized the decisive moment, beat to arms and forty of his crew prepared to board, with pistols in their hands and daggers held between their teeth. As soon as they got on deck, they rushed upon the affrighted crowd, who retreated to the steerage, and endeavored to defend themselves there. Lafitte thereupon ordered a second division to board, which he headed himself; the captain of the Indiaman was killed and all were swept away in a moment. Lafitte caused a gun to be loaded with grape, which he pointed towards the place where the crowd was assembled, threatening to exterminate them. The English deeming resistance fruitless, surrendered, and Lafitte hastened to put a stop to the slaughter. This exploit, hitherto unparalleled, resounded through India, and the name of Lafitte became the terror of English commerce in these latitudes.

As British vessels now traversed the Indian Ocean under strong convoys, game became scarce, and Lafitte determined to visit France; and after doubling the Cape of Good Hope, he coasted up to the Gulf of Guinea, and in the Bight of Benin, took two valuable prizes loaded with gold dust, ivory and Palm Oil; with this booty he reached St. Maloes in safety. After a short stay at his native place he fitted out a brigantine, mounting twenty guns and one hundred and fifty men,

and sailed for Gaudaloupe; amongst the West India Islands, he made several valuable prizes; but during his absence on a cruise the island having been taken by the British, he proceeded to Carthagena, and from thence to Barrataria. After this period, the conduct of Lafitte at Barrataria does not appear to be characterized by the audacity and boldness of his former career; but he had amassed immense sums of booty, and as he was obliged to have dealings with the merchants of the United States, and the West Indies, who frequently owed him large sums, and the cautious dealings necessary to found and conduct a colony of Pirates and Smugglers in the very teeth of a civilized nation, obliged Lafitte to cloak as much as possible his real character.

As we have said before, at the period of the taking of Gaudaloupe by the British, most of the privateers commissioned by the government of that island, and which were then on a cruise, not being able to return to any of the West India Islands, made for Barrataria, there to take in a supply of water and provisions, recruit the health of their crews, and dispose of their prizes, which could not be admitted into any of the ports of the United States, we being at that time in peace with Great Britain. Most of the commissions granted to privateers by the French government at Gaudaloupe, having expired sometime after the declaration of the independence of Carthagena, many of the privateers repaired to that port, for the purpose of obtaining from the new government commissions for cruising against Spanish vessels. Having duly obtained their commissions, they in a manner

blockaded for a long time all the ports belonging to the royalists, and made numerous captives, which they carried into Barrataria. Under this denomination is comprised part of the coast of Louisiana to the west of the mouths of the Mississippi, comprehended between Bastien bay on the east, and the mouths of the river or bayou la Fourche on the west. Not far from the sea are lakes called the great and little lakes of Barrataria, communicating with one another by several large bayous with a great number of branches. There is also the island of Barrataria, at the extremity of which is a place called the Temple, which denomination it owes to several mounds of shells thrown up there by the Indians. The name of Barrataria is also given to a large basin which extends the whole length of the cypress swamps, from the Gulf of Mexico to three miles above New Orleans. These waters disembogue into the gulf by two entrances of the bayou Barrataria, between which lies an island called Grand Terre, six miles in length, and from two to three miles in breadth, running parallel with the coast. In the western entrance is the great pass of Barrataria, which has from nine to ten feet of water. Within this pass about two leagues from the open sea, lies the only secure harbor on the coast, and accordingly this was the harbor frequented by the *Pirates*, so well known by the name of Barratarians.

At Grande Terre, the privateers publicly made sale by auction, of the cargoes of their prizes. From all parts of Lower Louisiana, people resorted to Barrataria, without being at all solicitous to conceal the object of their journey. The most respectable inhabi-

tants of the state, especially those living in the country, were in the habit of purchasing smuggled goods coming from Barrataria.

The government of the United States sent an expedition under Commodore Patterson, to disperse the settlement of marauders at Barrataria; the following is an extract of his letter to the secretary of war.

SIR—I have the honor to inform you that I departed from this city on the 11th June, accompanied by Col. Ross, with a detachment of seventy of the 44th regiment of infantry. On the 12th, reached the schooner Carolina, of Plaquemine, and formed a junction with the gun vessels at the Balize on the 13th, sailed from the southwest pass on the evening of the 15th, and at half past 8 o'clock, A. M. on the 16th, made the Island of Barrataria, and discovered a number of vessels in the harbor, some of which shewed Carthaginian colors. At 2 o'clock, perceived the pirates forming their vessels, ten in number, including prizes, into a line of battle near the entrance of the harbor, and making every preparation to offer me battle. At 10 o'clock, wind light and variable, formed the order of battle with six gun boats and the Sea Horse tender, mounting one six pounder and fifteen men, and a launch mounting one twelve pound carronade; the schooner Carolina, drawing too much water to cross the bar. At half past 10 o'clock, perceived several smokes along the coasts as signals, and at the same time a white flag hoisted on board a schooner at the fort, an American flag at the mainmast head and a Carthaginian flag (under which the pirates cruise) at her topping lift; replied with a white flag at my main; at 11 o'clock, discovered that the pirates had fired two of their best schooners; hauled down my white

flag and made the *signal for battle*; hoisting with a large white flag bearing the words "Pardon for Deserters"; having heard there was a number on shore from the army and navy. At a quarter past 11 o'clock, two gun boats grounded and were passed agreeably to my previous orders, by the other four which entered the harbor, manned by my barge and the boats belonging to the grounded vessels, and proceeded in to my great disappointment. I perceived that the pirates abandoned their vessels, and were flying in all directions. I immediately sent the launch and two barges with small boats in pursuit of them. At meridian, took possession of all their vessels in the harbor consisting of six schooners and one felucca, cruisers, and prizes of the pirates, one brig, a prize, and two armed schooners under the Carthaginian flag, both in the line of battle, with the armed vessels of the pirates, and apparently with an intention to aid them in any resistance they might make against me, as their crews were at quarters, tompons out of their guns, and matches lighted. Col. Ross at the same time landed, and with his command took possession of their establishment on shore, consisting of about forty houses of different sizes, badly constructed, and thatched with palmetto leaves.

When I perceived the enemy forming their vessels into a line of battle I felt confident from their number and very advantageous position, and their number of men, that they would have fought me; their not doing so I regret; for had they, I should have been enabled more effectually to destroy or make prisoners of them and their leaders; but it is a subject of great satisfaction to me, to have effected the object of my enterprise, without the loss of a man.

The enemy had mounted on their vessels twenty pieces of cannon of different calibre; and as I have since

learnt, from eight hundred, to one thousand men of all nations and colors.

Early in the morning of the 20th, the Carolina at anchor, about five miles distant, made the signal of a "strange sail in sight to eastward"; immediately after she weighed anchor, and gave chase the strange sail, standing for Grand Terre, with all sail; at half past 8 o'clock, the chase hauled her wind off shore to escape; sent acting Lieut. Spedding with four boats manned and armed to prevent her passing the harbor; at 9 o'clock, A. M., the chase fired upon the Carolina, which was returned; each vessel continued firing during the chase, when their long guns could reach. At 10 o'clock, the chase grounded outside of the bar, at which time the Carolina was from the shoalness of the water obliged to haul her wind off shore and give up the chase; opened a fire upon the chase across the island from the gun vessels. At half past 10 o'clock, she hauled down her colors and was taken possession of. She proved to be the armed schooner Gen. Boliver; by grounding she broke both her rudder pintles and made water; took from her her armament, consisting of one long brass eighteen pounder, one long brass six pounder, two twelve pounders, small arms, &c., and twenty-one packages of dry goods. On the afternoon of the 23d, got underway with the whole squadron, in all seventeen vessels, but during the night one escaped, and the next day arrived at New Orleans with my whole squadron.

At different times the English had sought to attack the pirates at Barrataria, in hopes of taking their prizes, and even their armed vessels. Of these attempts of the British, suffice it to instance that of June 23rd, 1813, when two privateers being at anchor

off Cat Island, a British sloop of war anchored at the entrance of the pass, and sent her boats to endeavor to take the privateers; but they were repulsed with considerable loss.

Such was the state of affairs, when on the 2d Sept., 1814, there appeared an armed brig on the coast opposite the pass. She fired a gun at a vessel about to enter, and forced her to run aground; she then tacked and shortly after came to an anchor at the entrance of the pass. It was not easy to understand the intentions of this vessel, who, having commenced with hostilities on her first appearance now seemed to announce an amicable disposition. Mr. Lafitte then went off in a boat to examine her, venturing so far that he could not escape from the pinnace sent from the brig, and making towards the shore, bearing British colors and a flag of truce. In this pinnace were two naval officers. One was Capt. Lockyer, commander of the brig. The first question they asked was, where was Mr. Lafitte? he not choosing to make himself known to them, replied that the person they inquired for was on shore. They then delivered to him a packet directed to Mr. Lafitte, Barrataria, requesting him to take particular care of it, and to deliver it into Mr. Lafitte's hands. He prevailed on them to make for the shore, and as soon as they got near enough to be in his power, he made himself known, recommending to them at the same time to conceal the business on which they had come. Upwards of two hundred persons lined the shore, and it was a general cry amongst the crews of the privateers at Grand Terre, that those British officers should be made prisoners

and sent to New Orleans as spies. It was with much difficulty that Lafitte dissuaded the multitude from this intent, and led the officers in safety to his dwelling. He thought very prudently that the papers contained in the packet might be of importance towards the safety of the country and that the officers if well watched could obtain no intelligence that might turn to the detriment of Louisiana. He now examined the contents of the packet, in which he found a proclamation addressed by Col. Edward Nichalls, in the service of his Britannic Majesty, and commander of the land forces on the coast of Florida, to the inhabitants of Louisiana. A letter from the same to Mr. Lafitte, the commander of Barrataria; an official letter from the honorable W. H. Percy, captain of the sloop of war *Hermes*, directed to Lafitte. When he had perused these letters, Capt. Lockyer enlarged on the subject of them and proposed to him to enter into the service of his Britannic Majesty with the rank of post captain and to receive the command of a 44 gun frigate. Also all those under his command, or over whom he had sufficient influence. He was also offered thirty thousand dollars, payable at Pensacola, and urged him not to let slip this opportunity of acquiring fortune and consideration. On Lafitte's requiring a few days to reflect upon these proposals, Capt. Lockyer observed to him that no reflection could be necessary respecting proposals that obviously precluded hesitation, as he was a Frenchman and proscribed by the American government. But to all his splendid promises and daring insinuations, Lafitte replied that in a few days he

would give a final answer; his object in this procrastination being to gain time to inform the officers of the state government of this nefarious project. Having occasion to go to some distance for a short time, the persons who had proposed to send the British officers prisoners to New Orleans, went and seized them in his absence, and confined both them and the crew of the pinnace, in a secure place, leaving a guard at the door. The British officers sent for Lafitte; but he, fearing an insurrection of the crews of the privateers, thought it advisable not to see them until he had first persuaded their captains and officers to desist from the measures on which they seemed bent. With this view he represented to the latter that, besides the infamy that would attach to them if they treated as prisoners people who had come with a flag of truce, they would lose the opportunity of discovering the projects of the British against Louisiana.

Early the next morning Lafitte caused them to be released from their confinement and saw them safe on board their pinnace, apologizing the detention. He now wrote to Capt Lockyer the following letter.

TO CAPTAIN LOCKYER.

Barrataria, 4th Sept. 1814.

SIR—The confusion which prevailed in our camp yesterday and this morning, and of which you have a complete knowledge, has prevented me from answering in a precise manner to the object of your mission; nor even at this moment can I give you all the satisfaction that you desire; however, if you could grant me a fortnight, I would be entirely at your disposal at the

end of that time. This delay is indispensable to enable me to put my affairs in order. You may communicate with me by sending a boat to the eastern point of the pass, where I will be found. You have inspired me with more confidence than the admiral, your superior officer, could have done himself; with you alone, I wish to deal, and from you also I will claim, in due time the reward of the services, which I may render to you.

Yours, &c.,

J. LAFITTE.

His object in writing that letter was, by appearing disposed to accede to their proposals, to give time to communicate the affair to the officers of the state government, and to receive from them instructions how to act, under circumstances so critical and important to the country. He accordingly wrote on the 4th September to Mr. Blanque, one of the representatives of the state, sending him all the papers delivered to him by the British officers with a letter addressed to his excellency, Gov. Claiborne of the state of Louisiana.

TO GOV. CLAIBORNE.

Barrataria, Sept. 4th, 1814.

SIR—In the firm persuasion that the choice made of you to fill the office of first magistrate of this state, was dictated by the esteem of your fellow citizens, and was conferred on merit, I confidently address you on an affair on which may depend the safety of this country. I offer to you to restore to this state several citizens, who perhaps in your eyes have lost that sacred title. I offer you them, however, such as you could wish to find them, ready to exert their utmost efforts in defence of the country. This point of Louisiana, which I occupy,

is of great importance in the present crisis. I tender my services to defend it; and the only reward I ask is that a stop be put to the proscription against me and my adherents, by an act of oblivion, for all that has been done hitherto. I am the stray sheep wishing to return to the fold. If you are thoroughly acquainted with the nature of my offences, I should appear to you much less guilty, and still worthy to discharge the duties of a good citizen. I have never sailed under any flag but that of the republic of Carthagera, and my vessels are perfectly regular in that respect. If I could have brought my lawful prizes into the ports of this state, I should not have employed the illicit means that have caused me to be proscribed. I decline saying more on the subject, until I have the honor of your excellency's answer, which I am persuaded can be dictated only by wisdom. Should your answer not be favorable to my ardent desires, I declare to you that I will instantly leave the country, to avoid the imputation of having cooperated towards an invasion on this point, which cannot fail to take place, and to rest secure in the acquittal of my conscience.

I have the honor to be
your excellency's, &c.

J. LAFITTE.

The contents of these letters do honor to Lafitte's judgment, and evince his sincere attachment to the American cause. On the receipt of this packet from Lafitte, Mr. Blanque immediately laid its contents before the governor, who convened the committee of defence lately formed of which he was president; and Mr. Rancher, the bearer of Lafitte's packet, was sent back with a verbal answer to desire Lafitte to take no steps until it should be determined what was

expedient to be done; the message also contained an assurance that, in the meantime no steps should be taken against him for his past offences against the laws of the United States.

At the expiration of the time agreed on with Captain Lockyer, his ship appeared again on the coast with two others, and continued standing off and on before the pass for several days. But he pretended not to perceive the return of the sloop of war, who tired of waiting to no purpose put out to sea and disappeared.

Lafitte having received a guarantee from General Jackson for his safe passage from Barrataria to New Orleans and back, he proceeded forthwith to the city where he had an interview with Gov. Claiborne and the General. After the usual formalities and courtesies had taken place between these gentlemen, Lafitte addressed the Governor of Louisiana nearly as follows. "I have offered to defend for you that part of Louisiana I now hold. But not as an outlaw, would I be its defender. In that confidence, with which you have inspired me, I offer to restore to the state many citizens, now under my command. As I have remarked before, the point I occupy is of great importance in the present crisis. I tender not only my own services to defend it, but those of all I command; and the only reward I ask, is, that a stop be put to the proscription against me and my adherents, by an act of oblivion for all that has been done hitherto."

"My dear sir," said the Governor, who together with General Jackson, was impressed with admiration of his sentiments, "your praiseworthy wishes shall be

laid before the council of the state, and I will confer with my august friend here present, upon this important affair and send you an answer to-morrow." As Lafitte withdrew, the General said, "Farewell; when we meet again, I trust it will be in the ranks of the American army." The result of the conference was the issuing of the following order.

"The Governor of Louisiana, informed that many individuals implicated in the offences heretofore committed against the United States at Barrataria, express a willingness at the present crisis to enroll themselves and march against the enemy.

"He does hereby invite them to join the standard of the United States and is authorised to say, should their conduct in the field meet the approbation of the Major General, that that officer will unite with the Governor in a request to the president of the United States, to extend to each and every individual, so marching and acting, a free and full pardon." These general orders were placed in the hands of Lafitte, who circulated them among his dispersed followers, most of whom readily embraced the conditions of pardon they held out. In a few days many brave men and skillful artillerists, whose services contributed greatly to the safety of the invaded state, flocked to the standard of the United States, and by their conduct, received the highest approbation of General Jackson.

The morning of the eighth of January was ushered in with the discharge of rockets, the sound of cannon, and the cheers of the British soldiers advancing to the attack, The Americans, behind the breastwork,

awaited in calm intrepidity their approach. The enemy advanced in close column of sixty men in front, shouldering their muskets and carrying fascines and ladders. A storm of rockets preceded them, and an incessant fire opened from the battery which commanded the advanced column. The musketry and rifles from the Kentuckians and Tennesseans joined the fire of the artillery, and in a few moments was heard along the line a ceaseless, rolling fire, whose tremendous noise resembled the continued reverberation of thunder. One of these guns, a twenty-four pounder, placed upon the breastwork in the third embrasure from the river, drew, from the fatal skill and activity with which it was managed, even in the heat of battle, the admiration of both Americans and British; and became one of the points most dreaded by the advancing foe.

Here was stationed Lafitte and his lieutenant Dominique and a large band of his men, who during the continuance of the battle, fought with unparalleled bravery. The British already had been twice driven back in the utmost confusion, with the loss of their Commander-in-chief, and two general officers.

Two other batteries were manned by the Barrabarians, who served their pieces with the steadiness and precision of veteran gunners. In the first attack of the enemy, a column pushed forward between the levee and river; and so precipitate was their charge that the outposts were forced to retire, closely pressed by the enemy. Before the batteries could meet the charge, clearing the ditch, they gained the redoubt through the embrasures, leaping over the parapet,

and overwhelming by their superior force the small party stationed there.

Lafitte, who was commanding in conjunction with his officers, at one of the guns, no sooner saw the bold movement of the enemy, than calling a few of his best men by his side, he sprung forward to the point of danger, and clearing the breastwork of the entrenchments, leaped, cutlass in hand, into the midst of the enemy, followed by a score of his men, who in many a hard fought battle upon his own deck, had been well tried.

Astonished at the intrepidity which could lead men to leave their entrenchments and meet them hand to hand, and pressed by the suddenness of the charge, which was made with the recklessness, skill and rapidity of practised boarders bounding upon the deck of an enemy's vessel, they began to give way, while one after another, two British officers fell before the cutlass of the pirate, as they were bravely encouraging their men. All the energies of the British were now concentrated to scale the breastwork, which one daring officer had already mounted. While Lafitte and his followers, seconding a gallant band of volunteer riflemen, formed a phalanx which they in vain essayed to penetrate.

The British finding it impossible to take the city and the havock in their ranks being dreadful, made a precipitate retreat, leaving the field covered with their dead and wounded.

General Jackson, in his correspondence with the secretary of war did not fail to notice the conduct of the "Corsairs of Barrataria," who were, as we have

already seen, employed in the artillery service. In the course of the campaign they proved, in an unequivocal manner, that they had been misjudged by the enemy, who a short time previous to the invasion of Louisiana, had hoped to enlist them in his cause. Many of them were killed or wounded in the defence of the country. Their zeal, their courage, and their skill, were remarked by the whole army, who could no longer consider such brave men as criminals. In a few days peace was declared between Great Britain and the United States.

The piratical establishment of Barrataria having been broken up and Lafitte not being content with leading an honest, peaceful life, procured some fast sailing vessels, and with a great number of his followers, proceeded to Galvezton Bay, in Texas, during the year 1819; where he received a commission from General Long; and had five vessels generally cruising and about 300 men. Two open boats bearing commissions from General Humbert, of Galvezton, having robbed a plantation on the Marmento river, of negroes, money, &c., were captured in the Sabine river, by the boats of the United States schooner *Lynx*. One of the men was hung by Lafitte, who dreaded the vengeance of the American government. The *Lynx* also captured one of his schooners, and her prize that had been for a length of time smuggling in the Carmento. One of his cruisers, named the *Jupiter*, returned safe to Galvezton after a short cruise with a valuable cargo, principally specie; she was the first vessel that sailed under the authority of Texas. The American government well knowing

that where Lafitte was, piracy and smuggling would be the order of the day, sent a vessel of war to cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, and scour the coasts of Texas. Lafitte having been appointed governor of Galvezton and one of the cruisers being stationed off the port to watch his motions, it so annoyed him that he wrote the following letter to her commander, Lieutenant Madison.

To the commandant of the American cruiser, off the port of Galvezton.

SIR—I am convinced that you are a cruiser of the navy, ordered by your government. I have therefore deemed it proper to inquire into the cause of your living before this port without communicating your intention. I shall by this message inform you, that the port of Galvezton belongs to and is in the possession of the republic of Texas, and was made a port of entry the 9th October last. And whereas the supreme congress of said republic have thought proper to appoint me as governor of this place, in consequence of which, if you have any demands on said government, or persons belonging to or residing in the same, you will please to send an officer with such demands, whom you may be assured will be treated with the greatest politeness, and receive every satisfaction required. But if you are ordered, or should attempt to enter this port in a hostile manner, my oath and duty to the government compels me to rebut your intentions at the expense of my life.

To prove to you my intentions towards the welfare and harmony of your government I send enclosed the declaration of several prisoners, who were taken in custody yesterday, and by a court of inquiry appointed for that purpose, were found guilty of robbing the inhabitants of the United States of a number of slaves

and specie. The gentlemen bearing this message will give you any reasonable information relating to this place, that may be required.

Yours, &c.

J. LAFITTE.

About this time one Mitchell, who had formerly belonged to Lafitte's gang, collected upwards of one hundred and fifty desperadoes and fortified himself on an island near Barrataria, with several pieces of cannon; and swore that he and all his comrades would perish within their trenches before they would surrender to any man. Four of this gang having gone to New Orleans on a frolic, information was given to the city watch, and the house surrounded, when the whole four with cocked pistols in both hands sallied out and marched through the crowd which made way for them and no person dared to make an attempt to arrest them.

The United States cutter, *Alabama*, on her way to the station off the mouth of the Mississippi, captured a piratical schooner belonging to Lafitte; she carried two guns and twenty-five men, and was fitted out at New Orleans, and commanded by one of Lafitte's lieutenants, named Le Fage; the schooner had a prize in company and being hailed by the cutter, poured into her a volley of musketry; the cutter then opened upon the privateer and, a smart action ensued which terminated in favor of the cutter, which had four men wounded and two of them dangerously; but the pirate had six men killed; both vessels were captured and brought into the Bayou St. John. An expedition was now sent to dislodge Mitchell and his comrades from

the island he had taken possession of; after coming to anchor, a summons was sent for him to surrender, which was answered by a brisk cannonade from his breastwork. The vessels were warped close in shore; and the boats manned and sent on shore whilst the vessels opened upon the pirates; the boat's crews landed under a galling fire of grape shot and formed in the most undaunted manner; and although a severe loss was sustained they entered the breastwork at the point of the bayonet; after a desperate fight the pirates gave way, many were taken prisoners but Mitchell and the greatest part escaped to the cypress swamps where it was impossible to arrest them.

A large quantity of dry goods and specie together with other booty was taken. Twenty of the pirates were taken and brought to New Orleans, and tried before Judge Hall, of the Circuit Court of the United States, sixteen were brought in guilty; and after the Judge had finished pronouncing sentence of death upon the hardened wretches, several of them cried out in open court, *Murder—by God*.

Accounts of these transactions having reached Lafitte, he plainly perceived there was a determination to sweep all his cruisers from the sea; and a war of extermination appeared to be waged against him.

In a fit of desperation he procured a large and fast sailing brigantine mounting sixteen guns and having selected a crew of one hundred and sixty men he started without any commission as a regular pirate determined to rob all nations and neither to give or receive quarter. A British sloop of war which was cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, having heard that La-

fitte himself was at sea, kept a sharp look out from the mast head; when one morning as an officer was sweeping the horizon with his glass he discovered a long dark looking vessel, low in the water, but having very tall masts, with sails white as the driven snow. As the sloop of war had the weather gage of the pirate and could outsail her before the wind, she set her studding sails and crowded every inch of canvass in chase; as soon as Lafitte ascertained the character of his opponent, he ordered the awnings to be furled and set his big square-sail and shot rapidly through the water; but as the breeze freshened the sloop of war came up rapidly with the pirate, who, finding no chance of escaping, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible; the guns were cast loose and the shot handed up; and a fire opened upon the ship which killed a number of men and carried away her foretopmast, but she reserved her fire until within cable's distance of the pirate; when she fired a general discharge from her broadside, and a volley of small arms; the broadside was too much elevated to hit the low hull of the brigantine, but was not without effect; the foretopmast fell, the jaws of the main gaff were severed and a large proportion of the rigging came rattling down on deck; ten of the pirates were killed, but Lafitte remained unhurt. The sloop of war entered her men over the starboard bow and a terrific contest with pistols and cutlasses ensued; Lafitte received two wounds at this time which disabled him, a grape shot broke the bone of his right leg and he received a cut in the abdomen, but his crew fought like tigers and the deck was ankle deep with blood and gore; the captain of the boarders

received such a tremendous blow on the head from the butt end of a musket, as stretched him senseless on the deck near Lafitte, who raised his dagger to stab him to the heart. But the tide of his existence was ebbing like a torrent, his brain was giddy, his aim faltered and the point descended in the Captain's right thigh; dragging away the blade with the last convulsive energy of a death struggle, he lacerated the wound. Again the reeking steel was upheld, and Lafitte placed his hand near the Captain's heart, to make his aim more sure; again the dizziness of dissolution spread over his sight, down came the dagger into the captain's left thigh and Lafitte was a corpse.

The upper deck was cleared, and the boarders rushed below on the main deck to complete their conquest. Here the slaughter was dreadful, till the pirates called out for quarter, and the carnage ceased; all the pirates that surrendered were taken to Jamaica and tried before the Admiralty court where sixteen were condemned to die, six were subsequently pardoned and ten executed.

Thus perished Lafitte, a man superior in talent, in knowledge of his profession, in courage, and moreover in physical strength; but unfortunately his reckless career was marked with crimes of the darkest dye.

IN MALAY WATERS

[From "The Pirates' Own Book."]

A GLANCE at the map of the East India Islands will convince us that this region of the globe must, from its natural configuration and locality, be peculiarly liable to become the seat of piracy. These islands form an immense cluster, lying as if it were in the high road which connects the commercial nations of Europe and Asia with each other, affording a hundred fastnesses from which to waylay the traveller. A large proportion of the population is at the same time confined to the coasts or the estuaries of rivers; they are fishermen and mariners; they are barbarous and poor, therefore rapacious, faithless and sanguinary. These are circumstances, it must be confessed, which militate strongly to beget a piratical character. It is not surprising, then, that the Malays should have been notorious for their depredations from our first acquaintance with them.

Among the tribes of the Indian Islands, the most noted for their piracies are, of course, the most idle, and the least industrious, and particularly such as are unaccustomed to follow agriculture or trade as regular pursuits. The agricultural tribes of Java, and many of Sumatra, never commit piracy at all; and the most civilized inhabitants of Celebes are very little addicted to this vice.

Among the most confirmed pirates are the true Malays, inhabiting the small islands about the eastern extremity of the straits of Malacca, and those lying between Sumatra and Borneo, down to Billitin and Cavimattir. Still more noted than these, are the inhabitants of certain islands situated between Borneo and the Philippines, of whom the most desperate and enterprising are the Soolos and Illanoons, the former inhabiting a well known group of islands of the same name, and the latter being one of the most numerous nations of the great island of Magindando. The depredations of the proper Malays extend from Junkceylon to Java, through its whole coast, as far as Grip to Papir and Kritti, in Borneo and the western coast of Celebes. In another direction they infest the coasting trade of the Cochin Chinese and Siamese nations in the Gulf of Siam, finding sale for their booty, and shelter for themselves in the ports of Tringham, Calantan and Sahang. The most noted piratical stations of these people are the small islands about Lingin and Rhio, particularly Galang, Tamiang and Maphar. The chief of this last has seventy or eighty proas fit to undertake piratical expeditions.

The Soolo pirates chiefly confine their depredations to the Phillipine Islands, which they have continued to infest, with little interruption, for near three centuries, in open defiance of the Spanish authorities, and the numerous establishments maintained to check them. The piracies of the Illanoons, on the contrary, are widely extended, being carried on all the way from their native country to the Spice Islands, on one side, and to the Straits of Malacca on the other. In these

last, indeed, they have formed, for the last few years, two permanent establishments; one of these situated on Sumatra, near Indragiri, is called Ritti, and the other a small island on the coast of Linga, is named Salangut. Besides those who are avowed pirates, it ought to be particularly noticed that a great number of the Malayan princes must be considered as accessories to their crimes, for they afford them protection, contribute to their outfit, and often share in their booty; so that a piratical proa is too commonly more welcome in their harbours than a fair trader.

The Malay piratical proas are from six to eight tons burden, and run from six to eight fathoms in length. They carry from one to two small guns, with commonly four swivels or rantakas to each side, and a crew of from twenty to thirty men. When they engage, they put up a strong bulwark of thick plank; the Illanoon proas are much larger and more formidable, and commonly carry from four to six guns, and a proportionable number of swivels, and have not unfrequently a double bulwark covered with buffalo hides; their crews consist of from forty to eighty men. Both, of course, are provided with spears, krisses, and as many fire arms as they can procure. Their modes of attack are cautious and cowardly, for plunder and not fame is their object. They lie concealed under the land, until they find a fit object and opportunity. The time chosen is when a vessel runs aground, or is becalmed, in the interval between the land and sea breezes. A vessel underway is seldom or never attacked. Several of the marauders attack together, and station themselves under the bows and quarters

of a ship when she has no longer steerage way, and is incapable of pointing her guns. The action continues often for several hours, doing very little mischief; but when the crew are exhausted with the defence, or have expended their ammunition, the pirates take this opportunity of boarding in a mass. This may suggest the best means of defence. A ship, when attacked during a calm, ought, perhaps, rather to stand on the defensive, and wait if possible the setting in of the sea breeze, than attempt any active operations, which would only fatigue the crew, and disable them from making the necessary defence when boarding is attempted. Boarding netting, pikes and pistols, appear to afford effectual security; and, indeed, we conceive that a vessel thus defended by resolute crews of Europeans or Americans stand but little danger from any open attack of pirates whatsoever; for their guns are so ill served, that neither the hull or the rigging of a vessel can receive much damage from them, however much protracted the contest. The pirates are upon the whole extremely impartial in the selection of their prey, making little choice between natives and strangers, giving always, however, a natural preference to the most timid, and the most easily overcome.

When an expedition is undertaken by the Malay pirates, they range themselves under the banner of some piratical chief noted for his courage and conduct. The native prince of the place where it is prepared, supplies the adventurers with arms, ammunition and opium, and claims as his share of the plunder, the female captives, the cannon, and one third of all the rest of the booty.

In Nov. 1827, a principal chief of pirates, named Sindana, made a descent upon Mamoodgoo with forty-five proas, burnt three-fourths of the campong, driving the rajah with his family among the mountains. Some scores of men were killed, and 300 made prisoners, besides women and children to half that amount. In December following, when I was there, the people were slowly returning from the hills, but had not yet attempted to rebuild the campong, which lay in ashes. During my stay here (ten weeks) the place was visited by two other piratical chiefs, one of which was from Kylie, the other from Mandhaar Point under Bem Bowan, who appeared to have charge of the whole; between them they had 134 proas of all sizes.

Among the most desperate and successful pirates of the present day, Raga is most distinguished. He is dreaded by people of all denominations, and universally known as the "prince of pirates." For more than seventeen years this man has carried on a system of piracy to an extent never before known; his expeditions and enterprizes would fill a large volume. They have invariably been marked with singular cunning and intelligence, barbarity, and reckless inattention to the shedding of human blood. He has emissaries everywhere, and has intelligence of the best description. It was about the year 1813 Raga commenced operations on a large scale. In that year he cut off three English vessels, killing the captains with his own hands. So extensive were his depredations about that time that a proclamation was issued from Batavia, declaring the east coast of Borneo to be under strict blockade. Two British sloops of war

scoured the coast. One of which, the *Elk*, Capt. Reynolds, was attacked during the night by Raga's own proa, who unfortunately was not on board at the time. This proa which Raga personally commanded, and the loss of which he frequently laments, carried eight guns and was full of his best men.

An European vessel was faintly descried about three o'clock one foggy morning; the rain fell in torrents; the time and weather were favorable circumstances for a surprise, and the commander determined to distinguish himself in the absence of the Rajah Raga, gave directions to close, fire the guns and board. He was the more confident of success, as the European vessel was observed to keep away out of the proper course on approaching her. On getting within about an hundred fathoms of the *Elk* they fired their broadside, gave a loud shout, and with their long oars pulled towards their prey. The sound of a drum beating to quarters no sooner struck the ear of the astonished Malays than they endeavoured to get away: it was too late; the ports were opened, and a broadside, accompanied with three British cheers, gave sure indications of their fate. The captain hailed the *Elk*, and would fain persuade him it was a mistake. It was indeed a mistake, and one not to be rectified by the Malayan explanation. The proa was sunk by repeated broadsides, and the commanding officer refused to pick up any of the people, who, with the exception of five, were drowned; these, after floating four days on some spars, were picked up by a Pergottan proa, and told the story to Raga, who swore anew destruction to every European he should henceforth take.

This desperado has for upwards of seventeen years been the terror of the Straits of Macassar, during which period he has committed the most extensive and dreadful excesses sparing no one. Few respectable families along the coast of Borneo and Celebes but have to complain of the loss of a proa, or of some number of their race; he is not more universally dreaded than detested; it is well known that he has cut off and murdered the crews of more than forty European vessels, which have either been wrecked on the coasts, or entrusted themselves in native ports. It is his boast that twenty of the commanders have fallen by his hands. The western coast of Celebes, for about 250 miles, is absolutely lined with proas belonging principally to three considerable rajahs, who act in conjunction with Raga and other pirates. Their proas may be seen in clusters of from 50, 80, and 100 (at Sediano I counted 147 laying on the sand at high water mark in parallel rows,) and kept in a horizontal position by poles, completely ready for the sea. Immediately behind them are the campongs, in which are the crews; here likewise are kept the sails, gun-powder, &c. necessary for their equipment. On the very summits of the mountains, which in many parts rise abruptly from the sea, may be distinguished innumerable huts; here reside people who are constantly on the look-out. A vessel within ten miles of the shore will not probably perceive a single proa, yet in less than two hours, if the tide be high, she may be surrounded by some hundreds. Should the water be low they will push off during the night. Signals are made from mountain to mountain along the coast with the

utmost rapidity; during the day time by flags attached to long bamboos; at night, by fires. Each chief sends forth his proas, the crews of which, in hazardous cases, are infuriated with opium, when they will most assuredly take the vessel if she be not better provided than most merchantmen.

Mr. Dalton, who went to the Pergottan river in 1830, says, "whilst I remained here, there were 71 proas of considerable sizes, 39 of which were professed pirates. They were anchored off the point of a small promontory, on which the rajah has an establishment and bazaar. The largest of these proas belonged to Raga, who received by the fleet of proas, in which I came, his regular supplies of arms and ammunition from Singapore. Here nestle the principal pirates, and Raga holds his head quarters; his grand depot was a few miles farther up. Rajah Agi Bota himself generally resides some distance up a small river which runs eastward of the point; near his habitation stands the principal bazaar, which would be a great curiosity for an European to visit if he could only manage to return, which very few have. The Rajah gave me a pressing invitation to spend a couple of days at his country house, but all the Bugis' nacodahs strongly dissuaded me from such an attempt. I soon discovered the cause of their apprehension; they were jealous of Agi Botta, well knowing he would plunder me, and considered every article taken by him was so much lost to the Sultan of Coti, who naturally would expect the people to reserve me for his own particular plucking. When the fact was known of an European having arrived in the Pergottan river, this amiable

prince and friend of Europeans, impatient to seize his prey, came immediately to the point from his country house, and sending for the nacodah of the proa, ordered him to land me and all my goods instantly. An invitation now came for me to go on shore and amuse myself with shooting, and look at some rare birds of beautiful plumage which the rajah would give me if I would accept of them; but knowing what were his intentions, and being well aware that I should be supported by all the Bugis' proas from Coti, I feigned sickness, and requested that the birds might be sent on board. Upon this Agi Bota, who could no longer restrain himself, sent off two boats of armed men, who robbed me of many articles, and would certainly have forced me on shore, or murdered me in the proa had not a signal been made to the Bugis' nacodahs, who immediately came with their people, and with spears and krisses, drove the rajah's people overboard. The nacodahs, nine in number, now went on shore, when a scene of contention took place showing clearly the character of this chief. The Bugis from Coti explained, that with regard to me it was necessary to be particularly circumspect, as I was not only well known at Singapore, but the authorities in that settlement knew that I was on board the Sultan's proa, and they themselves were responsible for my safety. To this circumstance alone I owe my life on several occasions, as in the event of any thing happening to me, every nacodah was apprehensive of his proa being seized on his return to Singapore; I was therefore more peculiarly cared for by this class of men, and they are powerful. The Rajah answered the naco-

dahs by saying, I might be disposed of as many others had been, and no further notice taken of the circumstance; he himself would write to Singapore that I had been taken by an alligator, or bitten by a snake whilst out shooting; and as for what property I might have in the proa he would divide it with the Sultan of Coti. The Bugis, however, refused to listen to any terms, knowing the Sultan of Coti would call him to an account for the property, and the authorities of Singapore for my life. Our proa, with others, therefore dropped about four miles down the river, where we took in fresh water. Here we remained six days, every argument being in vain to entice me on shore. At length the Bugis' nacodahs came to the determination to sail without passes, which brought the rajah to terms. The proas returned to the point, and I was given to understand I might go on shore in safety. I did so, and was introduced to the Rajah whom I found under a shed, with about 150 of his people; they were busy gambling, and had the appearance of what they really are, a ferocious set of banditti. Agi Bota is a good looking man, about forty years of age, of no education whatever; he divides his time between gaming, opium and cockfighting; that is in the interval of his more serious and profitable employment, piracy and rapine. He asked me to produce what money I had about me; on seeing only ten rupees, he remarked that it was not worth while to win so small a sum, but that if I would fight cocks with him he would lend me as much money as I wanted, and added it was beneath his dignity to fight under fifty reals a battle. On my saying it was contrary to an Englishman's re-

ligion to bet wagers, he dismissed me; immediately after the two rajahs produced their cocks and commenced fighting for one rupee a side. I was now obliged to give the old Baudarre five rupees to take some care of me, as whilst walking about, the people not only thrust their hands into my pockets, but pulled the buttons from my clothes. Whilst sauntering behind the rajah's campong I caught sight of an European woman, who on perceiving herself observed, instantly ran into one of the houses, no doubt dreading the consequences of being recognized. There are now in the house of Agi Bota two European women; up the country there are others, besides several men. The Bugis, inimical to the rajah, made no secret of the fact; I had heard of it on board the proa, and some person in the bazaar confirmed the statement. On my arrival, strict orders had been given to the inhabitants to put all European articles out of sight. One of my servants going into the bazaar, brought me such accounts as induced me to visit it. In one house were the following articles: four Bibles, one in English, one in Dutch, and two in the Portuguese languages; many articles of wearing apparel, such as jackets and trowsers, with the buttons altered to suit the natives; pieces of shirts tagged to other parts of dress; several broken instruments, such as quadrants, spy glasses (two,) binnacles, with pieces of ship's sails, bolts and hoops; a considerable variety of gunner's and carpenter's tools, stores, &c. In another shop were two pelisses of faded lilac colours; these were of modern cut and fashionably made. On enquiring how they became possessed of these articles, I was

told they were some wrecks of European vessels on which no people were found, whilst others made no scruples of averring that they were formerly the property of people who had died in the country. All the goods in the bazaar belonged to the rajah, and were sold on his account; large quantities were said to be in his house up the river; but on all hands it was admitted Raga and his followers had by far the largest part of what was taken. A Mandoor, or head of one of the campongs, showed me some women's stockings, several of which were marked with the letters S. W.; also two chemises, one with the letters S. W.; two flannel petticoats, a miniature portrait frame (the picture was in the rajah's house,) with many articles of dress of both sexes. In consequence of the strict orders given on the subject I could see no more; indeed there were both difficulty and danger attending these inquiries. I particularly wanted to obtain the miniature picture, and offered the Mandoor fifty rupees if he could procure it; he laughed at me, and pointing significantly to his kris, drew one hand across my throat, and then across his own, giving me to understand such would be the result to us both on such an application to the rajah. It is the universal custom of the pirates, on this coast, to sell the people for slaves immediately on their arrival, the rajah taking for himself a few of the most useful, and receiving a percentage upon the purchase money of the remainder, with a moiety of the vessel and every article on board. European vessels are taken up the river, where they are immediately broken up. The situation of European prisoners is indeed dreadful in a climate like this, where

even the labor of natives is intolerable; they are compelled to bear all the drudgery, and allowed a bare sufficiency of rice and salt to eat.

It is utterly impossible for Europeans who have seen these pirates at such places as Singapore and Batavia, to form any conception of their true character. There they are under immediate control, and every part of their behaviour is a tissue of falsehood and deception. They constantly carry about with them a smooth tongue, cringing demeanor, a complying disposition, which always asserts, and never contradicts; a countenance which appears to anticipate the very wish of the Europeans, and which so generally imposes upon his understanding, that he at once concludes them to be the best and gentlest of human beings; but let the European meet them in any of their own campongs, and a very different character they will appear. The character and treacherous proceeding narrated above, and the manner of cutting off vessels and butchering their crews, apply equally to all the pirates of the East India Islands, by which many hundred European and American vessels have been surprised and their crews butchered.

THE ZEPHYR—AARON SMITH'S STORY

[From "Daring Deeds of Famous Pirates," by E.
KEBLE CHATTERTON]

IF the expression had not been used already so many thousand times, one might well say of the following story that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Had you read the yarn which is here to be related you would, at its conclusion, have remarked that it was certainly most interesting and exciting, but it was too exaggerated, too full of coincidences, too full of narrow escapes ever to have occurred in real life. But I would assure the reader at the outset that Smith's experiences were actual and not fictional, and that his story was carefully examined at the time by the High Court of Admiralty. The prelude, the climax and the conclusion of this drama with its exciting incidents, its love interest and its happy ending; the romantic atmosphere, the picturesque characters, the colours and the symmetry of the narrative are so much in accord with certain models such as one used to read in mere story-books of one's boyhood, that it is well the reader should be fully assured that what is here set forth did in very truth happen. In some respects the narrative reads like pages from one of Robert Louis Stevenson's novels, and yet though I have, by the limits of the space at my disposal, been

compelled to omit many of the incidents which centred around Smith and his pirate associates, yet the facts which are set forth have been taken from contemporary data and can be relied upon implicitly.

The story opens in the year 1821, and the hero is an English seaman named Aaron Smith. In the month of June, Smith departed from England and embarked on the merchant ship *Harrington*, which carried him safely over the Atlantic to the West Indies. Subsequent events induced him to resign his billet on that vessel, and as he found that the West Indian climate was impairing his health, he made arrangements to get back home to England. Being then at Kingston in the island of Jamaica, he interviewed the captain of the British merchant ship *Zephyr* and was appointed first mate. The *Zephyr*, like many of the ships of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, was rigged as a brig, that is to say with square sails on each of her two masts, with triangular headsails and a quadrilateral sail abaft the second mast much like the mainsail of a cutter-rigged craft. Brigs nowadays are practically obsolete, but at the time we are speaking of they were immensely popular in the merchant service and for carrying coals from Newcastle-on-Tyne to London.

The *Zephyr*, after taking on board her West Indian cargo together with a few passengers, weighed anchor in the month of June 1822—just a year after Smith had left Europe—and set sail for England. From the very first Smith saw that things were not quite as they should be. The pilot who took the ship out into the open sea was a very incapable man, but

his duties were soon ended and he left the ship. The name of the *Zephyr's* captain was Lumsden, and even he was far from being the capable mariner which one would have expected in a man whose duty it was to take a ship across the broad Atlantic. Presently, before they had left Kingston far astern, a strong breeze sprang up from the north-east, and a heavy easterly swell got up, which made the brig somewhat lively. Most people are aware that the navigation among the islands and in the tricky channels of the West Indies needs both great care and much knowledge, such as ought to have been possessed by a man in Lumsden's position. Judge of Smith's surprise, therefore, when the latter found his captain asking his advice as to which passage he ought to take.

Whatever else Smith had in his character, he was certainly extremely shrewd and cautious, and he replied in a non-committal answer to the effect that the "windward" passage might prolong the voyage but that the "leeward" one would expose the ship to the risk of being plundered by the pirates, which in those days were far from rare. Lumsden weighed the pros and cons in his mind, and at last resolved to choose the "leeward" passage. About two o'clock one afternoon Smith was pacing up and down deck when he suddenly espied a schooner of a very suspicious appearance standing out from the land. Not quite happy as to her character, he then went aloft with his telescope and examined her closely. In the case of a man of his sea experience it did not take long for him to realise that the schooner was a pirate-ship. Lumsden was below at the time, so Smith called him

on deck and, pointing out the strange vessel, suggested to the captain that it would be best to alter the brig's course to avoid her. But Lumsden, like most ignorant men, was exceedingly obstinate, and stoutly declined the proffered advice. With characteristic British sentiment he opined that "because he bore the English flag no one would dare to molest him." The skipper of the schooner, as we shall presently see, did not think of the matter in that way.

Half an hour passed by, the brig held on her original course, and the two ships drawing closer together it was observed that the schooner's deck was full of men. Clearly, too, she was about to hoist out her boats. This gave cause for alarm even in the stubborn breast of Lumsden, and now he gave orders for the course to be altered a couple of points. But the decision had been arrived at too leisurely, for the stranger was already within gun-shot. Before much time had sped on, the sound of voices was heard from the schooner, and short, sharp orders came across the heaving sea, ordering the *Zephyr* to lower her stern boat and to send the captain aboard the schooner. Lumsden pretended not to understand, but a brisk volley of musketry from the stranger instantly quickened the skipper's comprehension, and he promptly gave orders to lay the mainyard aback and heave-to.

The boat which had been lowered from the schooner was quickly rowed alongside the brig, and nine or ten men, ferocious of appearance and well-armed with knives, cutlasses and muskets, now leapt aboard. It was obvious before they had left the schooner's deck that these were desperate pirates, such

as had many a dark, cruel deed to their consciences. With no wasting of formality they at once took charge of the brig and ordered Lumsden, Smith, the ship's carpenter, and also a Captain Cowper who was travelling as a passenger, to proceed on board the schooner without delay. In order to hurry them on, the pirates gave them repeated blows over the back from the flat part of their cutlasses, accompanying these strokes with threats of shooting them. So the company got into the schooner's boat and were rowed off; Lumsden recollected having left on the cabin table of the *Zephyr* the ship's books containing an account of all the money aboard the brig.

Arrived alongside the schooner, the prisoners were ordered on deck. It was the pirate captain who now issued the commands, a man of repulsive appearance with his savage expression, his short, stout stature. His age was not more than about thirty-two, his appearance denoted that in his veins ran Indian blood. Standing not more than five and a half feet high, he had an aquiline nose, high cheek bones, a large mouth, big full eyes, sallow complexion and black hair. The son of a Spanish father, and a Yucatan squaw, there was nothing in him that suggested anything but the downright brigand of the sea.

But with all this savage temperament there was nothing in him of the fool, and his wits and eyes were ever on the alert. Already he had observed a cluster of vessels in the distance, and he questioned Lumsden as to what kind of craft they might be. On being informed that probably they were French merchantmen, the pirate captain gave orders for all hands to get

the schooner ready to give chase. Meanwhile the *Zephyr*, with part of the pirate crew on board, made sail and stood in towards the land in the direction of Cape Roman, some eighteen miles away. And as the schooner pushed on, cleaving her way through the warm sea, the pirate applied himself to questioning the skipper of the brig. What was his cargo? Lumsden answered that it consisted of sugars, rum, coffee, arrow-root, and so on. But what money had he on board? Lumsden replied that there was no money. Such an answer only infuriated the pirate. "Don't imagine I'm a fool, sir," he roared at him. "I know that all vessels going to Europe have specie on board, and"—he added—"if you will give up what you have, you shall proceed on your voyage without further molestation." But Lumsden still continued in his protestations that money there was none: to which the pirate remarked that if the money were not forthcoming he would throw the *Zephyr's* cargo overboard.

Night was rapidly approaching, and the breeze was certainly dying down, so that although the schooner had done fairly well through the water, yet the pirate despaired of ever coming up with the Frenchmen. Disappointed at his lack of success, he was compelled to abandon the chase, and altered his course to stand in the direction of the *Zephyr*. When night had fallen the pirates began to prepare supper, and offered spirits to their captives, which the latter declined. The pirate captain now turned his attention to Smith, and observed that as he was in bad health, and none of the schooner's crew understood navigation, it was his intention to detain Smith to navigate her. We

need not attempt to suggest the feelings of dismay with which Smith received this information. To resist forceably was obviously out of the question, though he did his best to be allowed to forego the doubtful honour of being appointed navigating officer to a pirate-ship. Lumsden, too, uneasy at the thought of being bereft of a man indispensable to the safety of his brig, expressed a nervous hope that Smith might not be detained. But the pirate's reply to the last request came prompt and plain. "If I do not keep him," he growled at Lumsden, "I shall keep you." That sufficiently alarmed the brig's master to subdue him to silence.

The captives sat down to supper with their pirate captain and the latter's six officers. The meal consisted of garlic and onions chopped up into fine pieces and mixed with bread in a bowl. From this every one helped himself as he pleased with his fingers, and the coarse manners of the schooner's company were in keeping with the brutality of their profession. A breeze had sprung up in the meanwhile and they began fast to approach the *Zephyr*. When at length the two vessels were within a short distance, the pirate ordered a musket to be fired and then proceeded to tack shorewards. This signal was answered immediately by the pirates on board the brig, and the *Zephyr* then proceeded to follow the schooner. One of the brig's crew who had been brought aboard the schooner at the time when Lumsden and Smith were taken, was now ordered to heave the lead and to give warning as soon as the schooner got into soundings. It is significant that whatever else these pirates may

have been, they were brigands first and sailormen only a bad second, who had taken to roving less through nautical enthusiasm than from a greed for gain and a means of indulging their savage tastes. Thus, although on waylaying a merchant ship their first object was to pillage, yet they made it also their aim to carry off any useful members of the trader's crew who were expert in the arts of seamanship or navigation.

As soon as the leadsman, then, found bottom at fourteen fathoms, the pirate commanded a boat to be lowered and therein was placed Lumsden and some of the crew which had belonged to the *Zephyr*. Smith, however, and with him the brig's carpenter, were detained on the schooner. The pirate captain himself accompanied Lumsden, left the latter on board the brig and brought back the crew of the pirate, who in the first instance had been left to take charge of the *Zephyr*. They also brought away to the schooner a number of articles, including Cowper's watch, the brig's spy-glass, Smith's own telescope, some clothes belonging to the latter, and a goat. To show what kind of cruel rascals Smith had now become shipmate with may be seen from the fact that as soon as the animal had been brought aboard, one of the pirate's crew instantly cut the goat's throat with his knife, flayed the poor creature alive, and promised the same kind of treatment to his friends if no money were found in the *Zephyr*. Even the most stalwart British sailor could not help his heart beating the more rapidly at such cowardly and bullying treatment.

By now the schooner had stood so near to the shore that she was in four fathoms and the anchor was let

go. The *Zephyr* also let go and brought up about fifty yards away. Relieved from work, the pirates now began to exult and to congratulate each other on their fine capture. Night came on again and a watch was set. Smith and Cowper, still in the schooner, were ordered to sleep in the companionway, but with the fearful anxiety imminent and the possibility of never being allowed to wake again, they never relapsed into unconsciousness. Conversation was kept up stealthily between them, and Cowper, knowing that the *Zephyr* carried a quantity of specie and that Lumsden had hoodwinked the pirate captain, dreaded lest this should be found out. With the certain assurance in his mind of being put to death, a horrible night of suspense and fear was passed by the two seamen.

When daylight came, some of the pirates were seen on the brig's deck beating the *Zephyr's* crew with their cutlasses. Great activity of a most business-like nature was being manifested on the English ship, boats were being hoisted out, a rope cable—those were still the days of hemp—was being coiled on deck, the hatches were being removed and all was being made ready for taking out the *Zephyr's* cargo. The pirate commanded Smith to go aboard the brig and fetch everything that might be essential for the purposes of navigation, for the former was most determined to retain the former mate of the English merchantman. To accentuate his determination the half-caste brute raised his arm into the air and, brandishing a cutlass over poor Smith's head, threatened him with instant death if he showed any reluctance. "Mind and you obey me," he taunted, "or I will take off your skin,"

We need not stop to depict Smith's feelings, nor to suggest with what dismay he found himself compelled to obey the behests of a coarse, ignorant freebooter. It was humiliating to the last degree for a man who had been mate and served under the red ensign thus to have to submit to such abominable treatment. But there was no choice between submission and death, though from what eventually followed it was obvious that Smith was not a coward and was not so proud of his skin as to fear death. He proceeded aboard the brig, discovered that she had been well ransacked and with a heavy heart began to collect his belongings. He brought off his gold watch and sextant, packed his clothes and then returned to the schooner. But before doing so he acted as a man about to pass out of the world and anxious to dispose of his remaining effects. With almost humorous pathos, one might remark, he set about this last duty. "My books, parrot and various other articles I gave in charge to Mr. Lumsden, who engaged to deliver them safely into the hands of my friends, should he reach England;" and it needs no very gifted imagination to see the sentimental sailor of the great sailing-ship age painfully taking a last look at these cherished possessions.

The cargo having been transferred to the schooner, the pirates indulged themselves in liquor and became intoxicated. But meanwhile the crew of the brig were not allowed to stand idle. The pirate captain was going to get all that he could from his capture, and ordered the *Zephyr's* fore t'gallant mast and yard to be sent down, and these, together with whatever other

spars might seem useful, were to be sent on board the schooner. The merchant ship was positively gutted of everything the pirates fancied. There was not left even so much as a bed or a blanket: even the ear-rings on the ears of the children passengers were snatched from the latter. In addition to this the whole of the live stock such as an ocean-going ship carried in those days prior to the invention of the refrigerating rooms and tinned food was transferred to the schooner and a certain amount of drinking water.

But the pirates had not yet concluded their dastardly work. Lumsden and Cowper were warned that unless they produced the money, which the pirate was convinced still remained, the *Zephyr*, with all her people in her, should be burnt to the water's edge. It is to the credit of these two men that they strenuously declined to oblige the pirate. This only served as fuel to the latter's temper, and he sent them below and began a series of heartless tortures which were more in keeping with some of the worst features of the Middle Ages than the nineteenth century. Determined to attain his object, no matter what the cost, he caused the two men to be locked to the ship's pumps and proceeded to carry out the threat which he had just promised. Every preparation was made for starting a fire, combustibles were piled round about the unfortunate men, and the light was just about to be applied when Lumsden, unable to endure the torture any longer, confessed that there was money. He was accordingly released, and rummaging about produced a small box of doubloons.

This, however, far from satisfying the pirate's

thirst, merely increased his desire for more. Lumsden protested that that was all. So again the skipper was lashed to the pumps, again fire was ordered to be put to the fuel, and again the victim was about to be immolated. Once more, at the last minute, Lumsden yielded and offered to surrender all that he had. Thereupon, for the second time he was released, and producing nine more doubloons declared that this money had been entrusted to his care on behalf of a poor woman. Such human sentiments, however, rarely fell on more unsympathetic ears. "Don't speak to me of poor people," howled the pirate. "I am poor, and your countrymen and the Americans have made me so. I know there is more money, and I will either have it or burn you and the vessel."

Following up his threat with deeds, he once more ordered Lumsden below, yet again had the combustibles laid around. But the Englishman stood his torture well: his being was becoming accustomed to the treatment and for a while he never flinched. Then the monsters of iniquity applied a light to the fire, and the red and yellow flames leapt forward and already began to lick the skipper's body. For a time he endured the grievous pain as the fire burnt into his flesh. With agonising cries and heart-rending shouts he begged to be relieved of his tortures—to be cut adrift in a boat and left solitary on the wide open ocean—anything rather than this. Money he had not: already he had given up all that he possessed. And after this slow murder had continued for some time the stubborn dulled intellect of the pirate captain began to work, and seeing that not even fire could call

forth more money from a suffering man, he was inclined to believe that the last coin had now been yielded up. Then turning to some of his own crew, he ordered them to throw water on to the flames, and the long-suffering Lumsden, more dead than alive, racked by physical and mental tortures, was released and allowed to regain his freedom. As if to accentuate their own bestial natures the pirates then proceeded to carouse once more and to exult again in their ill-gotten treasures.

But even in the most villainous criminal there is always at least one small trait of human nature left, and it is often surprising how this manifests itself when circumstances had seemed to deny its very existence. It was so in the case of this pirate captain. Everything so far had indicated the most unmitigated bully and murderer without one single redeeming feature of any sort whatever. And yet, in spite of all the vain entreaties of Lumsden for mercy, the pirate showed that the last spark of human kindness was not yet quenched. The reader will remember that among the articles which Smith had brought away from the brig was his gold watch. The pirate took this in his hands, examined it, and instead of promptly annexing the same, threw out a strong hint that he would like to retain it. Such moderation from one who had not hesitated to burn a man at the stake was in itself curious. But his inconsistency did not stop at that. Smith remarked that the watch was a gift from his aged mother, whom he now never expected to see again, adding that he would like to be allowed to send it to her by Lumsden, but was afraid that the pirates

would take it away from the English captain if it were entrusted to him. It was then that the pirate manifested the extraordinary contradiction which his character possessed. "Your people," he began, "have a very bad opinion of us, but I will convince you that we are not so bad as we are represented to be; come along with me, and your watch shall go safely home." And with this he took Smith on board the *Zephyr* once more, handed the watch into Lumsden's keeping and gave strict orders that on no account was any one to take it away from the English captain.

Smith now took a final farewell of his old messmates, but lest he should take advantage of the indulgence which had been just granted him, the pirate captain instantly ordered him back to the schooner, and even impelled him forward at the point of his murderous knife. All this time the two ships had been lying alongside lashed together by warps. Being at last content with the ample cargo which he had extracted from the *Zephyr*, and being convinced that there was nothing else aboard of much value, the pirate now ordered the warps to be cast loose and informed Lumsden that he might consider himself free to resume his voyage. But, he insisted, on no account was he to steer for Havannah. Should he do so, the schooner would pursue him, and on being overtaken Lumsden and his ship should be destroyed without further consideration.

So at last the brig *Zephyr*, robbed of most of her valuables, lacking some of her gear and minus her mate, and with a tortured skipper, hove up her anchor, let loose her canvas and cleared out into the open sea.

THE LAST OF THE PIRATES

[From "The Wild Coast of Nippon," by Capt. H.
C. ST. JOHN, R. N.]

IN 1875 an English brigantine bound for the northward had been attacked about 100 miles from Hong-Kong; the captain and a boy were killed, but the rest of the crew, having taken to the top, and remained there while the pirates ransacked the vessel, were otherwise unmolested. As soon as the coast was clear, they descended from their airy refuge, and in a day or two brought the vessel safely back to port. Whilst we were coaling to go in search of these rascals, another case occurred, information being brought that a large fishing-junk belonging to Hong-Kong, with the owner and his family on board, had been boarded by pirates when fishing just outside the island, and his three daughters carried off for ransom. The owner himself had been launched adrift in a sampan, and directed by his considerate countrymen to collect 500 dollars as the price of his daughters' release; if not paid in a short time, the girls would be, never more, of any trouble to him or any one else. The senior officer had arrived while I was still in port, and being entirely ignorant of all matters concerned with piracy, he very much doubted my being able to do any good in searching for the culprits in either of the two cases, and especially in the release of the damsels. In

answer to his doubts, I said, in the latter case I should probably succeed, but not in the first, the time elapsed being too long. Towards dusk I left, so as to reach a cluster of islands called Tooni-ang, thirty miles east of Hong-Kong, and a very favourite rendezvous for pirates, towards daylight. In the channel between the islands were coves and nooks where junks could stow away very snugly, and the approach being open at either end, they could easily slip away on danger appearing from any direction. I reached the spot before the sun had thought of throwing light over the high peak of the largest island. Gradually, however, the morning grey cool feel of the approaching day stole over the scene, and as it did I kept quietly creeping in, until I reached the very centre of the passage.

Presently, close under the rocks, a junk was seen, moving cautiously in the shadow of the cliffs towards the further entrance. Early as I was, they were equally on the *qui vive*, and the whole crew managed to escape to the shore before I caught the junk. This proved to be the very pirate craft which had captured the girls; so far so good, I thought. Now, to trace these unhappy fair ones. A deep bay lay immediately abreast of Tooni-ang, at the head of which, and faced by shoal water and a long flat island, a town with about a thousand inhabitants lay almost entirely concealed by a prominent woody point, and the island mentioned. I knew this to be a den of thieves, and from what the father of the girls had gathered, and otherwise conjectured during his interview with the pirates, it appeared more than probable that to this

place the prisoners had been taken. When passing a cove, a junk hove in sight, inshore, and on my bearing down for her, was run on shore, and a dozen men or so skedaddled and made off into the bushes as hard as they could. This was my friend the fisherman's own craft; he nearly stood on his head with joy. I don't believe he thought half as much of his girls as his junk. The one cost money, the other made it, I suppose he might have said. She was easily rescued from her sandy bed and taken in tow. The guns (all fishing-junks used to be well armed) had been taken out of her, but with a little searching they were found buried in the sand close to. Without further incidents I reached the head of the bay, anchored off the village, and at once demanded the three girls. This request, however, was met with blank looks of astonishment, and professions of utter ignorance regarding them. "The three headmen of the village must then return with me to the gun-boat," I said. These worthies made all the delay, excuses, and difficulties they could, but ultimately appeared robed in silk, accompanied by a couple of blue-jackets, who escorted them to the boat, and then on board. This sort of proceeding was more native police work than an English man-of-war's; but if such ideas had been stuck to, and I had simply confined myself to the open sea, and to my bare orders, which were to that effect, the gun-boat might just as well have been returned into store, for all the good towards the suppression of piracy that she could have done; and many scores more lives would have been lost, and vessels taken, than was actually the case.

I now made great preparations to hang these three silk-robed gentlemen, passing a rope from each mast-head, arranging the most elaborate knots, and so on, taking care that they should see and understand what was going on. Their expressions were curious to watch; one, in particular, tried to treat it as a good joke, but with the most evident inward uncertainty. The other two appeared stolid, but very grave. All now being ready, one was taken to each mast, and the rope passed carefully over their heads. The effect of the ominous-looking noose touching their skin was as if their faculties had received an electric shock. They suddenly remembered "the girls were there; I should have them at once if only I would spare their lives." The gentleman that laughed at the preparations was so overcome by the excess of his feelings that he fainted, but came to in a few moments on a little salt water being judiciously applied. Directions were sent to their subordinates in the village, and in a very short time the girls appeared on the beach, escorted by a crowd of men and women: the three rascals were quickly exchanged for the kidnapped fair ones, who were fed with tea and jam, and wrapped up in a sail for the night, and I started on my return to Hong-Kong. It would have been a good lesson, and certainly not an undeserved one, if these celestials had been hanged instead of only frightened. There was no doubt, however, that they firmly believed their last hour had come, otherwise they would never had dis-closed their guilt.

For a couple of months I was employed entirely on the coast east of Hong-Kong, during which time we

took a number of junks, some prisoners, and released others kept to ransom. The coast between Macao and Hainan I purposely left alone.

The China New Year was approaching (February), a great time with all Chinamen—a general holiday—a feast time—a time that business is thrown aside, and revelry and dissipation are alone thought of. Even the pirates cannot resist the temptation of general laxity, and as a rule return to some rendezvous or stronghold for at least three days. Another custom, and a very good one, connected with their New Year is, that every Chinaman pays his debts; it is a point of honour with them to do so; an item in the general routine of a Chinaman's life we might well imitate. Relying on this general slackness, I had decided to cruise down the west coast during their holiday-time, hoping to make a good bag. The day before the commencement of their New Year, 1876, I visited some Chinese merchants, and talked over the state of trade, piracy, etc., but none had any news such as I wanted. As I was in the act of getting under weigh, one of these same men came quietly on board, and in a mysterious manner whispered—"Better look see Puck-shui."

"The very place I am going to," I answered.

An hour before, when surrounded by his fellow-merchants, he knew nothing; evidently there was no safety in numbers to his mind.

Next morning at daybreak I was on my ground. Two islands with a shallow passage between them, and an entrance at either end, situated about midway between the mainland and the outer line of islands,

formed a remarkably good and safe retreat for lawless characters. As I rounded the point, and opened the channel and anchorage, no less than fifteen junks appeared, drawn up in line so as to cover the centre of the channel with their guns. Knowing the place well, I went full speed through the soft mud on the north side, and by doing so kept all the junks end on instead of broadside, as they would have been if I had taken the mid-channel course they expected. With our guns out, and loaded, the little gun-boat rushed into the middle of them. This was too much for their nerves, however well they may have been strung up before; they entirely gave way at such close quarters, and without a shot being fired on either side, overboard they went, and made a hasty and undignified retreat on shore. I now anchored. They then manned the guns in their battery, situated immediately abreast of the gun-boat, and in front of the town. Before, however, they fired, I sent a big shot in their direction, which cleared them out.

As we had steamed in, we passed a large salt junk, whose crew appeared dancing about the deck like lunatics. They were certainly in the wildest state of joy at being released from captivity. They mustered twenty-seven in all, and were soon well on their way to Hong-Kong. Little had they expected, an hour before, to get off without paying the heavy ransom demanded.

I decided to take the battery and utterly destroy the place. Taking all my crew except three, not of course counting the Chinese part of it, I landed at a point a little way down, to avoid some swampy

ground abreast their guns. We could also land here under good shelter, and afterwards approach within 200 yards without being seen; this we did, and then had a good look at the formidable array of men drawn up in front of the village. There could not have been less than 300, but there might have been 500. Two or three, who walked up and down in front of the rest, kept opera-glasses steadily at work, and watched us narrowly. Not a woman was to be seen, which looked as if they meant business. I knew our eight-inch gun was keenly alive to our movements, and ready to send forth a very effectual messenger if needed. Forming in single file, we opened into view over a small hillock, and went at them at a steady trot. A minute they stood as if irresolute, then wavered, turned round and ran, as if a whole regiment with fixed bayonets were at their heels; instead of only twenty blue-jackets and marines, which constituted the whole of my force. The only creature we caught was a stray young female, and how she got adrift from the rest of her sex, who were evidently stowed away in the hills, I cannot tell. The battery we simply walked into from behind, and the whole affair was at an end, except the destruction of the village, which was soon accomplished by burning it to the ground. During the time that the preceding events were taking place, a couple of junks had been blown up, and with them three of my men, fortunately they had come down again, damaged considerably, but not altogether expended. The gunner was one; he was three months in the hospital, and then returned to duty, but wonderfully changed for the better in ap-

pearance. A marine was a year ill; the other case was not so serious.

There was, of course, no possibility of bringing the pirates to bay, and nothing was left to be done but to return on board. I was just about ordering the men to fall in, when, on looking down the creek, to my no little astonishment, a whole fleet of junks appeared steering in. The Chinese interpreter immediately pronounced them to be pirates. Pleasant, I thought; why, they will take the gun-boat long before we can get on board. My telescope, however, revealed that they were all the same class of craft, a thing never the case in a fleet of piratical junks; Mandarins I felt sure, from their uniformity and number of flags flying. However, to make things certain, I got quickly down to the boats, and pulled out for the headmost craft, hailing her as I came near as to her friendliness or otherwise. This proved the commander-in-chief's junk, whom I requested to come on board the gun-boat, and returned myself to receive him. I shall never forget the man's face as he reached the deck.

"I am so glad to see you," he said; "twice have I been here, and each time have been beaten off; the pirates were far too strong for me. I should never have come in now if I had not seen a gun-boat in the place."

"What force have you?" I asked.

"I have forty-four junks, each with eight or ten guns on board, and 1600 troops, besides the junks' crews," he replied.

All I thought I did not utter; but telling him to take charge of the junks, the forty-seven guns, and the re-

mains of the town, as I must be off, and also to make what report he liked, I bade him good-bye, and made for Macao as fast as I could. From there I sent my injured men across to Hong-Kong, and started immediately again for the westward. As I left the gallant Mandarin and his war-junks, and before I got clear of the passage between the islands, he had opened fire, but at what I could not see. I heard some time afterwards that the pirates returned directly the gun-boat was out of sight, and drove the warriors from their island, who then retreated as fast as a fair wind would take them.¹

Leaving Macao, and steaming about thirty miles to the west of Puckshui, I turned sharply to the right, and towards the mainland, which was separated from the chain of islands by ten or twelve miles of shallow water, with only here and there a passage across it. The water being invariably muddy, it was very difficult to follow these narrow, deep lines of soundings, and such I found it this time; for after getting something like half-way across towards the coast-line, the gun-boat grounded, and all the pulling we could accumulate on the anchor laid out for the purpose had no effect; fortunately it was very nearly low-water, and

¹ I was much amused when I returned to England, at a penny illustrated newspaper which had been sent to my address, soon after this piratical affair had taken place. Amidst any amount of smoke and fire, men mounted on ardent steeds are represented galloping about in all directions, armed with long spears, shields, and battle-axes,—these are the pirates. Other men, with helmets on, and clothed in complete armour, are closely engag'd with these mounted warriors; some are in the act of springing on shore from numerous boats, which are just discernible amidst the fire, smoke, and confusion,—these represent the gallant British tars, the *Opposum's* crew. It must have been a fertile imagination that got all this together, to show what piracy in China was like!

the tide would soon make. The aspect of the heavens suddenly changed from bright sunshine to a mass of heavy and gloomy-looking clouds, the wind rose quickly, and a shower and squall approached from the eastward, and quite shut out the land. The muddy water was soon lashed into excitement with the increasing wind, and looking all round the general impression was gloom and unpleasantness.

At this moment a junk emerged from the heavy rain, and came booming on with her great sails full before the breeze. That it must be the craft that we were after I felt almost certain, and to stop him I was determined. Pitching a big shot across his bows for the purpose had no effect. Another, still nearer, was equally unnoticed. In another minute the big gun would not bear; the junk would have passed, might rake the gun-boat as she lay helplessly in the mud, and go flying away before the half gale with perfect impunity.

"Fire into her" was the order. But, fortunately for the junk, before the trigger was pulled, down came his great sail, and in less than five minutes she had rounded to and anchored close to us. Almost at the same moment the rising tide floated the gun-boat, and, dropping into the deeper water, I went immediately on board the junk, where I found no less than forty-three men. In small parties they were sent to the gun-boat, and secured for the night. Next day we arrived at the nearest Mandarin station, and were by no means sorry to hand junk and crew over to his tender mercies. This was the very craft I was in search of, and, being captured on the eve of depar-

ture, prevented mischief being done during her intended cruise. She was armed and strong enough to take any merchant ship that might be met with during calm weather. The gun-boat looked quite a diminutive affair when alongside of her, and she had eight big guns on board, besides all kinds and descriptions of small arms. After this I was not sorry to return to Hong-Kong for a few days' rest.

This western part of the Quang-tung province, the coast of which I have so often referred to, is to this day a *terra incognita* to Europeans.

The part I chiefly had occasion to visit appeared inhabited by two tribes, the Hacka's and Punti's, who by no means lived at peace with one another,—quite the contrary. They were always fighting or cutting each other's throats on a small scale, as well as by more wholesale operations. I had on one occasion to follow a lorcha and a couple of junks up a sluggish river which ran through this country, and the amount of fighting we passed through was absurd. Neither party molested us in any way, although, if so disposed, they might have made it very disagreeable, the width of the river being only at most sixty yards, and the banks here and there well bushed over. Dead bodies in scores floated down, or were grounded on the banks. The hills on either side of the river were quite decorated with the flags of the contending parties; but it must be understood that these emblems of warfare in a Chinese army, or in a tribal squabble, invariably are almost as plentiful as the men themselves. The three pirate crafts were captured and destroyed.

It was not always plain sailing amongst these is-

lands, which studded the coast for at least 100 miles west of the Canton river; for notwithstanding the numerous good anchorages that existed, it was ticklish work occasionally during the typhoon months, which were nearly half the year, or from June to October.

These disagreeable visitors had always, during this season, to be considered. Luckily, with a good barometer, their approach could generally be foretold by twenty-four hours, and sometimes by double that time. In June 1875, for instance, I knew that a typhoon was brewing up, and in consequence got into a snug anchorage beforehand. The place I was in was perfectly safe; being landlocked on all sides, no swell could even enter, and I knew that the wind alone was what I need think of.

Towards evening it was blowing very hard from the eastward, and still increasing; by midnight the force of the wind during the gusts was simply terrific. I had everything well secured long before it commenced; the boats were lashed and relashed, so that they might be blown to pieces but they could not possibly be entirely taken away. Soon afterwards I went to get some rest and shelter in my cabin, leaving the boatswain in charge on deck. At one in the morning he called me, and reported the gun-boat to be drifting on the rocks, adding—

"I never saw it blow like this before, sir, in the thirty years I have been at sea."

"What are you doing on deck?" I asked.

"Steaming ahead as hard as we can, sir, to ease the anchors and cables, which are veered to the clinch."

"Very well," I replied; "you had better turn the hands up; I shall be on deck in a moment."

On reaching the gangway, I could just see through the thick vapour and driving sea the black rocks about thirty yards astern; and going to the engine-room, I gave orders to go ahead as fast as possible, and again returned to the gun-boat's side, and, holding on, sat down to watch the poor little craft drifting quietly but surely to the angry-looking shore. I knew that, the water being smooth, all hands were perfectly safe, as far as their lives went, and that the only thing that could happen would be the gun-boat's driving against the rocks, and probably knocking a hole in her bottom. It certainly did blow; and I thought if the weather-beaten old boatswain had ever seen much more wind, he would probably have been taken clean off the face of the earth. I had been about half-an-hour thus musing and watching the rocks getting gradually more distinct. I could see the clefts, and almost trace their jagged outline, and was wondering what the result would be, what amount of damage would be done to the gun-boat, and how I should manage to get back to Hong-kong, a hundred and fifty miles off, when suddenly I saw the little vessel was moving up to her anchors. I immediately stopped the engines, and in less than ten minutes from that time it was perfectly calm. Both anchors were at once weighed, and steaming out to the centre of the bay, I let them both go to the westward, veering nearly all my cable out, and keeping steam up ready to move the engines at any moment. The wind had left off at east north-east. In an hour or so a sound like steam being blown

out of a boiler was heard to the westward, and immediately afterwards the gun-boat was struck by a furious gust from that direction, from which quarter it blew for some hours as hard as ever, the barometer all the time going up. The centre was, however, past, and towards noon I was able to get under weigh and proceed on my journey.

The word "Typhoon" is of Chinese derivation, and means "mother of winds,"—a very good and significant designation. Typhoon, cyclone, and hurricane are all synonymous for circular storms or gales of wind, which, in my opinion, have all the same origin, and all the same purpose to fulfill,—the restoration of the atmospheric equilibrium, which has become disturbed. Doubtless electricity has a great deal to answer for in connection with these great atmospheric disturbances, if not wholly and entirely responsible for them. For my own part, I believe typhoons, cyclones, etc., to be *purely* electrical phenomena.

I have mentioned the barometer as being a never-failing guide. I consider it, in fact, the greatest friend a sailor has, though in these days of steam it is not sufficiently considered. A steamer, for instance, cuts across, goes through or passes the storm's course; she is independent of the wind, and, consequently, changes in the weather are less watched and attended to.

I often tried to ascertain how the great fleets of fishing junks, which everywhere along the Chinese coast are found working away diligently at all seasons and in all weathers, knew the approach of a typhoon;

for know it I always felt sure they did, first from the fact that so few are lost during the passage of these storms; and secondly, because I had frequently seen them getting to safe harbours well before the typhoon had commenced.

One answer was always returned to my queries on this point, and no other; and this was, that the water always got thick on the approach of a storm. When anchored at some of the out-of-the-way small ports on the coasts, often full of merchant junks, besides numerous fishing craft and others, the masters or owners of the former, particularly if trading with Hong-Kong or some of the open ports, frequently came on board the gun-boat to ask me, "What that thing makie talkie today?" "that thing" being my barometer, in which they showed the greatest confidence.

As nearly as possible one hundred miles west of Macao is a large island called Chang-chuen in Chinese, and St. John's in English. Several bays run deeply into the land, cutting the island up considerably. A few small villages of the poorest class of fishermen or farmers are here and there found. A very miserable lot of people these villagers are; but as the island is visited by none but pirates, no other class of Chinamen would care to live there. I doubt much if the Government ever knew of this place. It was a very frequent resort of mine when cruising along this wild coast, and many a stroll with my gun have I enjoyed on it, always managing to bag a few partridges, quail, or pigeons. One day, when wandering about in this way, I came upon a large flat slab of stone, almost concealed by grass and herbage. A great rock rose

close to it, and a few bushes and some screw pine plants grew near. Thinking it rather queer-looking and tomb-like, I cleared away the rough grass, and almost the first thing I saw were two words, "Francis Xavier!" Scraping off some more rubbish, the whole inscription came out quite clear. Here, then, was the spot where this great man died. A more out-of-the-way, God-forsaken sort of place to end one's days on could scarcely be found. I asked some Chinese of the half-dozen wretched huts which clustered together a short distance from the spot what they knew about it. "Oh," they said, "one big priest makie die there, a long time since. He come from another country; not Chinaman, but very good man."

My friends the pirates were not always very polite. I knew, of course, they would have relished getting hold of me. Occasionally they managed to convey messages such as, "We'll skin him"; "We'll blow him out of the water," and so on. The latter considerate inclination came so decidedly in April 1866 that I thought they really might mean something, and the Admiral, who happened to be in port, rather reluctantly gave me permission to go out. He was at first anxious I should take two gun-boats, but I knew my only chance of teaching them a lesson was to go alone. Puckshui, which I had previously burnt to the ground, was the spot these bits of pleasantry came from, and the following morning, as usual, at daylight I arrived there. The place had been entirely rebuilt. My three guns were loaded and run out on one side, and steaming in I anchored abreast the battery. But not a movement of course was made. Seven or eight long

snake-boats were drawn up in a side creek; these I destroyed, and landing with four men, the inhabitants took to their heels, and once more I burnt the place to the ground.

During the time I was particularly employed in looking after pirates—about eighteen or twenty months—I took in all fifty-four junks, and about two hundred prisoners. As for the number of guns, and people liberated, I hardly know, not having kept any regular list. The guns were all of good manufacture, most being made in England, the others in Germany or Belgium.

At the time I speak of, Hong-Kong was a hot-bed of piracy and villany. Chinamen generally, but Cantonese particularly—and of all Chinamen I suppose there are no greater rascals—who had made their own country too hot for them, congregated on this rocky piece of English soil for protection. The Chinese population was then about 115,000. Headmen of pirate gangs resided there, and piratical junks anchored with impunity in the harbour; they used actually to have the coolness to come to, and take up a berth close to my gun-boat, but usually they remained amongst their fellow-craft at the other end of the harbour. An English brig, or schooner, or the smallest, most insignificant craft sailing under these vaunted colours, on anchoring in this *English* port, was at once boarded, by not only one authority, but by two or three; certainly by the harbour-master and the guard-boat of some man-of-war at anchor in the port. She had to sign papers, deliver others, and generally give an account of herself, her whole crew, arms, con-

tents, and other items being entered in printed forms. Possibly her crew consisted of five or six men, the captain, and a boy, and she may have had a couple of small swivel-guns on her after-bulkhead. A junk, or a dozen junks coming in, were never even looked at. I have seen these vessels come sailing along in sixes, or more, mounting ten or twelve guns each, and with crews of forty or fifty men, large enough and perfectly able to take the finest merchant vessel afloat. These junks were not pirates, but honest traders, or ostensibly so; but honest traders were by no means above doing a bit of piracy when trade was slack. However, this is not the point of my remarks. What I objected to was that these junks should come and go without any notice whatever being taken of them, whereas our own vessels were very differently treated; and as I have said before, pirates were often anchored in the port, which seemed a queer arrangement, to say the least of it. On one occasion I saw a small English vessel leave the port, and a fine big junk follow her; they both went round the point together and disappeared from view. Before they had gone very much further, our countryman was attacked and robbed, I believe by that very junk. On another occasion, I actually took a pirate junk and all her crew from under the very nose of one of our police stations, at the eastern entrance to the harbour. All these things I pointed out in the proper quarter, and they have been, if not altogether, to a great extent, rectified; junks are now registered and numbered, and Chinamen prevented from entering Hong-Kong without a passport.



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